



*CAMBRIDGE ENGLISH CLASSICS*

Poems

by

Richard Crashaw

RICHARD CRASHAW

Born, 1613?

Died, 1649

*RICHARD CRASHAW*

STEPS TO THE TEMPLE  
DELIGHTS OF THE MUSES

AND OTHER POEMS

THE TEXT EDITED BY  
A R WALLER



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## NOTE

**I** His edition contains the whole of Crashaw's Poems English and Latin, now for the first time collected in one volume

Although not English Classics, it has been thought best to include Crashaw's Latin and Greek poems, for completeness sake. These are reproduced faithfully from the original issues printed at the Cambridge University Press in 1634 and 1670 and from photographs of the Sancroft MS. No attempt has been made to 'improve' Crashaw's spelling or punctuation save in the one or two trifling instances mentioned in the notes, and save in the use of the modern type-forms for *j* *s* *u*, *m* etc.

The arrangement of the text is as follows

I *Epigrammatum Sacrorum Liber* from the volume ( $5\frac{3}{4} \times 3\frac{1}{2}$  ins) of 1634. A few additional epigrams that occur in the second edition of 1670 will be found on pp. 299—306.

II *Steps to the Temple and The Delights of the Muses*. The text of 1648 ( $5\frac{3}{4} \times 3\frac{3}{8}$  ins) has been followed but only those poems have been printed which were not revised at a later date for the volume entitled *Carmen Deo Nostro*, 1652 (see III below). The text of the first edition of *Steps to the Temple Sacred Poems, with other Delights of the Muses Printed and Published according to Order Printed by T W for*

## NOTE

*Humphrey Moseley*,.. 1646, has been collated with that of 1648, and both texts with that of *Carmen Deo Nostro*, and the verbal alterations, omissions and additions in these three texts will be found in the Appendix, this course being deemed more satisfactory than to form an eclectic text by guesswork. Certain poems belonging to these three volumes are also in Archbishop Sancroft's MS. (see IV below) and in the British Museum MSS (see V. below), variations between these MSS and the printed volumes will be found in the Appendix. In the text, the latest published form has been printed in each case. For the loan of copies of the texts of 1646 and 1648 I am indebted to the Library of Trinity College, Cambridge.

III The revised collection of poems entitled *Carmen Deo Nostro* ( $6\frac{1}{2} \times 4$  ins), printed and published in Paris in 1652 and adorned with small plates engraved from Crashaw's own drawings, has been followed from the first page to the last. It bears evidence of having been printed abroad, as its simple errors of the press are numerous. These have been corrected and their places marked by square brackets, and in the Appendix will be found reproductions of the engravings, with indications of their place. Copies of the edition of 1652 are very rare indeed, and it has been thought well to preserve its eccentricities of spacing and its generosity in the matter of titles and half-titles.

IV The volume of Crashaw's (and other) poems, copied by Archbishop Sancroft and now preserved in the Bodleian, was kindly forwarded from Oxford to the Cambridge University Library, to enable me to collate it. I am much indebted to the authorities at Oxford for this privilege, and to the University Librarian here for making the examination of the MS as easy as possible.

## NOTE

A great many poems in it were first published by Dr Grosart in his *Fuller Wortbies* edition of 1872-3, they were rearranged by him to fall in with the scheme of his edition, but in the following pages they will be found printed in the order in which they occur in the MS, the poems published by Crashaw being of course, omitted. As indicated above (see II), verbal differences between MS and published text will be found in the notes to the latter.

The evidence that some poems other than those indicated in the MS by the initials R C are Crashaw's is mainly based upon Abp Sancroft's table of contents to his volume, a photograph of which I have had made. I regret that in one case the evidence seems clear that a poem printed by Dr Grosart as Crashaw's cannot be his, and it does not therefore find a place in the present text.

Abp Sancroft's table of contents begins thus: Mr Crashaw's poems transcribed from his own copie before they were printed, among w<sup>ch</sup> | are some not printed Latin, on y<sup>e</sup> Gospels v p 7. On other subjects p 39 95 229. English sacred | poems p 111 on other subjects—39 162 164 v 167 v 196 202 v 206 223 v *Suspetto di Herode* | translated from Car. Marino p 287 v. The table then gives the titles of poems other than Crashaw's, and amongst these are indexed the two unsigned poems written on p 205 of the MS: 'On a Freind On a Cobler' of these, Dr Grosart printed one as Crashaw's and not the other. Dr Grosart took '202 v 206' to mean that all the poems on and between those pages were Crashaw's. If that were so then the verses 'On a Cobler' would be Crashaw's and these he omitted. But apart from the fact that these two poems are indexed elsewhere among Abp Sancroft's miscellaneous and anonymous collection, they are preceded by a



## NOTE

the case of the Sancroft MS, variations between them and this British Museum MS

A further acquisition by the British Museum in 1894 (Addit MS 34,692) contains a transcript of Crashaw's 'Loe heere a little volume' and 'Upon the Assumption'. It is dated 1642 and seems to have belonged to 'Thom Lenthall Pemb Hall' in which college Crashaw began his academical career. Its variations are recorded in the notes, as are those of the poems in Harl MSS 6917-8, and of the earliest appearances of some of Crashaw's verses in sundry volumes of contemporary verse and prose. Of these, attention may be called to the interesting alternative readings found in the lines under the portrait of Bp Andrewes (see pp 134 and 372).

For assistance in the collation of the British Museum MSS I am indebted to Mr Richard Askham, and Mr Albert Ivatt, of Christ's College, has very kindly prepared the indexes for me.

The copy of *Carmen Deo Nostro* used for the purpose of the present edition will rest in future in the library of Peterhouse, of which College Crashaw was made Fellow in 1637 and from which he was ejected, with others, six years later for refusing to accept the Solemn League and Covenant.

A. R. WALLER

CAMBRIDGE,

May 15, 1904

EPIGRAM-  
MATUM  
SACRORUM  
LIBER



*CANTABRIGIÆ,*  
Ex Academix celeberrimæ  
typographeo 1634



REVERENDO ADMODUM  
VIRO  
BENJAMINO LANY

SS Theologiæ Professori,  
*Aulæ Pembrociæ Custodi dignissimo,*

ex suorum minimis

minimus

R C

custodiam cœlestem

P

SUUS est & florū fructus, quibus fruimur, si non  
utilius, delicatius certe Neque etiam rarum est  
quod ad spem veris, de se per flores suos quasi  
pollicentis, adultioris anni, ipsiusq, adeo Autumnū  
exigamus fidem Ignoscas igitur (vir colendissime)  
properanti sub ora Apollinis sui, primæque adolescentiæ  
lascivia exultanti Musæ Teneræ ætatis flores adfert,  
non fructus seræ quos quidem exigere ad seram illam  
& sobriam maturitatem, quam in fructibus expectamus  
merito, durum fuerit, forsā & ipsa hac præcoci  
importunitate sua placituros magis Tibi præsertim  
quem paternus animus (quod fieri solet) intentum tenet  
omni suæ spei diluculo quo tibi de tuorum indole  
promittas aliquid Ex more etiam eorum, qui in  
præmium laboris sui pretiumque patientiæ festini ex iis  
quæ severunt ipsi & excoluerunt quicquid est flosculi  
prominulum, prima quasi verecundia auras & apertum  
Jovem experientis arripiunt avide, saporemque illi non  
tam ex ipsius indole & ingenio quàm ex animi sui

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affectu, foventis in eo curas suas & spes, affingunt. Patere igitur (reverende Custos) hanc tibi ex istiusmodi floribus corollamnecti, convivalem verò nec aliter passuram Sydus illud oris tui auspicatissimum nisi (quæ est etiam amœnitate) remissiore radio cùm se reclinat, & in tantum de se demit. Neque sane hoc scriptiois genere (modò partes suas satis præstiterit) quid esse potuit otio Theologico accommodatius, quo nimirum res ipsa Theologica Poeticâ amœnitate delimita majestatem suam venustate commendat. Hoc demum quicquid est, amare tamen poteris, & voles, scio non ut magnum quid, non ut egregium, non ut te dignum denique, sed ut tuum. tuum summo jure; utpote quod è tua gleba, per tuum radium, in manum denique tuam evocatū fuerit. Quod restat hujus libelli fati, exorandus es igitur (vir spectatissime) ut quem sinu tam facili privatum excepisti, cum jam ore magis publico alloquentem te non asperneris. Stes illi in limine, non auspicium modò suum, sed & argumentum. Enimvero Epigramma sacrum tuus ille vultus vel est, vel quid sit docet; ubi nimirum amabili diluitur severum, & sanctum suavi demulcetur. Pronum me vides in negatam mihi provinciam, laudum tuarum, intelligo quas mihi cùm modestia tua abstulerit, reliquum mihi est necessariò ut sim brevis imò verò longus nimium, utpote cui argumentum istud abscissum fuerit, in quo unice poteram, & sine tædio, prolixus esse. Vale, virorum ornatissime, neque dedigneris quòd colere audeam. Genui tui serenitatem supplex tam tenuis, & (quoniam numen quoq; hoc de se non negat) amare etiam. Interim verò da veniam Musæ in tantum sibi non temperanti, quin in hanc saltem laudis tuæ partem, quæ tibi ex rebus sacris apud nos ornatis meritiissima est, istiusmodi carmine involare ausa sit, qualicunque,

## EPIGRAMMATA SACRA

**S** Alve, alme custos Pierii gregis  
Per quem erudito exhalat in otio  
Seu frigus udi captet antri,  
Sive Jovem nitidosque soles

Non ipse custos pulchrior inuias  
Egit sub umbras Æmonios greges  
Non ipse Apollo notus illis  
Lege suæ meliore cannae

Tu si sereno des oculo frui  
Sunt rura nobis, sunt juga, sunt aquæ,  
Sunt pleïtra dulcium sororum  
(Non alio mihi nota Phœbo)

Te dante, castos composuit sinus  
Te dante, mores sumpsit & in suo  
Videnda vultu, pulveremque  
Religio cineremque nescit

Stat cinëta dignâ fronde decens caput  
Subsque per te facta palam Deos,  
Comisque, Diva vestibusque  
Ingenium dedit ordinemque

Jâmque ecce nobis amplior es modò  
Majorque cerni Quale jubar tremat  
Sub os ! verecundusque quantâ  
Mole sui Gensui laborat !

Jam qui serenas it tibi per genas,  
Majore cœlo Sydus habet suum  
Majorque circum cuspidatæ  
Ora comit tua flos dies

Stat causa Nempe hanc ipse Deus, Deus  
Hanc ara, per te pulchra, diem tibi  
Tuam refundit, obvisque  
It radio tibi se colenti

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*Ecce, ecce ! sacro in limine, dum pio  
Multumque prono poplite amas humum,  
    Altaria annuunt ab alto,  
    Et refluus tibi plaudit alis*

*Pulchro incalescens officio, puer  
Quicumque crispo sydere crinium,  
    Vultuque non fatente terram,  
    Currit ibi roseus satelles*

*Et jure   Nam cum fana tot inuis  
Mærent ruinis, ipsaque (ceu preces  
    Manisque, non decora supplex,  
    Tendat) opem rogat, heu negatam !*

*Tibi ipsa voti est ara sui rea  
Et solvet   O quàm semper apud Deum  
    Litabis illum, cujus aræ  
    Ipse preces prius audisti !*





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Ornatissimo viro Præceptori suo colen-  
dissimo, Magistro Bressi

**O** Mibi qui nunquam tamen res dulci fuisti  
Tunc quoque cum dormiri fronte torpidus eras !  
Ille ego pars vestri quondam intarissima regni,  
De nullo virgæ nata labore tuæ,  
Do tibi quod de te per secula longa queretur  
Quod de me nimium non metuendus eras  
Quod tibi turpis ego torpentis inertia sceptri  
Tam ferula tulerim mutia pira tua.  
Scilicet in foliis quicquid peccabitur istis,  
Quod tua virga statim vapulet, illud erit  
Ergo tibi hæc panas pro me mea pagina pendat  
Hic agitur virga res tibi multa tua  
In me igitur quicquid nimis illa pepererit olim,  
Id licet in fa tu vindicet omne meo  
Hic tuus inveniet satis in quo sæviat unguis,  
Quodque veru docto trans obeliscus eat  
Scilicet hæc mea sunt, hæc quæ mala scilicet ô si  
(Quæ tua nempe forent) hic meliora forent !  
Qualiacunque, suum nōrunt hæc flumina fontem  
(Nilus ab ignoto fonte superbus eat)  
Nec certè nihil est quâ quis sit origine Fontes  
Esse solent fluvii nomen hondrque sui  
Hic quoque tam parvus (de me mea secula dicant)  
Non parvi soboles hic quoque fontis erat  
Hoc modò & ipse velis de me dixisse, Meorum  
Ille fuit minimus Sed fuit ille meus

# EPIGRAMMATA SACRA

## LECTORI

*S* Alve Jamq, vale Quid enim quis pergeret ultra?  
 Qua jocus & lusus non vocat, ire voles?  
 Scilicet hu, Lector, cur noster habebere, non est  
 Delitius folio non faciente tuis  
 Nam nec Acidalios balat mihi pagina rores  
 Nostra Cupidineæ nec favet aura faci  
 Frustra hinc ille suis quicquam promiserat alis  
 Frustra hinc illa novo speret abire sinu  
 Ille è materna melius sibi talia myrto  
 Illa jugis melius poscat ab Idaliis  
 Quærat ibi suus in quo cespitè surgat Adonis,  
 Quæ melior teneris patria sit violis  
 Illinc totius Floræ, verisque, sulque  
 Consilio, ille alas impleat, illa sinus  
 Me mea (casta tamen, si sit rudis) herba coronet  
 Me mea (si rudis est, sit rudis) herba juvat  
 Nulla meo Circæa tument tibi pocula versu  
 Dulcia, & in furias officiosa tuas  
 Nulla latet Lithe, quam fraus tibi florea libat  
 Quam rosa sub falsis dat malè fida genis  
 Nulla verecundum mentitur mella venenum  
 Captat ab insidiis linea nulla suis  
 Et splens, & jecori solus bene parçitur istis  
 Ah malè cum rebus staret utrumque meis  
 Rara est quæ ridet nulla est quæ pagina prurit  
 Nulla salax, si quid norit habere salis  
 Non nudæ Veneres nec, si jocus, udus habetur  
 Non nimum Bacchus noster Apollo fuit  
 Nil cui quis putri sit detorquendus ocello  
 Est nihil obliquo quod velit ore legi  
 Hæc coram, atque oculis legeret Lucretia justis  
 Iret & illæsis hinc pudor ipse genis  
 Nam neque candidior voti venit aura pudici  
 De matutina virgine thura ferens  
 Cum vestis nive vineta sinus, neve tempora fulgens,  
 Dans nive flammeolis frigida jura comis,  
 Religiosa pedum sensim vestigia librans,  
 Ante aras tandem constitit & tremuit

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*Nec gravis ipsa suo sub numine castior halat  
 Quæ pia non puras summovet ara manus.  
 Tam Venus in nostro non est nimis aurea versu  
 Tam non sunt pueri tela timenda dei  
 Sæpe puer dubias circum me moverat alas,  
 Fecit & incertas nostra sub ora faces  
 Sæpe vel ipse sua calamum mihi blandus ab ala,  
 Vel matris cygno de meliore dedit.  
 Sæpe Dionææ pæctus mihi sarta coronæ,  
 Sæpe, Meus vates tu, mihi dixit, eris.  
 I procul, i cum matre tua, puer improbe, dixi  
 Non tibi cum numeris res erit ulla meis  
 Tu Veronensi cum passere pulchrior ibis  
 Bilbilidisve queas comptius esse modis.  
 Ille tuos finget quocunque sub agmine crines  
 Undique nequitis par erit ille tuus  
 Ille nimis (dixi) patet in tua prælia campus  
 Heu nimis est vates & nimis ille tuus  
 Gleba illa (ah tua quam tamen int adultera messis)  
 Esset Idumæo germine quanta parens!  
 Quantus ibi & quantæ premeret Puer ubera Matris!  
 Nec cælos vultu dissimulante suos  
 Ejus in isto oculi satîs essent sydera versu,  
 Sydereo matris quàm bene tuta sinu!  
 Matris ut hic similes in collum mitteret ulnas,  
 Inq, sinus niveos pergeret, ore pari!  
 Utq, genis pueri hæc æquis daret oscula labris!  
 Et bene cognatis iret in ora rosis!  
 Quæ Mariæ tam larga meat, quàm disceret illic  
 Uvida sub pretio gemma tumere suo!  
 Staret ibi ante suum lacrymatrix Diva Magistrum  
 Seu levis aura volet, seu gravis unda cadat,  
 Luminis hæc soboles, & proles pyxidîs illa,  
 Pulchrius unda cadat, suavius aura volet  
 Quicquid in his sordet demum, luceret in illis  
 Improbe, nec satîs est hunc tamen esse tuum?  
 Improbe cede puer quid enim mea carmina mulces?  
 Carmina de jaculis muta futura tuis  
 Cede puer, quâ te petulantis fræna puellæ,  
 Turpia quâ revocant pensa procacis heræ,  
 Quâ miseri malè pulchra nitent mendacia limi,  
 Quâ cerussatæ, furta decora, genæ,*

## EPIGRAMMATA SACRA

Quà mirere rosas, alieni sydera veris,  
 Quas nivis haud propriæ bruma redempta domat  
 Cede puer (dixi, & dico) cede improba mater  
 Altera Cypris habet nos, habet aliter Amor  
 Scilicet hic Amor est Hic est quoque mater Amoris  
 Sed mater virgo Sed neque cæcus Amor  
 O puer! o Domine! o magnæ reverentia matris!  
 Alme tui stupor & religio gremii!  
 O Amor, innocuæ cui sunt pia jura pharetræ  
 Nec nisi de casto corde sagitta calens!  
 Me, puer, o certâ, quem figis, fige sagittâ  
 O tua de me sit facta pharetra levis  
 Quidâque illinc sitit & bibit, & bibit & sitit usquē,  
 Uiquē meum sitiat pectus, & usquē bibat  
 Fige, puer, corda hæc Seu spinis exiguis quis,  
 Seu clavi aut hastæ cuspide magnus ades  
 Seu major cruce cum tota seu maximus ipso  
 Te corda hæc figis denique Fige puer  
 O metam hanc tuus æternum inclamaverit arcus  
 Stridat in hanc teli densior aura tui  
 O tibi si jaculum ferat ala ferocior ullum,  
 Hanc habeat triti vulneris ire viam  
 Quisque tuæ populus cunque est, quæ turba, pharstræ  
 Hic bene vulnificas nudus habebis aves  
 O mihi sis bello semper tam sævus in isto!  
 Pectus in hoc nunquam mitior hostis eas  
 Quippe ego quam jaceam pugna bene sparsus in illâ!  
 Quàm bene sic lacero pectore sanus ero!  
 Hæc mea vota Mei sunt hæc quoque vota libelli  
 Hæc tua sint Lector si meus esse voles  
 Si meus esse voles, meus ut sis, lumina (Lector)  
 Casta, sed o nimium non tibi sicca precor  
 Nam tibi fac madidis meus ille occurrerit alis,  
 (Sanguine, seu lacryma diffuat ille sua)  
 Stipite totus hians, clavisque reclusus & hastâ  
 Fons tuus in fluvios desidiosus erit?  
 Si tibi sanguineo meus hic tener iverit amne,  
 Tunc tuas illi, dure, negabis aquas?  
 Ab durus! quicumque meos, nisi siccus, amores  
 Nolit, & hic lacrymæ rem neget esse suæ  
 Sæpe hic Magdalinas vel aquas vel amaverit undas,  
 Credo nec Assyrias mens tua malit opes

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*Scilicet ille tuos ignis recalescet ad ignes ,  
 Forsan & illa tuis unda natabit aquis  
 Hic eris ad cunas, & odoros funere manes  
 Hinc ignes nasci testis, & indè meos  
 Hic mecum, & cum matre sua, mea gaudia quæres  
 Maturus Procerum seu stupor esse velit ,  
 Sive per antra sui lateat (tunc templa) sepulchri  
 Tertia lux reducem (lenta sed illa) dabit  
 Sint fidæ precor ab (dices) facilesque tenebræ ,  
 Lux mea dum noctis (res nova <sup>1</sup>) poscit opem  
 Denique charta meo quicquid mea dicat amori,  
 Illi quo metuat cunque, flective, modo,  
 Læta parùm (dices) hæc, sed neque dulcia non sunt  
 Certè & amor (dices) hujus amandus erat*

**S**I nimum hîc promitti tibi videtur Lector bone, pro eo cui satisfaciendo libellus iste futurus fuerit, scias me in istis non ad hæc modò spectare quæ hîc habes, sed ea etiam quæ olim (hæc interim fovendo) habere poteris. Nolui enim (si hæcenus deesse amicis meis non potui, flagitantibus a me, etiam cum dispendii sui periculo, paterer eos experiri te in tantum favorémque tuum) nolui, inquam, fastidio tuo indulgere. Satis hîc habes quod vel releges ad ferulam suam (neque enim maturiores sibi annos ex his aliqua vendicant) vel ut pignus plurium adultiorúmque in sinu tuo reponas. Elige tibi ex his utrumvis. Me interim quod attinet, finis meus non fefellit. Maximum meæ ambitionis scopum jamdudum attingi tunc nimirum cùm quaecunque hoc meum penè infantis Musæ murmur ad aures istas non ingratum sonuit, quibus neque doctiores mihi de publico timere habeo, nec sperare clementiores, adeò ut de tuo jam plausu (dicam ingenuè & breviter) neque securus sim ultra neque sollicitus. Prius tui, quisquis es Lectori, apud me reverentia prohibet, de cujus judicio omnia possum magna sperare posterius illorum reverentia non sinit, de quorum perspicacitate maxima omnia non possum mihi non persuadere. Quanquam ò quam velim tanti me esse in quo patria mea morem istum suum deponere velit, genio suo tam non dignum, istum scilicet quo, suis omnibus fastiditis, ea exosculatur unice, quibus trajecisse Alpes & de transmarino esse, in pietum cessit <sup>1</sup>. Sed relictis hisce nimis improbæ spei votis, convertam me ad magistros Acygnianos, quos scio de novissimis meis verbis (quanquam neminem nominârim) iratos me reliquisse bilem verò componant, & mihi se hoc debere (ambitioso juveni verbum tam magnum ignoscant) debere, inquam, fateantur quòd nimirum in tam nobili argumento, in quo neque ad fœtida de suis Sanctis figmenta, neque ad putidas de nostris calumnias opus habeant confugere, de tenui hoc meo dederim illorum magnitudinì unde emineat. Emineat verò, (serius dico) Sciântque me semper se habituros esse sub ea, quam mihi eorum lux major affuderit, umbrâ, placidissimè acquiescentem.

# EPIGRAMMATA SACRA

LUC 18

Pharisæus & Publicanus

**E**<sup>N</sup> duo Templum adeunt (diversis mentibus ambo )  
Ille procul trepido lumine signat humum  
It gravis hic, & in alta ferox penetralia tendit  
Plus habet hic templi plus habet ille Dei

MATTH 21 7

In Asinum Christi vectorem

\* **I**lle suum didicit quidam objurgare magistrum  
Et quid nisi discas tu celebrare tuum?

Mirum non minus est, te jam potuisse tacere,  
Illum quam fuerat tum potuisse loqui

• BALAAMI ASINUS.

LUC 4

Dominus apud suos vilis

**E**<sup>N</sup> consanguinei! patris exul in oris  
Christus! & haud alibi tam peregrinus erat

Qui socio demum pendebat sanguine latro  
O consanguineus quàm fuit ille magis!

JOANN 5

Ad Bethesdæ piscinam positus

**Q**uis novus hic refugis incumbit Tantalus undis,  
Quem fallit toties tam fugitiva salus?

Unde hoc naufragium felix? medicæq, procellæ?  
Vitæque, tempestas quam pretiosa dedit?

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JOANN. 20

Christus ad Thomam.

*S*Æva fides ! voluisse meos tractare dolores ?  
*Crudeles digiti ! sic didicisse Deum ?*

*Vulnera, nè dubites, vis tangere nostra sed eheu,*  
*Vulnera, dum dubitas, tu graviora facis.*

MATTH 16 25

Quisquis perdiderit animam suam meâ  
causâ, inveniet eam

*I* Vita, I, perdam mihi mors tua, Christe, reperta est  
*(Mors tua vita mea est, mors tibi, vita mea)*

*Aut ego te abscondam Christi (mea Vita) sepulchro*  
*Non adedè procul est tertius ille dies*

JOANN 20 1

Primo mane venit ad sepulchrum MAGDALENA.

*I*U matutinos prævertis, sancta, rubores,  
*Magdala, sed jam tum Sol tuus ortus erat*

*Jàmque vetus meritò vanos Sol non agit ortus,*  
*Et tanti radios non putat esse suos*

*Quippe aliquo (reor) ille, novus, jam nectat in astro,*  
*Et se nocturnâ parvus habet faculâ.*

*Quàm velit ô tantæ vel nuntius esse diei !*  
*Atque novus Soli Lucifer ire novo !*

JOANN 6

Quinque panes ad quinque hominum millia

*I*N mensæ faciles, redivivæque vulnera cœnæ,  
*Quæq̃ indefessâ provocat ora dape !*

*Aucta Ceres stupet arcanâ se crescere messe*  
*Denique quid restat ? Pascitur ipse cibus.*

# EPIGRAMMATA SACRA

ACT 8

Æthiops lotus

**I**lle niger sacris exist (quàm lautus!) ab undis  
Nec frustra Æthiopem nempe lavare fuit  
Mentem quàm niveam piceæ cutis umbra fovebit!  
Jam volet & nigros sancta Columba lares

LUC 18 13

Publicanus procul stans percutiebat pectus suum

**E**cce hic peccator timidus petit advena templum,  
Quidque audet solum, pectora mœsta ferit  
Fide miser, pulsâque fores has fortiter illo  
Invenies templo tu propiore Deum

MARC 12 44

Obolum Viduæ

**G**utta brevis nummi (vitæ patrona senilis)  
E digitis stillat non dubitantis anūs  
Istis multa vagi spumant de gurgite census  
Isti abjecerunt scilicet, Illa dedit

LUC 10 39

MARIA verò assidens ad pedes ejus, audiebat eum

**A**spice (namq, novum est) ut ab hospite pendeat hospes  
Huic ori parat hoc sumit ab ore cibos  
Tunc epulis aded es (soror) officiosa juvandis,  
Et sis has (inquit) MARTHA, perire dapes?



# RICHARD CRASHAW

## ACT 2

### IN SPIRITÛS sancti Descensum

**I** Erte sinus, ô ferte cadit vindemia cœli,  
Sanctâque ab æthereis volvitur uva jugis  
Felices nimium, quæis tam bona musta bibuntur,  
In quorum gremium lucida pergit hyems!  
En caput! en ut nectarco micat & micat astro!  
Gaudet & in roseis viva corona comis!  
Illis (ô Superi! quis sic neget ebrius esse?)  
Illis, nè titubent, dant sua vina faces

### LUC 15. 13.

Congestis omnibus peregrè profectus est

**I** Ic mihi, quò tantos propeias, pueri auree, nummos?  
Quorsum festinæ conglomerantur opes?  
Cur tibi tota vagos iuclant patrimonium census?  
Non poterunt siliquæ nempe minoris emi?

### ACT. 21 13

Non solùm vinciri sed & mori paratus sum

**N** On modò vincla, sed & mortem tibi, Christe, subibo,  
Paulus ait, docti callidus arte doli  
Diceret hoc aliter Tibi non modò velle ligari,  
Christe, sed & <sup>4</sup> solvi nempe paratus ero

\* Phil 1 23 τὴν ἐπιθυμίαν ἔχων εἰς τὸ ἀναλῦσαι

### ACT 12 23

IN HEIODEM σκωληκόβρωτον

**I** lle Deus, Deus hæc populi vox unica tantùm  
(Vile genus) vermes credere velle negant  
At citò se miserì, citò nunc errâsse fatentur,  
Carnes degustant, Ambrosiâque putant

# EPIGRAMMATA SACRA

## MATTH 14

Videns ventum magnum, timuit, & cum  
cœpisset demergi, clamavit, &c

**P**etre, cades, & si dubitas & fide nec ipsum  
(Petre) negat fidei æquor habere fidem

Pondere pressa suo subsidunt cætera solum  
(Petre) tuæ mergit te levitatis onus

## ACT 8 18

Obtulit eis pecunias

(Simon ?

**Q**uorsum hos hic nummos profers ? quorsum, imple  
Non ille hic Judas, sed tibi Petrus adest

Vis emisse Deum ? potius (precor) hoc age, Simon,  
Si potes, ipse prius dæmona vende tuum

## ACT 5 15

Umbra S Petri medetur ægrotis

**C**onveniunt alacres (sic, sic juvat ire sub umbras)  
Atque umbras fieri (creditus ?) umbra vetat  
O Petri umbra potens ! quæ non miracula præstat ?  
Nunc quoque, Papa, tuum sustinet illa decus

## MARC 7 33, 36

Tetigit linguam ejus, &c & loquebatur  
& præcepit illis nè cui dicerent illi verò  
cò magis prædicabant

**C**hriste, jubes muta ora loqui muta ora loquuntur  
Sana tacere jubes ora, nec illa tacent  
Si digito tunc usus eras, muta ora resolvens  
Nōne opus est totâ nunc tibi, Christe, manu ?

# RICHARD CRASHAW

LUC 10 32

Sacerdos quidam descendens eâdem viâ,  
vidit & præterit

*S* *Peñāsne (ab <sup>l</sup>) placidísque oculis mea vulnera trañtas ?*  
*O dolor ! ô nostris vulnera vulneribus !*  
*Pax oris quàm torua tui est ! quàm triste serenum !*  
Tranquillus miserum qui videt, ipse facit

LUC 17

Leprosi ingrati

*I* *Um linqunt Christum (ab morbus<sup>l</sup>) sanantur euntes*  
*Ipse etiam morbus sic medicina fuit*  
*At sani Christum (mens ab malesana<sup>l</sup>) relinqunt*  
*Ipsa etiam morbus sic medicina fuit*

MAITH 6 34

Nè solliciti estote in crastinum

*I* *Miser, ínque tuas rape non tua tempora curas*  
*Et nondum natis perge perire malis*  
*Mñ querulis satís una dies, satís angitur horis*  
*Una dies lacrymis mñ satís uda suis*  
*Non mihi venturos vacat expectare dolores*  
*Nolo ego, nolo hodie crastinus esse miser*

MAITH 9 9

A telonio Matthæus

*A* *H satís, ab nimis est noli ultrà ferre magistrum,*  
*Et lucro domino turpia colla dare*  
*Jam fuge, jam (Matthæe) feri fuge regna tyranni*  
*Inq, bonam felix 1 fugitive <sup>†</sup> crucem*

\* CHRISTI scilicet

## EPIGRAMMATA SACRA

LUC 7

Viduæ filius è feretro matri redditur

**E**<sup>N</sup> redeunt, lacrymâsq, breves nova gaudia pensant  
    Bisq, illa est, uno in pignore, facta parens  
Felix, quæ magis es nati per funera mater !  
    Amisisse, iterum cui peperisse fuit

MATTH 18

Bonum intrare in cœlos cum uno oculo, &c

**U**No oculo? ab centum potius mihi, millia centum  
    Nam quis ibi, in cœlo, quis satis Argus erit?  
Aut si oculus mihi tantum unus conceditur, unus  
    Iste oculus fiam totus & omnis ego

LUC 14

Hydropicus sanatur

**I**Pse suum pelagus, morboque immersus aquoso  
    Qui fuit, ut lætus nunc micat atque levis !  
Quippe in vina iterum Christus (puto) transtulit undas,  
    Et nunc iste suis ebrius est ab aquis

LUC 2 7

Non erat is in diversorio locus

**I**lli non locus est? Illum ergo pellitis? Illum?  
    Ille Deus, quem ne pellitis ille Deus  
O furor! humani miracula sæva furoris!  
    Illi non locus est, quo sine nec locus est

# RICHARD CRASHAW

LUC 16

In lacrymas Lazari spretas à Divite.

**I** Elix ô ! lacrymis (ô Lazare) ditior istis,  
Quàm qui purpureas it gravis inter opes !

*Illum cùm rutili nova purpura vestiet ignis,  
Ille tuas lacrymas quàm volet esse suas !*

MATTH. 26. 65.

Indignatur Caiphas Christo se confitenti

**T**U Christum, Christum quòd non negat esse, lacessis  
Ipsius hoc crimen, quòd fuit ipse, fuit.

*Téne Sacerdotem credam ? Novus ille Sacerdos,  
Per quem impunè Deo non licet esse Deum.*

JOANN. 12. 37

Cùm tot signa edidisset, non credebant in eum.

**N** On tibi, Christe, fidem tua tot miracula præstant  
(O verbi, ô dextræ dulcia regna tuæ !)

*Non præstant ? neque te post tot miracula credunt ?  
Mirac'lum, qui non credidit, ipse fuit*

MARC 1. 16.

Ad S Andream piscatorem

**Q** Uippe potes pulchrè captare & fallere pisces !  
Centum illíc discis lubricus ire dolis

*Heus bone piscator ! tendit sua retia Christus .  
Artem inverte, et jam tu quoque disce capi*

# EPIGRAMMATA SACRA

JOANN 1 23

Ego sum vox &c

**V**Ox ego sum, dicis tu vox es, sancte Joannes?  
Si vox es, genitor cur tibi mutus erat?

*Ista tui fuerant quam mira silentia patris!  
Vocem non habuit tunc quoque cum genuit*

ACT 12

Vincula sponte decidunt

**Q**Uis ferro Petrum cumulas, durissime custos,  
A ferro disces mollior esse tuo

*Ecce fluit, nodisque suis evolvitur ultro  
I fatue, & vinculis vincula pone tuis*

In diem omnium Sanctorum

REV 7 3

Nè lædite terram, neque mare, neque arbores,  
quousque obsignaverimus servos Dei  
nostri in frontibus suis

**N**Uisqua immitis agat ventus sua murmura, nusqua  
Sylvæ tremat, crispis sollicitata comis

*Æqua Thetis placidè allabens ferat oscula Terræ  
Terra suos Thetidi pandat amica sinus*

Undique Pax effusa pueri volat aurea pennis,  
Frons bona dum signo est quæque notata suo

*Ab quid in hoc opus est signis aliunde petendis?  
Frons bona sat lacrymis quæque notata suis*

In die Conjuratiōis sulphuræ

**Q**Uam bene dispositis annus dat currere festis!  
Post Omnes Sanctos, Omne scelus sequitur

# RICHARD CRASHAW

Deus sub utero virginis.

**I** *Cce tuus, Natura, pater<sup>1</sup> pater hic tuus, hic est .*  
*Ille, uterus matris quem tenet, ille pater*  
Pellibus exiguis arctatur Filius ingens,  
Quem tu non totum (*crede*) nec ipsa capis.  
*Quanta uteri, Regina, tui reverentia tecum est,*  
*Dum jacet hic, cœlo sub brevior, Deus<sup>1</sup>*  
*Conscia divino gliscunt præcordia motu*  
*(Nec vehit æthereos sanctior aura polos)*  
*Quàm bene sub tectis tibi concipiuntur eodem*  
*Vota, & (vota cui concipienda) Deus<sup>1</sup>*  
*Quod nubes alia, & tanti super atria cœli*  
*Quærun, invenient hoc tua vota domi*  
*O felix anima hæc, quæ tam sua gaudia tangit<sup>1</sup>*  
*Sub conclave suo cui suus ignis adest*  
*Corpus amet (licet) illa suum, neque sydera malit*  
*Quod vinculum est aliis, hoc habet illa domum*  
*Sola jaces, neque sola, toro quocunque recumbis,*  
*Illo estis positi thique tuusque toro*  
*Immo ubi casta tuo posita es cum conjugè conjunx,*  
*(Quod mirum magis est) es tuus ipsa torus*

ACT 7. 16.

Ad Judæos mactatores Stephani

**I** *Rustra illum increpitant, frustra vaga saxa nec illi*  
*Grandinis (heu sævæ<sup>1</sup>) dura procella nocet*  
*Ista potest tolerare, potest nescire sed illi,*  
*Quæ sunt in vestro pectore, saxa nocent*

REV. I 9.

D. Joannes in exilio

**I** *Exul, Amor Christi est Christum tamen invenit exul*  
*Et solitos illuc invenit ille sinus*  
*Ab longo, æterno ab terras indicite nobis*  
*Exilio, Christi si sinus exilium est*

# EPIGRAMMATA SACRA

## MATTH 2

### Ad Infantes Martyres

**F** Undite ridentes animas, effundite cælo  
Discet ibi vestra (o quam bene!) lingua loqui  
Nec vos lac vestrum & maternos querite fontes  
Quæ vos expediat lactea tota via est

## LUC 2

### Querit Jesum suum beata Virgo

**A** H, redeas miseræ, redeas (puer alma) parenti,  
Ab, neque te cælis tam citò redde tuis  
Cælum nostra tuum fuerint o brachia, si te  
Nostra suum poterunt brachia ferre Deum

## MATTH 8

### Non sum dignus ut sub tecta mea venias

**I** N tua tecta Deus veniet tuus haud sinit illud  
Et pudor, atque humilis in pectore celsa fides  
Illum ergò accipies quoniam non accipis ergò  
In te jam veniet, non tua tecta, Deus

## MATTH 27 12

### Christus accusatus nihil respondit

**N** Il ait o sanctæ pretiosa silentia linguae!  
Ponderis 6 quanti res nihil illud erat!  
Ille olim, verbum qui dixit, & omnia fecit,  
Verbum non dicens omnia nunc reficit



# RICHARD CRASHAW

LUC 2.

Nunc dimittis.

**S** Pēsne meas tandem ergò mei tenuere lacei ?

**S** Ergò bibunt oculos lumina nostra tuos ?

Ergò bibant, possintque novam sperare juventam

O possint senii non meminisse sui !

Immo mihi potius mutem mors induat umbram

(Esse sub his oculis si tamen umbra potest)

Ah satis est. Ego te vidi (puer aucte) vidi

Nil post te, nisi te (Christe) videre volo

LUC 8.

Verbum inter spinas.

**S**Æpe Dei verbum sentes cadit inter, & atrum

**S** Miscet spina procax (ah malè juncta !) latus

Credo quidem nam sic spinas ab scilicet inter

Ipse Deus Verbum tu quoque (Christe) cadis

LUC. 14 5.

Sabbatum { Judaicum,  
&  
Christianum

**R**Es eadem vario quantum distinguitur usu !

Nostra hominē servant sabbata, vestra bovē

Observent igitur (pactō quid justius isto ?)

Sabbata nostra homines, sabbata vestra boves.

MATTH 10 52

Ad verbum Dei sanatur cæcus

**C**Hriste, loquutus eras (ô sacra licentia verbi !)

Jamque novus cæci fluxit in ora dies

Jam, credo, \* Nemo est, sicut Tu, Christe, loquutus

Auribus ? immo oculis, Christe, loquutus eras

\* Joann 7 46

# EPIGRAMMATA SACRA

MATTH 11

Onus meum leve est

**E** *Sic levis quicunque roles, onus accipe Christi  
Ala tuis humeris, non onus, illud erit*

*Christi onus an quæris quam [sit] grave? scilicet, audi,  
Tam grave, ut ad summos te premat usque polos*

JOANN 6

Miraculum quinque panum

**E** *Cce vagi venit unda tibi, venit indole sacra  
Fortis, & in dentes fertilis innumeros*

*Quando erat invictæ tam sancta licentia cœnæ?  
Illa famem populi pascit, & illa fidem*

JOANN 8 52

Nunc scimus te habere dæmonium

**A** *Ut Deus, aut saltem dæmon tibi notior esset,  
(Gens mala) quæ dicis dæmonia habere Deum*

*Ignorasse Deum poteras, & cæca sed oro,  
Et patrem poteras tam malè nosse tuum?*

In beatæ Virginis verecundiam

**I** *N gremio, quæris, cur sic sua lumina Virgo  
Ponat? ubi melius poneret illa, precor?*

*O ubi, quàm cælo, melius sua lumina ponat?  
Despicit, at cælum sic tamen illa videt*

# RICHARD CRASHAW

## In vulnera Dei pendentis

O Frontis, lateris, manulmq, pedumque cruores !  
O quæ purpureo flumina fonte patent !  
In nostram (ut quondam) pes non valet ire salutem,  
Sed natat, in fluvius (ab ! ) natat ille suis  
Fixa manus, dat, fixa pios bona dextera rores  
Donat, & in donum solvitur ipsa suum  
O latus, ô torrens ! quis enim torrentior exit  
Nilus, ubi pronis præcipitatur aquis ?  
Mille & mille simul cadit & cadit undique guttis  
Frons viden' ut sævus purpuret ora pudor ?  
Spinæ hâc irriguæ florent crudeliter imbræ,  
Inq, novas sperant protinus ire rosas  
Quisque capillus it exiguo tener alveus amne,  
Hâc quasi de rubro rivulus oceano  
O nimium vivæ pretiosis amnibus undæ !  
Fons vitæ nunquam verior illi fuit

## MATTH 9 11

Quare cum Publicanis manducat Magister vester ?

I Ergò istis socium se peccatoribus addit ?  
I Ergò istis sacrum non negat ille latus ?  
Tu, Pharisæe, rogas Jësus cur fecerit istud ?  
Næ dicam Jësus, non Pharisæus, erat

## MATTH 28

Ecce locus ubi jacuit Dominus

I Psum, Ipsum (precor) ô potiùs mihi (candidè) monstra  
Ipsi, Ipsi, ô lacrymus oro sit ire meis  
Si monstrare locum satis est, & dicere nobis,  
En, Maria, hîc tuus en, hîc jacuit Dominus,  
Ipsa ulnas monstrare meas, & dicere possum,  
En, Maria, hîc tuus en, hîc jacuit Dominus

## EPIGRAMMATA SACRA

LUC 17

Leprosi ingrati

**L** Ex jubet ex hominum cœtu procul ire leprosos  
At mundi à Christo cur abiere procul?  
Non abit, at sedes tantum mutavit in illis,  
Et lepra, quæ fuerat corpore, mente sedet  
Sic igitur dignâ vice res variatur, & a se  
Quàm procul antè homines, nunc habuere Deum

JOANN 20

In cicatrices quas Christus habet in se adhuc superstites

**Q** Uicquid spinæ procax, vel stylo clivus acuto,  
Quicquid purpureâ scripserat hasta nota,  
Vivit adhuc tecum sed jam tua vulnera non sunt  
Non, sed vulneribus sunt medicina mei

ACT 5

Æger implorat umbram D Petri

**P** Etre, tua lateam paulisper (Petre) sub umbra  
Sic mea nie quærent fata, nec inventient  
Umbra dabit tua posse meum me cernere solem,  
Et mea lux umbræ sic erit umbra tuæ

LUC 24 39

Quid turbati estis? Videte manus meas &  
pedes, quia ego ipse sum

**E** N me, & signa mei, quondam mea vulnera<sup>1</sup> certè,  
Vos nisi credetis, vulnera sunt & adhuc  
O nunc ergò fidem sanent mea vulnera vestram  
O mea nunc sanet vulnera vestra fides

# RICHARD CRASHAW

## ACT. 12.

In vincula Petro sponte delapsa, & apertas fores.

**I** *Erri non meminit ferrum se vincula Petro  
Dissimulant nescit carcer habere fores.*

*Quàm bene liber crit, carcer quem liberat ! ipsa  
Vincula quem solvunt, quàm bene tutus crit !*

## ACT 19. 12

Deferebantur à corpore ejus sudaria, &c.

**I** *Mperiosa premunt morbos, & ferrea fati  
Fura ligant, Pauli lintea tacta manu*

*Unde hæc felix laus est & gloria lini ?  
Hæc (reor) è Lachesis pensa fuère colo.*

## JOANN 15

Christus Vitis ad Vinitorem Patrem

**I** *N serpit tua, purpureo tua palmite vitis  
Serpit, & (ah ! ) spretis it per humum folius*

*Tu viti succurre tuæ, mi Vinitor ingens  
Da fulcrum, fulcrum da mihi quale ? crucem*

## ACT 26 28

Penè persuades mihi ut fiam Christianus.

**P** *Enè ? quid hoc penè est ? Vicinia sæva salutis !  
O quàm tu malus es proximitate boni !*

*Ah ! portu qui teste perit, bis naufragus ille est,  
Hunc non tam pelagus, quàm sua terra premit*

*Quæ nobis spes vix absunt, crudeliùs absunt  
Penè fui felix, Emphasis est miserì*

## EPIGRAMMATA SACRA

JOANN 3 19

Lux venit in mundum, sed dilexerunt homines  
magis tenebras quàm lucem

**L**uce suâ venit ecce Deus, mundûque refulget,  
Pergit adhuc tenebras mundus amare suas

At Stygius igitur mundus damnabitur umbris  
Pergit adhuc tenebras mundus amare suas?

LUC 16

Dives implorat guttam

**O** Mibi si digito tremat & tremat unica summo  
Gutta! ô si flammâ mulceat una meas!

Curat opum quocunque volet levis unda mearum  
Una mibi hæc detur gemmula, Dives ero

JOANN 3 4

Quomodo potest homo gigni qui est senex?

**D**It, Phœnix unde in nidos novus emicat annos  
Plaudit & elusos aurea penna rogos?

Quis colubrum dolus insinuat per secula retro,  
Et jubet emeritum luxuriare latus?

Cur rostro pereunte suam prædata senectam  
Torva ales, rapido plus legit ore diem?

Immo, sed ad nixus quæ stat Lucina secundos?  
Natales seros unde senex habeat

Ignoras, Phariseæ? sat est jam credere disces  
Dimidium fidei, qui bene nescit, habet

# RICHARD CRASHAW

MARC. II 13.

Arbor Christi jussu arescens

**I**lle jubet *procul ite mei, mea gloria, rami*  
*Nulla vocet nostras amplius aura comas*  
*Ite, nec ô pigeat nam vos neque fulminis ira,*  
*Nec trucidis ala Noti verberat Ille jubet.*  
*O vox! ô Zephyro vel sic quoque dulcior omni!*  
*Non possum Autumno nobiliore frui*

LUC I 12

Zacharias minùs credens

**I**nfantis fore te patrem, res mira videtur,  
*Infans interea factus es ipse pater*  
*Et dum promissi signum (nimis anxie) quæris,*  
*Jam nisi per signum quærere nulla potes*

JOANN 3

In aquam baptismi Dominici

**I** Felix ô, sacros cui sic licet ire per artus!  
*Felix! dum lavat hunc, ipsa lavatur aqua*  
*Gutta quidem sacros quæcunque per ambulat artus,*  
*Dum manet hîc, gēma est, dum cadit hinc, lacryma*

LUC 13 11

Mulierî incuivatæ medetur Dominus,  
indignante Archisynagogo.

**I**N proprios replicata sinus quæ repserat, & jam  
*Dæmonis (infelix!) nil nisi nodus erat,*  
*Solvitur ad digitum Domini sed striëtior illo*  
*Unicus est nodus, cor, Pharisæe, tuum*

## EPIGRAMMATA SACRA

MATTH 22 46

Neque ausus fuit quisquam ex illo die cum  
amplius interrogare

**C**hriste, malas fraudes, Pharisæica retia, fallis  
Et miseros sacro dis utis ore dolos

Ergò tacent tandem, atque snvita silentia servant  
Tam bene non aliter te potuere loqui

MATTH 20 20

S Joannes matri suæ

**O** Mihi cur dextram, mater, cur, oro, sinistram  
Ponis, ab officio mater iniqua tuo?

Nolo manum Christi dextram mihi, nolo sinistram  
Tam procul a sacro non libet esse sinu

MATTH 4

Si Filius Dei es, deice te

**N**I se deiciat Christus de vertice Templi,  
Non credes quòd sit Filius ille Dei

At mox te humano de pectore deicit heus tu,  
Non credes quòd sit Filius ille Dei?

LUC 19 41

Dominus flens ad Judæos

**D**iscite vos miseri, venientes discite flammam  
Nec facite o lacrymas sic perussæ meas

Nec perussæ tamen poterunt mihi credite, vestras  
Vel reprimet flammæ hæc aqua, vel faciet



# RICHARD CRASHAW

LUC. 18. 11.

Nec velut hic Publicanus

**I**stum ? *vile caput ! quantum mihi gratulor, inquis*  
*Istum quòd novi tam mihi dissimilem !*

*Vilis at iste abiit sacris acceptior aris*  
*I nunc, & jactes hunc tibi dissimilem.*

ACT 9 3

In Saulum fulgore nimio excæcatum.

**Q**Uæ lucis tenebræ ? *quæ nox est ista diei ?*  
*Nox nova, quam nimii luminis umbra facit !*

*An Saulus fuerit cæcus, vix dicere possum,*  
*Hoc scio, quòd captus lumine Saulus erat.*

LUC. 10. 23

Beati oculi qui vident

**C**Um Christus nostris ibat mitissimus oris,  
*Atque novum cæcos jussit habere diem,*

*Felices, oculus qui tunc habuêre, vocantur ?*  
*Felices, & qui non habuêre, voco*

LUC. 7 15

Filius è feretro matri redditur

**I**RGône tam subitâ potuit vice flebilis horror  
*In natalitia candidus ire toga ?*

*Quos vidi, matris gemitus hos esse dolentis*  
*Credideram, gemitus parturientis erant.*

## EPIGRAMMATA SACRA

MATTH II 25

In seculi sapientes

**E**rgone delitias facit, & sibi plaudit ab alto  
Stultitia, ut velit hâc ambitione peti?  
Difficilisne aded facta est, & seria tandem?  
Ergo & in hanc etiam quis sapiuisse potest?  
Tantum erat, ut possit tibi doctior esse ruina?  
Tanti igitur cerebri res, perisse, fuit?  
Nil opus ingenio nihil hâc opus Arte furoris  
Simplicius poteris scilicet esse muser

LUC 4 29

In Judæos Christum præcipitare conantes

**D**iste, quæ tanta est sceleris fiducia vestri?  
Quod nequit dæmon, id voluisse scelus?  
Quod nequit dæmon scelus, id voluisse patrare!  
Hoc tentare ipsum dæmona (credo) fuit

REV 7 9

In Draconem præcipitem

**I** Frustra truculente tuas procul aurea rident  
Astra minas, cælo jam bene tuta suo  
Tunc igitur cælum super ire atque astra parabas?  
Ascensu tanto non opus ad barathrum

LUC 2

Beatæ Virginis credenti

**M**iraris (quid enim faceres?) sed & hæc quoq; credis  
Hæc uteri credis dulcia monstra tui  
En fides, Regina, tuæ dignissima merce  
Fida Dei fueras filia mater eris

# RICHARD CRASHAW

MARC 12.

Licétne Cæsari censum dare ?

**P**ost tot Scribarum (Christe) in te praelia, tandem  
Ipse venit Cæsar Cæsar in arma venit  
Pugnant terribiles non Cæsaris ense, sed ense  
Cæsare quin Cæsar vinceris ipse tamen  
Hoc quoque tu conscribe tuis, Auguste, triumphis  
Sic vinci dignus quis nisi Cæsar erat ?

MATTH. 9

In tibicines & turbam tumultuantem  
circa defunctam

**V**Ani, quid strepitis ? nam, quamvis \*dormiat illa,  
Non tamen è somno est sic revocanda suo  
Expectat solos Christi sopor iste susurros  
Dormit, nec dormit omnibus illa tamen

\* Vers 24 Non enim mortua est puella, sed dormit

MATTH 6 19

Piscatores vocati

**I** Udite jam pisces secunda per æquora pisces  
Nos quoque (sed varia sub ratione) sumus  
Non potuisse capi, vobis spes una salutis  
Una salus nobis est, potuisse capi

MARC 12

Date Cæsari

**C**uncta Deo debentur habet tamen & sua Cæsar,  
Nec minus indè Deo est, si sua Cæsar habet  
Non minus indè Deo est, solio si cætera dantur  
Cæsareo, Cæsar cùm datur ipse Deo

# EPIGRAMMATA SACRA

MATTH 21 7

Dominus asino vehitur

**I**lle igitur vilem te, te dignatur asellum,  
O non vecturâ non bene digne tuâ?  
Heu quibus haud pugnat Christi patientia monstris?  
Hoc, quid sic fertur, hoc quoque ferre fuit

LUC 21 27

Videbunt Filium hominis venientem in nube

**I**mmo veni aërios (o Christe) accingere currus,  
Inq, triumphali nube coruscus ades  
Nubem quæris? erunt nostra (ah!) suspiria nubes  
Aut sol in nubem se dabit ipse tuam

JOANN 20

Nisi digitum immisero, &c

**I**mpius ergo iterum clavos? iterum impius hastam?  
Et totum digitus triste revolvat opus?  
Tunc igitur Christum (Thoma) quod vivere credas,  
Tu Christum faceres (ab truculente!) mori?

ACT 8

Ad Judæos mactatores S Stephani

**Q**uid datus (ab miseri!) saxis nolentibus iras?  
Quid nimis in tragicum præcipitatis opus?  
In mortem Stephani se dant inrita sed illi  
Occiso faciunt sponte sua tumulum

Sancto Joanni, dilecto discipulo

**T**U fruiere augustiq, sinu caput abde (quod o tum  
Nollet in æterna se posuisse rosa)  
Tu fruiere & sacra dum te sic pectore portat,  
O sat erit tergo me potuisse vehe

# RICHARD CRASHAW

MATTH. 2

In lactentes Martyres

**V**ulnera natorum qui vidit, & ubera matrum,  
Per pueros fluvius (ab!) simul ire suis,  
Sic pueros quisquis vidit, dubitavit, an illos  
Lilia cœlorum diceret, anne rosas.

MATTH. I 23

Deus nobiscum

**N**obiscum Deus est? vestrum hoc est (hei mihi!) vestrum  
Vobiscum Deus est, ô asini atque boves  
Nobiscum non est nam nos domus aunca sumit  
Nobiscum Deus est, & jacet in stabulo?  
Hoc igitur nostrum ut fiat (dulcissime Jesu)  
Nos dandi stabulis, vel tibi danda domus

Christus circumcisis ad Patrem

**I**Ias en primitias nostræ (Pater) accipe mortis,  
(Vitam ex quo sumpsi, vivere dedidici)  
Ira (Pater) tua de pluvîâ gustaverit istâ.  
Olim ibit fluvius hoc latus omne suis  
Tunc sitiât licet & sitiât, bibet & bibet usque  
Tunc poterit toto fonte superba fini  
Nunc hastæ interea possit præcludere culter  
Indolis in pœnas spes erit ista meæ

In Epiphaniam Domini

**N**on solitâ contenta dies face lucis Eoæ,  
Ecce micat radius cæsariata novis  
Persa sagax, propterea discurre per ardua Regum  
Teeta, per auratas marmoredsque domus  
Quære ô, quæ intepuit Reginæ purpura partu,  
Principe vagitu quæ domus insonuit  
Audin' Persa sagax? Qui tanta negotia cœlo  
Fecit, Bethlemus vagit in stabulis

# EPIGRAMMATA SACRA

LUC 2 49

Ecce quærebamus te, &c

**T**E quæro misera, & quæro tu nunc quoque trahās  
Res Patris Pater est unica cura tibi

Quippe quidd ad pœnas tantum & tot nomina mortis,  
Ad luctum & lacrymas (hei mihi!) mater ego

JOANN 2

Aquæ in vinum versæ

**U**Nde rubor vestris, & non sua purpura lymphis?  
Quæ rosa mirantes tam nova mutat aquas?

Numen (convivæ) præsens agnoscite Numen  
Nympha pudica Deum vidit, & erubuit

MATTH 8 13

Absenti Centurionis filio Dominus absens medetur

**Q**Uam tacitis inopina salus illabitur alis!  
Alis, quas illi vox tua, Christe, dedit

Quam longas vox ista manus habet! hæc medicina  
Absens, & præsens hæc medicina fuit

MARC 4 40

Quid timidi estis?

**T**ANQUÂ illi insanus faceret sua fulmina ventus!  
Tanquam illi scopulos norit habere fretum!

Vos vestri scopuli, vos estis ventus & unda  
Naufragium cum illo qui metuit, meruit

# RICHARD CRASHAW

LUC 2

Nunc dimittis.

**I** Te mei (quid enim ulterius, quid vultis?) ocelli ·  
Leniter obduētis ite supercilis.

Immo & adhuc & adhuc, iterumq, iterumq, videte,  
Accipite hæc totis lumina luminibus

Jamque ite, & tutis ô vos bene claudite vallis  
Servate hæc totis lumina luminibus

Primum est, quòd potui te (Christe) videre secundum,  
Te viso, rectè jam potuisse mori

MATTH 13 24

In segetem sacram.

**I** Cce suam implorat, demisso vertice, falcem  
Tu segri falcem da (Pater almè) suam

Tu falcem noi das? messem tu (Christe) moraris?  
Hoc ipsum falx est hæc mora messis erit

LUC. 7. 37

Cœpit lacrymis rigare pedes ejus, & capillis extergebat

**U** Nda sacras sordes lambit placidissima flavæ  
Lambit & hanc undam lucida flamma comæ

Illa per has sordes it purior unda, simulque  
Ille per has lucet purior ignis aquas

LUC 18 41

Quid vis tibi faciam?

**Q** Uid volo (Christe) rogas? quippe ab volo, Christe, videre  
Quippe ab te (dulcis Christe) videre volo

At video, fideique oculis te nunc quoque figo  
Est mihi, quæ nunquam est non oculata, fides

Sed quamvis videam, tamen ab volo (Christe) videre  
Sed quoniam video (Christe) videre volo

# EPIGRAMMATA SACRA

MATTH 15 21

Christus mulieri Canaanæ difficilior

**V***T* pretium facias dono, donare recusas  
Usquè rogat supplex, tu tamen usquè negas

*Hoc etiam donare fuit donare negare*  
Sæpe dedit, quisquis sæpe negata dedit

LUC 11 27

Beatus venter & ubera, &c

**E***T* quid si biberet Jesus vel ab ubere vestro?  
Quid facit ad vestram, quod bibit ille, sitim?

*Ubra mox sua & Hic (o quàm non lactea!) pandet*  
*E nato Mater tum bibit ipsa suo*

JOANN 15 1

In Christum Vitem

**U***L*mum vitis amat (quippe est & in arbore flama,  
Quam fovet in viridi pectore blandus amor )

*Illam ex arboribus cunctis tu (Vitis) amasti,*  
*Illam, quæcunque est, quæ crucis arbor erat*

JOANN 16 20

Vos flebitis & lamentabimini

**E***R*gò mihi salvete mei mea gaudia luctus  
Quam charum (o Deus) est hoc mihi flere meum!

*Flerem ni flerem Solus tu (dulcis Iesu)*  
*Lætitiâ donas tunc quoque quando negas*



# RICHARD CRASHAW

JOANN 10

In gregem Christi Pastoris

O *Grex, ô nimium tanto Pastore beatus!*  
O *ubi sunt tanto pascua digna grege?*  
Nè non digna forent tanto grege pascua, Christus  
Ipse suo est Pastor, pascuum & ipse gregi

In vulnera pendentis Domini

S *Ive oculos, sive ora vocem tua vulnera, certè*  
Undique sunt ora (heu!) undique sunt oculi  
Ecce ora! ô nimium roseis florentia labris!  
Ecce oculi! sævis ab madidi lacrymis!  
Magdala, quæ lacrymas solita es, quæ basia sacro  
Ferre pedi, sacro de pede sume vices  
Ora pedi sua sunt, tua quò tibi basia reddat  
Quò reddat lacrymas scilicet est oculus

MARC 2

Paralyticus convalescens

C *Hristum, quòd misero facilis peccata remittit,*  
Scribæ blasphemum dicere non dubitant  
Hoc scelus ut primum Paralyticus audit, irâ  
Impatiens, lectum sustulit atque abiit

JOANN 8 59

Tunc sustulerunt lapides

S *Axa? illi? quid tam fædi voluêre furores?*  
Quid sibi de saxis hi voluêre suis?  
Indolem, & antiqui agnosco vestigia patris  
Panem de saxis hi voluêre suis

# EPIGRAMMATA SACRA

In resurrectionem Domini

**N** *Asceris, en' tecumque tuus (Rex auree) mundus,  
Tecum \*virgineo nascitur à tumulo  
Tecum in natales properat natura secundos,  
Atque novam vitam te novus orbis habet  
Ex vita (Sol alme) tua vitam omnia sumunt  
Nil certè, nisi mors, cogitur inde mori  
At certè neque mors nempe ut queat illa sepulchro  
(Christe) tua condis, mors volet ipsa mori  
\* Joann 19 41    ὁ οὐδέποτε οὐδεὶς τέθη*

MATTH 28 17

Aliqui verò dubitabant

**S** *Cilicet & tellus \*dubitât tremebunda sed ipsum hoc,  
Qudd tellus dubitat, vos dubitare vetat  
Ipsi custodes vobis, si quæritis, illud  
Hoc ipso dicunt, \*dicere quòd nequeunt  
\* Vers 2    ο ἱ σφοδρῶς ἐν μῦθῳ  
\* Vers 4    ἐσθθῆσαν τῆρου ἔς κα ἐν νοστο ὡσεὶ νε πο*

JOANN 20 20

In vulnerum vestigia quæ ostendit Dominus,  
ad firmandam suorum fidem

**H** *Is oculis (nec adhuc clausis coire fenestris)  
Invigilans nobis est tuus usus amor  
His oculis nos cernit amor tuus his & amorem  
(Christe) tuum gaudet cernere nostra fides*

LUC 17 19

Mittit Joannes qui quærant à Christo, an is sit

**T** *U qui aded impatiens properasti agnoscere Christum  
Tunc cum claustra uteri te tenuere tui,  
Tu, quis sit Christus, rogitas? & quæris ab ipso?  
Hoc tibi vel mutus dicere quisque potest*

# RICHARD CRASHAW

JOANN. 18. 10.

In Petrum auricidam

**Q**uantumcunque ferox tuus hic (Petre) fulminat ensis,  
Tu tibi jam pugnās (ô bone) non Domino  
Scilicet in miseram furis implacidissimus aures,  
Perfidiae testis nè queat esse tuæ

MARC 3.

Manus arefacta sanatur.

**I**elix! ergò tuæ spectas nataha dextræ,  
Quæ modò spectanti flebile funus erat  
Quæ nec in externos modò dextera profuit usus,  
Certè erit illa tuæ jam manus & fidei

MATTH. 27 24

In Pontium malè lautum

**I**lla manus lavat unda tuas, vanissime Judex  
Ab tamen illa scelus non lavat unda tuum  
Nulla scelus lavet unda tuum vel si lavet ulla,  
O volet ex oculis illa venire tuis.

MATTH 17 27

In piscem dotatum

**T**U piscem si, Christe, velis, venit ecce, sulmque  
Fert pretium tanti est vel perissee tibi  
Christe, foro tibi non opus est, addicere nummos  
Non opus est ipsum se tibi piscis emet

## EPIGRAMMATA SACRA

JOANN 16 33

Ego vici mundum

**T***U contra mundum dux es meus, optime Jesu?  
At tu (me miserum!) dux meus ipse jaces  
Si tu, dux meus, ipse jaces, spes ulla salutis?  
Immo, ni jaceas tu, mihi nulla salus*

In ascensionem Dominicam

**V***Adit (Io!) per aperta sui penetralia cœli  
It cœlo, & cœlum fundit ab ore novum  
Spargitur ante pedes, & toto sidere pronus  
Jam propius Solis Sol bibit ora sui  
At fratrî debere negans sua lumina Phœbe,  
Aurea de Phœbo jam meliore redit  
Hos, de te victo, tu das (Pater) ipse triumphos  
Unde triumphares, quis satis alter erat?*

In descensum Spiritûs sancti

**J***Am cœli circum tonuit fragor arma, mindisque  
Turbida cum flammis mista ferebat hyems  
Exclamat Judæus atrox Venit ecce nefandis,  
Ecce venit meriti fulminis ira memor  
Verum ubi composito sedit fax blandior astro,  
Flammâque non læsas lambit amica comas,  
Judæis, fulmen quia falsum apparuit esse,  
Hoc ipso verum nomine fulmen erat*

JOANN 3 16

Sic dilexit mundum Deus, ut Filium morti traderet

**A***H nimis est, illum nostræ vel tradere vitæ  
Guttula quod faceret, cur facit oceanus?  
Unde & luxuriare potest, habet hinc mea vita  
Amplè & magnificè mors habet unde mori*

# RICHARD CRASHAW

LUC. 14 19.

Juga boum emi

**A**<sup>D</sup> *cœnam voco te (domini quod jussa volebant)*  
*Tu mihi, nescio quos, dicis (inepte) boves.*

*Imò vale, nobis nec digne nec utilis hospes!*  
*Cœna tuos (credo) malit habere boves.*

ACT 14.

**D** Paulum, verbo sanantem claudum, pro  
Mercurio Lystres adorant

**Q**<sup>U</sup>*is Tagus hic, quæ Pætohi nova volvitur unda?*  
*Non hominis vox est hæc Deus ille, Deus*

*Salve, mortales nimium dignate penates!*  
*Digna Deo soboles, digna tonante Deo!*

*O salve! quid enim (alme) tuos latuisse volebas?*  
*Te dicit certè vel tua lingua Deum*

*Laudem hanc haud miror Meruit facundus haberi,*  
*Qui claudo promptos suasit habere pedes*

In S Columbam ad Christi caput sedentem

**C**<sup>U</sup>*i sacra sydereâ volucris suspenditur alâ?*  
*Hunc nive plùs niveum cui dabit illa pedem?*

*Christe, tuo capiti totis se destinat auris,*  
*Quà ludit densæ blandior umbra comæ*

*Illic arcano quid non tibi murmure narrat?*  
*(Murmure mortales non imitante sonos)*

*Sola avis hæc nido hoc non est indigna cubare*  
*Solus nidus hic est hâc bene dignus ave*

## EPIGRAMMATA SACRA

### ACT 12

In fores Divo Petro sponte apertas

**Q**uid juvit clausisse fores (bone janitor) istas?  
Et Petro claves jam liquet esse suas  
Dices, Sponte patent Petri ergò hoc scilicet ipsum  
Est clavis, Petro clave quidd haud opus est

### LUC 15 2

Murmurabant Pharisei, dicentes, Recipit  
peccatores & comedit cum illis

**A**H malè, quisquis is est, pereat! qui scilicet istis  
Convivam (sævus!) non sinit esse suam  
Istis cum Christus conviva adjungitur, istis  
O non conviva est Christus, at ipse cibus

### MATTH 15

In trabem Pharisæicam

**C**Edant, quæ, rerum si quid tenue atq minutum est,  
Posse acie certâ figere, vitra dabunt  
Artis opus miræ! Pharisæo en optica trabs est,  
Ipsam (vera loquor) quâ videt ille nihil

### JOANN 9 22

Constituerunt ut si quis confiteretur eum esse  
Christum, synagogâ moveretur

**I**nfelix, Christum reus es quicumque colendis!  
O reus infelix! quam tua culpa gravis!  
Tu summis igitur, summis damnabere cælis  
O reus infelix! quam tua pœna gravis!

# RICHARD CRASHAW

MATTH. 20 20

De voto filiorum Zebedæi.

**S**it tibi (*Joannes*) tibi sit (*Jacobe*) quod optas  
Sit tibi dextra manus, sit tibi læva manus.  
*Spero, alia in cælo est, & non incommoda, sedes*  
*Si neque læva manus, si neque dextra manus.*  
*Cæli hanc aut illam nolo mihi quærere partem*  
*O, cælum, cælum da (Pater alme) mihi*

JOANN. 6

Ad hospites cœnæ miraculosæ quinque panum

**V**Escere pane tuo sed & (*hospes*) vescere Christo  
*Est panis panī scilicet ille tuo*  
*Tunc pane hoc CHRISTI rectè satur (hospes) abibis,*  
*Panem ipsum CHRISTUM si magis esurias*

JOANN. 16 33

De Christi contra mundum pugna

**T**Une, miser? tu (*Mundus ait*) mea fulmina contra  
*Ferre manus, armis cūm tibi nuda manus?*  
*I hētor, mambūsque audacibus injice vinc'la*  
*Injectit hētor vincula, & arma dedit*

ACT 9 29

Græci disputatores Divo Paulo mortem machinantur

**I**Uge argumentum! sic disputat euge sophista!  
*Sic pugnum Logices stringere, sic decuit*  
*Hoc argumentum in causam quid (Græcule) dicit?*  
*Dicit, te in causam dicere posse nihil*

## EPIGRAMMATA SACRA

LUC 22 26

Qui maximus est inter vos, esto sicut qui minimus

O Bone, discipulus Christi vis maximus esse?  
At verò fies hâc ratione minor

Hoc sanctæ ambitionis iter (mibi crede) tenendum est,  
Hæc ratio, Tu, nè sis minor, esse velis

LUC 19 41

In lacrymantem Dominum

VObis (Judæi) vobis hæc voluitur unda,  
Quæ vobis, quoniam spernitis, ignis erit

Eia facies (Romane) facies! seges illa furoris,  
Non nisi ab his undis, ignea messis erit

MATTH 2

Christus in Ægypto

HUnc tu (Nile) tuis majori flumine monstra  
Hunc (nimis ignotum) dic caput esse tibi

Jam tibi (Nile) tumes jam te quoque multus munda  
Ipse tuæ jam sis lætitiæ fluvius

MATTH 9

In cæcos Christum confitentes, Phariseos abnegantes

NE mibi, tu (Pharisæe ferox) tua lumina jactes  
En cæcus! Christum cæcus at ille videt

Tu (Pharisæe) nequis in Christo cernere Christum  
Ille videt cæcus cæcus es ipse videns



# RICHARD CRASHAW

MARTH 16. 24.

Si quis pone me veniet, tollat crucem & sequatur me

**I** Rgò sequor, sequor enī quippē & mihi crux mea,  
Christe, est  
Parva quidem, sed quam non satīs, ecce, iego.

Non iego? non parvam hanc? ideo neq, parva putanda est  
CruX magna est, parvam non bene ferre crucem

LUC. 5 28.

Relictis omnibus sequutus est eum.

**Q**uas Matthæus opes, ad Christi jussa, reliquit,  
Tum primum verè cœpit habere suas  
Iste malarum est usus opum bonus, unicus iste,  
Esse malas homini, quas bene perdat, opes

MATTH 25 29

Ædificatis sepulchra Prophetarum

**S**anctorum in tumulis quid vult labor ille colendis?  
Sanctorum mortem non sinit ille mori  
Vane, Prophetarum quot ponis saxa sepulchris,  
Tot testes lapidum, quæis periêre, facis

MARC 3

In manum aridam quâ Christo mota est miseratio

**P**rende (miser) Christum, & cum Christo prende salutem  
At manca est (dices) dextera prende tamen  
Ipsum hoc, in Christum, manus est hoc prendere Christum est,  
Quâ Christum prendaS, non habuisse manum,

# EPIGRAMMATA SACRA

Ad D Lucam medicum

**N**Ulla mihi (Luca) de te medicamina posco,  
Ipse licet medicus sis, licet æger ego  
Quippe ego in exemplum fidei dum te mihi pono,  
Tu, medice, ipse mihi es tu medicina mea

LUC 14 4

Hydropicus sanatus, Christum jam sitiens

**P**ELLitur indè sitis, sed & hinc sitis altera surgit  
Hinc sitit ille magis, quò sitit inde minus  
Fælix o, & mortem poterit qui temnere morbus!  
Cui vitæ ex ipso fonte sititur aqua!

In cœtum cœlestem omnium Sanctorum

**F**ELICES animæ! quas cœlo debita virtus  
Jam potuit vestris inseruisse polis  
Hoc dedit egregi non parvus sanguinis usus,  
Spēsque per obstantes expatiata vias  
O ver! o longæ semper seges aurea lucis!  
Nōste nec alternâ dimidiata dies!  
O quæ palma manu ridet! quæ fronte corona!  
O nix virginæ non temeranda togæ!  
Pacis innociduae vos illic ora videtis  
Vos Agni dulcis lumina vos Quid ago?

MATTH 8 13

Christus absenti medetur

**V**OX jam missa suas potuit jam tangere metas?  
O supers! non hoc ire sed esse fuit  
Miraculum fuit ipsa salus (bene credere possis)  
Ipsum, miraculum est, quando salutis iter

# RICHARD CRASHAW

JOANN 9

Cæcus natus

**I** Felix, qui potuit tantæ post nubila noctis  
(O dignum tantâ nocte!) videre diem  
Felix ille oculus, felix utrinque putandus,  
Quod videt, & primum quod videt ille Deum

MATTH 9

Et ridebant illum

**I** Ustibus in tantis, Christum ridere vacabat?  
Vanior iste fuit risus, an iste dolor?  
Lustibus in tantis hic vester risus, inepti,  
(Credite mi) meruit maximus esse dolor

MATTH II 25

In sapientiam seculi

**N**oli altum sapere (hoc veteres voluere magistri)  
Nè retrahat lassos alta ruina gradus  
Immo mihi dico, Noli sapuisse profundum  
Non ego ad infernum me sapuisse velim

In stabulum ubi natus est Dominus

**I**lla domus stabulum? non est (Pueri auree) non est  
Illa domus, quâ tu nasceris, est stabulum?  
Illa domus toto domus est pulcherrima mundo,  
Vix cælo dici vult minor illa tuo  
Cernis ut illa suo passim domus ardeat auro?  
Cernis ut effusus rideat illa rosis?  
Sive aurum non est, nec quæ rosa rideat illic,  
Ex oculis facile est esse probare tuis

# EPIGRAMMATA SACRA

## ACT 8

S Stephanus amicis suis, funus sibi curantibus

**N** Ulla (*precor*) busto surgant mihi marmora bustum  
Hæc mihi sunt mortis conscia saxa meæ

Sic nec opus fuerit, notet ut quis carmine bustum,  
Pro Domino (*dicens*) occidit ille suo

Hic mihi sit tumulus, quem mors dedit ipsa melque  
Ipse hic martyri sit mihi martyrrium

In D Joannem, quem Domitianus ferventi oleo  
(*illæsum*) indidit

**I** Llum (*qui, toto currens vaga flammula mundo,*  
Non quidem Ioannes, ipse sed audit amor)

Illum ignem extingui, bone Domitiane, laboras?  
Hoc non est oleum, Domitiane, dare

## In tenellos Martyres

**A** H qui tam proprio cecidit sic funere, vitæ  
Hoc habuit tantum, possit ut ille mori

At cuius Deus est sic usus funere, mortis  
Hoc tantum, ut possit vivere semper, habet

## MATTH 4 24

Attulerunt ei omnes malè affectos, dæmoniacos,  
lunaticos & sanavit eos

**C** Ollige te tibi (*torve Draco*) furidsque factisque,  
Quasque vocant pestes nov Erebusque suas

Fac colubros jam tota suos tua vibret Erinnys  
Collige, collige te fortiter, ut pereas

# RICHARD CRASHAW

## LUC 2

Tuam ipsius animam pertransibit gladius

**Q**uando habeat gladium tua, *Christe*, *tragædia* nullum,  
Quis fuerit gladius, *Virgo beata*, tuus?  
*Namq*, nec ulla aliàs tibi sunt data vulnera, *Virgo*,  
Quàm quæ à vulneribus sunt data, *Christe*, tuus.  
*Forsan* quando senex jam caligantior esset,  
Quod *Simeon* gladium credidit, hasta fuit  
*Immo* neque hasta fuit, neque clavus, sed neq, spina  
Hei mihi, spina tamen, clavus, & hasta fuit  
*Nam* quescunq, malis tua, *Christe*, *tragædia* crevit,  
Omnia sunt gladius, *Virgo beata*, tuus

In sanguinem circumcisionis *Dominicæ*.

Ad convivas, quos hæc dies apud nos solennes habet.

**I**I *Eus conviva! bibin'?* *Maria hæc*, *Mariæq*, *puellus*,  
Mittunt de prælo musta bibenda suo  
*Una* quidem est (toti quæ par tamen unica mundo)  
Unica gutta, suo quæ tremit orbiculo.  
*O* bibite hinc, quale aut quantum vos cunque bibistis,  
(*Credite mî*) nil tam suave bibistis adhuc  
*O* bibite & bibite, & restat tamen usquè bibendum  
Restat, quod poterit nulla domare sitis  
*Scilicet* hîc, mensura sitis, mensura bibendi est  
Hæc quantum cupias vina bibisse, bibis

## LUC 2

Puer *Jesus* inter *Doctores*

**I** Allitur, ad mentum qui pendit quemq, profundum,  
Ceû possint læves nil sapuisse genæ  
*Scilicet* è barba malè mensuratur *Apollo*,  
Et bene cum capitis stat nixæ, mentis hyems  
Discat, & à tenero disci quoque posse magistro  
Canitiem capitis nec putet esse caput

## EPIGRAMMATA SACRA

### JOANN 2

Ad Christum, de aqua in vinum versa

**S**igna tuus tuus hostis habet contraria signis  
In vinum tristes tu mihi vertis aquas  
Ille autem è vino lacrymas & jurgia ducens,  
Vina iterum in tristes (hei mihi!) mutat aquas

### LUC 2

Christus infans Patri sistitur in templo

**A**gnus eat, huiusq; (licet) sub patre petulco  
Cumque sun longum conjugè turtur agat  
Conciliatorem nihil hic opus ire per agnum  
Nec tener ut volucris non sua fata ferat  
Hæcenus exigua hæc, quasi munera, lusimus hæc quæ  
Multum excusanti sunt capienda manu  
Hoc Donum est de quo, toto tibi dicimus ore,  
Sume Pater meritis hoc tibi sume suis  
Donum hoc est, hoc est quod scilicet audeat ipso  
Esse Deo dignum scilicet ipse Deus

### MATTH 8

Leprosus Dominum implorans

**C**redo quidd ista potes, velles modò sed quia credo,  
Christe, quidd ista potes, credo quidd ista voles  
Tu modò, tu faciles mihi, Sol meus, exere vultus  
Non poterit radios nix mea ferre tuos

### MATTH 8

Christus in tempestate

**Q**uidd fervet tanto circum te, Christe, tumultu,  
Non hoc ira maris, Christe, sed ambitio est  
Hæc illa ambitio est, hoc tanto te rogat ore,  
Possit ut ad monitus Christe, tacere tuos

# RICHARD CRASHAW

## ACT 16 21

Annunciant iustus, quos non licet nobis suscipere,  
cūm simus Romani

**I** Oc Cæsar tibi (Roma) tuus dedit, armâq, solis  
Romanis igitur non licet esse pius?

*Ah, melius, tragicis nullus tibi Cæsar in armis  
Altus anbelanti detonusset equo,*

*Nec domini volucris facies horrenda per orbem  
Sueta tibi in signis torva venne tuis*

*Quàm miser ut staret de te tibi (Roma) triumphus,  
Ut tantâ fieres ambitione nihil*

*Non tibi, sed sceleri vincis proh laurea tristis!  
Laurea, Cerbereis aptior umbra comis!*

*Tam turpi vix ipse pater diademate Pluto,  
Vix sedet ipse suo tam niger in solio*

*De tot Cæsareis redit hoc tibi (Roma) triumphus  
Cæsareè, aut (quod idem est) egregiè misera es.*

## MATTH 4

Hic lapis fiat panis

**I** T fuit ille lapis (quidni sit dicere?) panis,  
Christe, fuit panis sed tuus ille fuit

*Quippe, Patris cūm sic tulerit suprema voluntas,  
Est panis, panem non habuisse, tuus*

## MATTH 15

Mulier Canaanitis

**O** Uicquid Amazonis dedit olim fama puellis,  
Credite Amazoniam cernimus ecce fidem  
Fœmina, tam fortis fidei? jam credo fidem esse  
Plus quàm grammaticè fœminei generis

## EPIGRAMMATA SACRA

### LUC 11

Deus, post expulsum Dæmonem mutum, maledicis  
Judæis os obturat

**U***Na penè opera duplicem tibi Dæmona frangis  
Iste quidem Dæmon mutus, at ille loquax*

*Scilicet in laudes (quæ non tibi laurea surgit?)  
Non magis hic loquitur, quam tacet ille tuas*

### JOANN 6

Dicebant, Verè hic est propheta

**P***ost tot quæ videant, tot quæ miracula tangerant,  
Hæc & quæ gustent (Christe) dabis populo*

*Fam Vates, Rex, & quicquid pia nomina possunt,  
Christus erat vellem dicere, venter erat*

*Namque his, quicquid erat Christus, de ventre repleto  
Omne illud vero nomine venter erat*

### JOANN 10 22

Christus ambulabat in porticu Solomonis & hyems erat

**B***ruma fuit? non, non ab non fuit, ore sub isto  
Si fuit haud anni, nec sua bruma fuit*

*Bruma tibi vernis velit ire decentior horis,  
Per sibi non natas expatiata rosas*

*At, tibi nè possit se tam bene bruma negare,  
Sola hæc, quam vibrat gens tua, \*grando vetat*

\* Vers 31 sustulerunt lapides



# RICHARD CRASHAW

## MATTH. 28

Dederunt nummos militibus.

**N**E miles velit ista loqui, tu munera donas?  
Donas, quod possit, cum tacet ipse, loqui  
Quæ facis à quoquam, pretio suadente, taceri,  
Clarius, & dici turpius ista facis

Beatæ Virgini

De salutatione Angelicâ

**X**AÏPE suum neque Cæsareus jam nuntiet ales,  
Xaïpe tuum pennâ candidiore venit  
Sed taceat, qui Xaïpe tuum quoque nuntiat, ales,  
Xaïpe meum pennâ candidiore venit  
Quis dicat mihi Xaïpe meum magè candidus autor,  
Quàm tibi quæ dicat candidus ille tuum?  
Virgo, rogas, quid candidius quàm candidus ille  
Esse potest? Virgo, quæ rogat, esse potest  
Xaïpe tuum (Virgo) donet tibi candidus ille,  
Donas candidior tu mihi Xaïpe meum  
Xaïpe meum de Xaïpe tuo quid differat, audi  
Ille tuum dicit, tu paris (ecce) meum

Pontio lavanti

**N**On satîs est cædes, nisi stuprum hoc insuper addas,  
Et tam virgineæ sis violator aquæ?  
Nympha quidem pura hæc & honesti filia fontis  
Luget, adulterio jam temerata tuo  
Casta verecundo properat cum murmure gutta,  
Nec satîs in lacrymam se putat esse suam  
Desine tam nitidos stuprare (ab, desine) rores  
Aut dic, quæ miseræ unda lavabit aquas

## EPIGRAMMATA SACRA

### In die Passionis Dominicæ

**T** Amne ego sim tetricus? valeant jejunia cirum  
 Est mihi dulce meo (nec pudet esse) cado  
 Est mihi quod castis, neque prelum passa, racemis  
 Palmite virgines protulit uva parenti  
 Hoc mihi (ter denis sat etiam maturuit annis)  
 Tandem ecce & dabo præbuit hasta suo  
 Jamque it, & hinc quanto calet æther armate torrens!  
 Acer ut hinc aura dieste currit odor!  
 Quæ rosa per cyathos volstat tam rura Falernis?  
 Mauiica quæ tanto sidere vna tremunt?  
 O ego nescibam, atque ecce est Vinum illud amoris  
 Unde ego sum tantis, unde ego par cyathis?  
 Vincor & hinc istis totus propè misce r auris  
 Non ego sum tantis, non ego par cyathis  
 Sed quid ego invidis metus bona robora vini?  
 Ecce est, quæ validum diluit, \*unda, merum  
 \* Joh 19 & continuè exiit sanguis & aqua

### In die Resurrectionis Dominicæ

Venit ad sepulchrum Magdalena ferens aromata  
**Q**uin & tu quoque busta tui Phœniceis adora  
 Tu quoque fer tristes (mens mea) delitias  
 Si nec aromata sunt, nec quod tibi fragrat amomum  
 (Qualis Magdalini est messis odora manu)  
 Est quod aromatibus præstat, quod præstat amomo  
 Hæc tibi mollicula, hæc gemmea lacrymula  
 Et lacryma est aliquid æque frustra Magdala flevit  
 Sentiit hæc, lacrymas non nihil esse suas  
 His illa (& tunc cum Domini caput iret amomo)  
 Invidiam capitis fecerat esse pedes  
 Nunc quoque, cum sinus huius tanto sub aromate sudet,  
 Plus capit ex oculis, quo litet, illa suis  
 Christe, decent lacrymæ deest isto rore rigari  
 Vitæ hoc æternum mane, tuumque diem

# RICHARD CRASHAW

LUC. 24

In cicatrices Domini adhuc superstites

**A**rma vides, arcus, pharetrâmq,, levêsq, sagittas,  
Et quocunque fuit nomine miles Amor

His fuit usus Amor sed & hæc fuit ipse, suûmq,  
Et jaculum, & jaculis ipse pharetra suis

Nunc splendent tantùm, & deteriso pulvere belli  
E memori pendent nomina magna tholo

Tempus erit tamen, hæc iræ quando arma, pharetrâmq,  
Et sobolem pharetræ spicula tradet Amor

Heu! quâ tunc animâ, quo stabit conscia vultu,  
Quum scelus agnoscat dextera quæq, suum?

Improbe, quæ dederis, cernes ibi vulnera, miles,  
Quâ tibi cunque tuus luserit arte furor

Seu digito suadente tuo mala Laurus imbat  
Temporibus, sacrum seu bibit hasta latus

Sive tuo clavi sævum rubuêre sub ictu,  
Seu puduit jussis ire flagella tuis

Improbe, quæ dederis, cernes ibi vulnera, miles  
Quod dederis vulnus, cernere, vulnus erit

Plaga sui vindex clavosque rependet & hastam  
Quibque rependet, erit clavus & hasta sibi

Quis tam terribiles, tam justas moverit iras?  
Vulnera pugnabunt (Christe) vel ipsa tibi

## EPIGRAMMATA SACRA

### JOANN 14

Pacem meam do vobis

**B**ella vocant arma (ô socis) nostra arma paremus  
Atque enses nostros scilicet (ah!) jugulos

Cur ego bella paro, cum Christus det mihi pacem?  
Quid Christus pacem dat mihi, bella paro

Ille dedit (nam quis potuit dare certior autor?)  
Ille dedit pacem sed dedit ille suam

### ACT 9

In D Paulum illuminatum simul & excecatum

**Q**Uæ, Christe, ambigua hæc bifidi tibi gloria teli est,  
Quod simul huic oculos abstulit, atq, dedit?

Sancta dies animi, hac oculorum in nocte, latebat,  
Te ut possit Paulus cernere, cæcus erat

### JOANN 15

Ego sum via Ad Judæos spretores Christi

**O** Sed nec calanda tamen pes improbe pergis?  
Improbe pes ergo hoc cæli erat ire viam?

Ah pereat (Judæe ferox) pes improbus ille,  
Qui cæli tristam sic facit esse viam

# RICHARD CRASHAW

## MARTH 2

In nocturnum & hyemale iter infantis Domini

**I** Rgò viatores teneros, cum Prole Parentem,  
Nox habet hos, quæis est digna nec ulla dies?

Nam quid ad hæc Pueri vel labra, gendæve Parentis?  
Heu quid ad hæc facient oscula, nox & hyems?

Lilia ad hæc facerent, faceret rosa, quicquid & balat  
Æterna Zephyrus qui tepet in viola.

Hi meruère, quibus vel nox sit nulla, vel ulla  
Si sit, eat nostrâ purius illa die

Ecce sed hos quoque nox & hyems clausère tenellos  
Et quis scit, quid nox, quid meditetur hyems?

Ab nè quid meditetur hyemis sævine per Austros!  
Quæq; solet nigros nox mala ferre metus!

Ab nè noctis eat currus non mollibus Euris!  
Aspera nè tetricos nuntiet aura Notos!

Heu quot habent tenebræ, quot vera pericula secum!  
Quot noctem dominam, quantâq; monstra colunt!

Quot vaga quæ falsis veniunt ludibria formis!  
Trux oculus! Stygio concolor ala Deo!

Seu veris ea, sive vagis stant monstra figuris,  
Virginei satîs est hinc, satîs indè metûs

Ergò veni, totòque veni resonantior arcu,  
(Cynthia) prægnantem clange procul pharetram

Monstra vel ista, vel illa, tuis sint meta sagittis  
Nec fratris jaculum certior aura vehat

Ergò veni, totòque veni flagrantior ore,  
Dignâque Apollineas sustinuisse vices

Scis bene quid deceat Phæbi lucere sororem  
Ex his, si nescis, (Cynthia) disce genis

O tua, in his, quantò lampas formosior iret!  
Nox suam, ab his, quantò malit habere diem!

## EPIGRAMMATA SACRA

*Quantum ageret tacitos hæc luna modestior ignes!  
Atque verecundis sobria staret equis!*

*Luna, tuæ non est rosa tam pudibunda diæ  
Nec tam virgineæ fax tua flore tremuit*

*Ergò veni, sed & astra, tuas age (Cynthia) turmas  
Illa oculos pueri, quos imitentur, habent*

*Hinc oculo, hinc astro at parâ face nielat utrumque,  
Ætheris os, atque os æthereum Pueri*

*Aspice, quàm bene res utriusque deceret utrumque!  
Quam bene in alternas mutua regna manus!*

*Ille oculus cœli hoc si staret in æthere frontis  
Sive astrum hoc Pueri, fronte sub æthereæ*

*Si Pueri hoc astrum æthereæ sub fronte micaret,  
Credat & hunc oculum non minus esse suum*

*Ille oculus cœli, hoc si staret in æthere frontis,  
Non minus in cœlis se putet esse suis*

*Tam pulchras variare vices cum fronte Puelli,  
Cùmque Puelli oculis, æther & astra queant*

*Astra quidem vellent, vellent eterna pacisci  
Fœdera mutatæ sedis inire vicem*

*Æther & ipse (licet numero tam dispare) vellet  
Mutatis oculis tam bona parâ dari*

*Quippe iret cœlum quantò melioribus astris,  
Astra sua hos oculos si modò habere queat!*

*Quippe astra in cœlo quantum meliore micarent,  
Si frontem hanc possint cœlum habuisse suum*

*Æther & astra velint frustra velit æther, & astra  
Ecce negat Pueri frons, oculique negant*

*Ah neget illa, negent illi nam quem æthera mallent  
Isti oculi? aut frons hæc quæ magis astra velit?*

*Quid si aliquod blanda face lenè renideat astrum?  
Lactea si cœli tẽrque quatẽrque via est?*

## RICHARD CRASHAW

*Blandior hic oculus, roseo hâc qui ridet in ore,  
Lactea frons hæc est tẽrque quatẽrque magis.*  
*Ergò negent, cœlumque suum sua sydera servant  
Sydera de cœlis non bene danda suis.*  
*Ergò negant sèque ecce sua sub nube recondunt,  
Sub tenera occidui nube supercili*  
*Nec claudì contenta sui munimine cœli,  
Quærun't in gremio Matris ubi lateant*  
*Non nisi sic tactis ubi nix tepet illa priuvis,  
Castæque non gelido frigore vernal hyems*  
*Scilicet iste dies tam pulchro vespere tingi  
Dignus, & hos soles sic decet occidere*  
*Claudat purpureus qui claudit vesper Olympum,  
Puniceo placeas tu tibi (Phœbe) toro,*  
*Dum tibi lascivam Thetis auget adultera noctem,  
Pone per Hesperias strata pudenda rosas*  
*Illas nempe rosas, quas conscia purpura pinxit,  
Culpa pudôrque suus quẽs dedit esse rosas*  
*Hos soles, niveæ noctes, castumque cubile,  
Quod purum sternet per mare virgo Thetis,*  
*Hos, sancti flores, hos, tam sincera decebant  
Lilia, quæq; sibi non rubuere rosæ*  
*Hos, decuit sinus hic, ubi toto sydere proni  
Ecce lavant sese lacteo in oceano*  
*Atque lavent tandẽmque suo se mane resolvant,  
Ipsa dies ex hoc ut bibat ore diem*

# EPIGRAMMATA SACRA

JOANN 16 26

Non dico, me rogaturum Patrem pro vobis

**A***H tamen Ipse roga tibi scilicet ille roganti  
Esse nequit durus, nec solet esse, Pater*

*Ille suos omni facie te figit amores,  
Inq tuos toto effunditur ore sinus*

*Quippe, tuos spectans oculos, se spectat in illis  
Inq tuo (Jesu) se fovet ipse sinu*

*Ex te metitur sese, & sua numina discit  
Indè repercussus redditur ipse sibi*

*Ille tibi se, te ille sibi par nedit utrinque  
Tam tuus est, ut nec sit magis ille suus*

*Ergò roga Ipse roga tibi scilicet ille roganti  
Esse nequit durus, nec solet esse, Pater*

*Illum ut ego rogitem? Hoc (eheu) non ore rogandum  
Ore satis puras non faciente preces*

*Illum ego si rogitem quis scit quibus ille procellis  
Surgat, & in miserum hoc quæ tonet ira caput?*

*Isto etiam forsitan veniet mihi fulmen ab ore  
(Sæpe isto certè fulmen ab ore venit)*

*Ille unà irati forsitan me cuspide verbi,  
Uno me nutu figet, & interu*

*Non ego, non rogitem mihi scilicet ille roganti  
Durius esse potest & solet esse, Pater*

*Immo rogabo nec ore meo tamen immo rogabo  
Ore meo (Jesu) scilicet ore tuo*



# RICHARD CRASHAW

In die Ascensionis Dominicæ.

*U*<sup>Sq</sup> *etiam nostros Te (Christe) tenemus amores?*  
*Heu cœli quantam hinc invidiam patimur!*

*Invidiam patiamur habent sua sydera cœli,*  
*Quæq̃ comunt tremulas crispa tot ora faces,*

*Phœbénque & Phæbum, & tot pictæ vellera nubis,*  
*Vellera, quæ roseâ Sol variavit acu*

*Quantum erat, ut sinerent hâc unâ nos face ferri?*  
*Una sit hîc sunt (& sint) ibi mille faces.*

*Nil agimus nam tu quia non ascendis ad illum,*  
*Æther \*descendit (Christe) vel ipse tibi*

\* Act 1 Nubes susceptum eum abstulit

FINIS

S'TEPS  
TO THE  
T'EMPLE,  
Sacred Poems

WITH  
The Delights of the Muses

By RICHARD CRASHAW, *sometimes of Pembroke Hall, and  
late fellow of S Peters Coll  
in Cambridge*

*The second Edition wherein are added divers  
pieces not before extant*

LONDON,

Printed for *Humphrey Moseley*, and are to be  
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in *St Pauls Church yard*

1648



## The Preface to the Reader

Learned Reader,

**I** He Authors friend will not usurpe much upon thy eye  
This is onely for those whom the name of our Divine  
Poet hath not yet seized into admiration I dare undertake  
that what Jamblicus (in vita Pythagore) affirmeth of his  
Master, at his Contemplations, these Poems can, viz They  
shall lift thee, Reader, some yards above the ground and,  
as in Pythagoras Schoole, every temper was first tuned into  
a height by severall proportions of Musick, and spiritualiz'd  
for one of his weighty Lectures, So maist thou take a Poem  
hence, and tune thy soule by it, into a heavenly pitch, and  
thus refined and borne up upon the wings of meditation, In  
these Poems thou maist talke freely of God, and of that other  
state

Here's Herbert's second, but equal, who hath retriev'd  
Poetry of late, and return'd it up to its Primitive use, Let  
it bound back to heaven gates, whence it came Thinke yee,  
St Augustine would have steyned his graver Learning  
with a booke of Poetry, had he fancied its dearest end to be  
the vanity of Love-Sonnets, and Epithalamiums? No, no,  
he thought with this our Poet, that every foot in a high-borne  
verse, might helpe to measure the soule into that better world  
Divine Poetry, I dare hold it, in position against Suarez  
on the subject, to be the Language of the Angels, it is the  
Quintessence of Phantasie and discourse center'd in Heaven,  
its the very Outgoings of the soule, its what alone our  
Author is able to tell you, and that in his owne verse

It were prophane but to mention here in the Preface  
those under-headed Poets, Retainers to seven shares and a

## RICHARD CRASHAW

*halfe ; Madrigall fellowes, whose onely businesse in verse, is to rime a poore six-penny soule a Subu'rb sinner into hell, May such arrogant pretenders to Poetry vanish, with their prodigious issue of tumorous heats, and flashes of their adulterate braines, and for ever after, may this our Poet fill up the better roome of man. Oh' when the generall arraignment of Poets shall be, to giue an accompt of their higher soules, with what a triumphant brow shall our diuine Poet sit above, and looke downe upon poore Homer, Virgil, Horace, Claudian? &c who had amongst them the ill lucke to talke out a great part of their gallant Genius, upon Bees, Dung, froggs, and Gnats, &c and not as himself here, upon Scriptures, diuine Graces, Martyrs and Angels*

*Reader, we stile his Sacred Poems, Steps to the Temple, and aptly, for in the Temple of God, under his wing, he led his life, in St Maries Church neere St Peters Colledge There he lodged under Tertullian's roofe of Angels; There he made his nest more gladly than David's Swallow neere the house of God, where like a primitive Saint, he offered more prayers in the night, than others usually offer in the day, There he penned these Poems, Steps for happy soules to climbe heaven by*

*And those other of his pieces, intituled The Delights of the Muses, (though of a more humane mixture) are as sweet as they are innocent*

*The praises that follow are but few of many that might be conferr'd on him he was excellent in five Languages (besides his Mother tongue) vid Hebrew, Greek, Latine, Italian, Spanish, the two last whereof he had little helpe in, they were of his own acquisition*

*Amongst his other accomplishments in Accademick (as well pious as harmlesse arts) he made his skill in Poetry, Musick, Drawing, Limning, Graving, (exercises of his curious inuention and sudden fancy) to be but his subservient*

## STEPS TO THE TEMPLE

*recreations for vacant houres, not the grand businesse of his soule*

*To the former Qualifications I might adde that which would crowne them all, his rare moderation in diet (almost Lessian temperance) he never created a Muse out of distempers, nor (with our Canary scribblers) cast any strange mists of surfets before the Intelectuall beames of his mind or memory, the latter of which, he was so much a master of, that he had there under locke and key in readinesse, the richest treasures of the best Greek and Latine Poets, some of which Authors hee had more at his command by heart, than others that onely read their works, to retaine little, and understand lesse*

*Enough Reader, I intend not a volume of praises larger than his booke, nor need I longer transport thee to think over his vast perfections, I will conclude all that I have impartially writ of this Learned young Gent (now dead to us) as he himselfe doth, with the last line of his Poem upon Bishop Andrews Picture before his Sermons*

Verte paginas

—Look on his following leaves, and see him breath

*The Authors Motto.*

Live Jesus, Live, and let it bee  
My Life, to dye for love of thee.

## The Teare

### I

What bright soft thing is this  
Sweet *Mary* thy faire eyes expence?  
A moist sparke it is,  
A watry Diamond from whence  
The very terme I thinke was found,  
The water of a Diamond

### 2

O tis not a teare,  
Tis a star about to drop  
From thine eye its spheare,  
The Sun will stoope and take it up,  
Proud will his Sister be to weare  
This thine eyes Jewell in her care

### 3

O tis a teare  
Too true a teare for no sad eyne  
How sad so ere  
Raine so true a teare as thine  
Each drop leaving a place so deare,  
Weeps for it self, is its owne teare

### 4

Such a Pearle as this is  
(Slipt from *Aurora's* dewy Brest)  
The Rose buds sweet lip kisses  
And such the Rose it self when vexed  
With ungentle flames does shed,  
Sweating in too warme a bed



## RICHARD CRASHAW

### 5

Such the Maiden gem  
By the wanton spring put on,  
Peeps from her Parent stem,  
And blushes on the watry Sun  
This watry blossom of thy Eyne,  
Ripe, will make the richer Wine

### 6

Faire drop, why quak'st thou so?  
Cause thou streight must lay thy head  
In the dust? O no,  
The dust shall never be thy bed,  
A pillow for thee will I bring,  
Stuft with downe of Angels wing.

### 7

Thus carried up on high,  
(For to heaven thou must goe)  
Sweetly shalt thou lye,  
And in soft slumbers bath thy woe,  
Till the singing Orbes awake thee,  
And one of their bright *Chorus* make the

### 8

There thy selfe shalt bee  
An eye, but not a weeping one,  
Yet I doubt of thee,  
Whether th' had'st rather there have shone,  
An eye of heaven, or still shine here,  
In th' Heaven of *Maries* eye a teare

## STEPS TO THE TEMPLE

### *Divine Epigrams*

#### *On the water of our Lords Baptisme*

E Ach blest drop, on each blest limme,  
Is wash t it self, in washing him  
Tis a gemme while it stayes here,  
While it falls hence, tis a Teare

#### Acts 8

#### *On the baptized Æthiopian*

L Et it no longer be a forlorne hope  
To wash an Æthiope  
Hee s washt, his gloomy skin a peacefull shade  
For his white soule is made  
And now, I doubt not, the Eternall Dove,  
A black fac d house will love

#### *On the miracle of multiplyed Loaves*

S Ee here an easie Feast that knowes no wound,  
That under Hungers Teeth will needs be found,  
A subtle Harvest of unbounded bread,  
What would ye more? Here food it selfe is fed

#### *Upon the Sepulcher of our Lord*

H Ere where our Lord once laid his head  
Now the grave lyes buried

#### *The Widows Mites*

T Wo Mites, two drops yet all her house and land  
Falls from a steady heart though trembling hand  
The others wanton wealth foams high and brave  
The other cast away, she onely gave

# RICHARD CRASHAW

## *On the Prodigall.*

Tell me bright boy, tell me my golden Lad,  
Whither away so frolick? why so glad?  
What all thy wealth in counsaile? all thy state?  
Are huskes so deare? troth 'tis a mighty rate

## Acts 5

### *The sick implore St Peters shadow*

Under thy shadow may I lurke a while,  
Death's busie search I'le easily beguile,  
Thy shadow, *Peter*, must shew me the Sun  
My light's thy shadowes shadow, or 'tis done

### *On the still surviving marks of our Saviours wounds*

What ever storie of their crueltie,  
Or Naile, or Thorne, or Speare have writ in thee  
Are in another sence,  
Still legible,  
Sweet is the difference,  
Once I did spell  
Every red Letter  
A wound of thine  
Now (what is better)  
Balsome for mine

## Mark 7

### *The dumb healed and the people enjoyed silence.*

Christ bids the dumb tongue speak, it speakes, the sound  
He charges to be quiet, it runs round  
If in the first he us'd his fingers touch,  
His hands whole strength here could not be too much

## STEPS TO THE TEMPLE

Mat 28

*Come see the place where the Lord lay*

S Hew me himself, himself (bright Sir) o show  
Which way my poor teares to himself may goe,  
Were it enough to show the place and say  
Looke *Mary* here, see where thy Lord once lay,  
Then could I show these armes of mine, and say  
Looke *Mary* here, see where thy Lord once lay

*To Pontius washing his hands*

T Hy hands are wash t, but o the water s spilt  
That labour d to have washt thy guilt,  
The flood, if any can, that can suffice,  
Must have its fountaine in thine eyes

*To the infant Martyrs*

G Oe smiling soules, your new built Cages breake,  
In heaven you l learne to sing, ere here to speake  
Nor let the mulkie fonts that bath your thirst  
Be your delay,  
- The place that calls you hence, is at the worst  
Milke all the way

*On the miracle of Loaves*

N Ow Lord, or never, they l beleeve on thee  
Thou to their teeth hast prov d thy Deity

# RICHARD CRASHAW

Mark 4.

*Why are ye afraid, O ye of little faith?*

AS if the storme meant him,  
Or 'cause heavens face is dim,  
His needs a cloud  
Was ever froward wind  
That could be so unkind?  
Or wave so proud?

The wind had need be angry, and the water black,  
That to the mighty *Neptune's* self daie threaten wrack  
There is no storme but this  
Of your owne Cowardise  
That braves you out,  
You are the storme that mocks  
Your selves, you are the rocks  
Of your owne doubt  
Besides this feare of danger, ther's no danger heie,  
And he that here feares danger, does deserve his feare

*On the B Virgins bashfullnesse*

THat on her lap she casts her humble eye,  
'Tis the sweet pride of her humilitie  
The faire starre is well fixt, for where, ô where,  
Could she have fixt it on a fairer spheare?  
'Tis heaven, 'tis heaven she sees, Heaven's God there lyes,  
She can see heaven, and ne're lift up her eyes  
This new guest to her eyes, new lawes hath given,  
'Twas once looke up, 'tis now looke downe to heaven

*Upon Lazarus his teares.*

RIch *Lazarus*! richer in those Gems thy Teares,  
Then *Dives* in the robes he weares  
He scorns them now, but ô they'l sute full well  
With th' Purple he must weare in hell

## STEPS TO THE TEMPLE

*Two went up into the temple to pray*

Two went to pray? ô rather say  
One went to brag, th other to pray  
One stands up close, and treads on high,  
Where th other dares not send his eye  
One neerer to God's Altar trod,  
The other to the Altars God

*Upon the asse that bore our Saviour*

Ath only anger an Omnipotence  
in Eloquence?  
Within the lips of love and joy doth dwell  
No miracle?  
Why else had *Balaams* asse a tongue to chide  
His masters pride?  
And thou (heaven burthen'd beast) hast ne re a word  
To praise thy Lord?  
That he should find a tongue and vocall thunder  
Was a great wonder,  
But ô me thinkes tis a farre greater one  
That thou find'st none

Mat 8

*I am not worthy that thou should'st come under my rooffe*

Thy God was making hast into thy rooffe  
Thy humble faith and feare, keeps him aloofe  
Hee'l be thy guest because he may not be  
Hee'l come—into thy house? no, into thee

# RICHARD CRASHAW

*I am the Doore.*

And now th'art set wide ope, the spear's sad art  
Lo! hath unlockt thee at the very heart  
He to himselfe (I feare the worst)  
And his owne hope  
Hath shut these Doores of heaven, that durst  
Thus set them ope

Mat 10.

*The blind cured by the word of our Saviour*

'Thou speak'st the word (Thy word's a Law)  
Thou spak'st and streight the blind man saw  
To speake, and make the blind man see,  
Was never man Lord spake like thee!  
To speake thus was to speake (say I)  
Not to his eare, but to his eye

Mat 27

*And he answered them nothing*

O Mighty Nothing! unto thee,  
Nothing, we owe all things that bee  
God spake once, when he all things made,  
He sav'd all when he Nothing said  
The world was made of Nothing then,  
'Tis made by Nothing now againe

*To our Lord, upon the water made Wine.*

'Thou water turn'st to wine (faie friend of life)  
Thy foe to crosse the sweet arts of thy reigne  
Distills from thence the tears of wrath and strife,  
And so turnes wine to water back againe

## STEPS TO THE TEMPLE

Mat 22

*Neither durst any man from that day, aske him any more questions*

**M**Id'st all the darke and knotty snares,  
 Black wit or malice can, or dares,  
 Thy glorious wisdom breaks the Nets,  
 And treds with uncontrouled steps  
 Thy quell'd foes are not onely now  
 Thy triumphs, but thy Trophies too  
 They both at once thy Conquests bee,  
 And thy Conquests memorie  
 Stony amazement makes them stand  
 Wayting on thy victorious hand,  
 Like statues fixed to the fame  
 Of thy renoune, and their own shame,  
 As if they onely meant to breath  
 To be the life of their own death  
 Twas time to hold their peace, when they  
 Had ne re another word to say,  
 Yet is their silence unto thee,  
 The full sound of thy victorie  
 Their silence speaks aloud, and is  
 Thy well pronounc'd Panegyris  
 While they speak nothing, they speak all  
 Their share in thy Memoriall  
 While they speake nothing, they proclame  
 Thee, with the shrillest trump of fame  
 To hold their peace is all the wayes  
 These wretches have to speake thy praise

*Upon our Saviours tombe wherein never man was laid*

**H**Ow life and death in thee  
 Agree!  
 Thou had st a virgin wombe,  
 And tombe,  
 A Joseph did betroth  
 Them both



## RICHARD CRASHAW

*It is better to goe into heaven with one eye, &c*

O Ne eye? a thousand rather, and a thousand more,  
To fix those full-fac't glories, ô hee's poore  
Of eyes that has but *Argus* store.  
Yet if thou'lt fil one poor eye, with thy heaven, & thee,  
O grant (sweet goodnesse) that one eye may be  
All and every whit of me

Luke 11

*Upon the dumb Devill cast out, and the slanderous Jewes  
put to silence*

T'Wo devills at one blow thou hast laid flat,  
A speaking Devill this, a dumbe [one] that  
Was't thy full victories fairer increase,  
That th' one spake, or that th' other held [his] peace?

Luke 10.

*And a certaine Priest comming that way, looked on him  
and passed by*

W Hy doest thou wound my wounds, ô thou that  
passest by,  
Handling & turning them with an unwounded eye?  
The calme that cooles thine eye does shipwrack mine, for ô,  
Unmov'd to see one wretched is to make him so

Luke 11.

*Blessed be the Paps which thou hast sucked*

S Upnose he had been tabled at thy Teates,  
Thy hunger feels not what he eates  
Hee'l have his Teat e're long, a bloody one,  
The mother then must suck the son

## STEPS TO THE TEMPLE

*To Pontius washing his blood sta[m]ed hands*

**S** Murther no sin? Or a sin so cheape  
That thou didst heape  
A Rape upon t<sup>e</sup> till thy adult rous touch  
Taught her these sullied cheeks, this blubber d face,  
She was a Nymph, the meadows knew none such,  
Of honest parentage, of unstun d race,  
The daughter of a faire, and well fam d fountaine,  
As ever Silver tipt the side of shadie mountaine  
See how she weeps, and weepes, that she appears  
Nothing but teares,  
Each drops a teare, that weeps for her owne wast  
Harke how at every touch she does complaine her,  
Harke how she bids her frighted drops make hast,  
And with sad murmurs, chides the hands that staine her  
Leave, leave for shame, or else (good judge) decree  
What water shal wash this, when this hath washed thee

Mat 23

*Yee build the Sepulchres of the Prophets*

**T**Hou trim'st a *Prophets* Tombe, and dost bequeath  
The life thou tookst from him unto his death  
Vaine man! the stones that on his Tombe doe lye  
Keep but the score of them that made him dye

*Upon the Infant Martyrs*

**T**O see both blended in one flood,  
The Mothers milke the Childrens blood,  
Makes me doubt if heav'n will gather  
Roses hence, or Lillies rather

## RICHARD CRASHAW

Joh. 16

*Verily I say unto you, we shall weep and lament.*

WElcome my Grief, my Joy, how deare's?  
To me my Legacie of Teares!  
I'le *weepe*, and *weepe*, and will therefore  
*Weepe*, 'cause I can *weepe* no more  
Thou, thou (*Dear Lord*) even thou alone,  
Giv'st joy, even when thou givest none

John 15.

*Upon our Lord's last comfortable discourse with his Disciples*

ALL *Hybla's* honey, all that sweetnesse can,  
Flowers in thy Song (ô faire, ô dying swan!)  
Yet is the joy I take in't small or none,  
It is too sweet to be a long-liv'd one

Luke 16

*Dives asking a drop*

A Drop, one drop, how sweetly one faire drop  
Would tremble on my pearle-tipt fingers top?  
My wealth is gone, ô goe it where it will,  
Spare this one jewell, I'le be *Dives* still

Marke 12

(*Give to Cæsar---*)

(*And to God-----*)

ALL we have is God's, and yet  
*Cæsar* challenges a debt,  
Nor hath God a thinner share,  
What ever *Cæsar's* payments are,  
All is God's, and yet 'tis true  
All we have is *Cæsar's* too,  
All is *Cæsar's*, and what ods,  
So long as *Cæsar's* selfe is Gods?

## STEPS TO THE TEMPLE

*But now they have seen and hated*

**S**EENE<sup>2</sup> and yet hated thee<sup>2</sup> they did not see,  
They saw thee not, that saw and hated thee  
No, no, they saw thee not, O Life, O Love,  
Who saw ought in thee that their hate could move

*Upon the Crowne of thornes taken downe from the  
head of our B Lord Ihs dy*

**K**Now st thou this Souldier<sup>2</sup> tis a much chang'd plant,  
which yet  
Thy self did st set,  
O! who so hard a husbandman did ever find,  
A soyle so kind?  
Is not the soyle a kind one which returnes  
Roses for Thornes?

Luke 7

*She began to wash his feet with teares, and wipe them  
with the haire of her head*

**H**Er eyes flood lickes his feetes faire staine,  
Her haire flame lickes up that againe  
This flame thus quench't hath brighter beames,  
This flood thus stained, fairer streames

*On St Peter cutting off Malchus his eare*

**W**ELL Peter dost thou wield thy active sword,  
Well for thy selfe (I meane) not for thy Lord  
To strike at eares, is to take heed there be  
No witnesse Peter of thy perjury

Joh 3

*But men loved darknesse rather than light*

**T**He world's light shines, shine as it will  
The world will love its Darknesse still  
I doubt though when the World's in Hell,  
It will not love its Darknesse halfe so well

# RICHARD CRASHAW

ACTS. 21.

*I am readie not onely to be bound, but to die*

COME death, come bands, nor do you shrink, my ears,  
At those hard words man's cowardise calls feares  
Save those of feare no other bands feare I,  
No other feare than this, the feare to dyc

*On St Peter casting away his Nets at our Saviours call*

THOU hast the art on't *Peter*, and canst tell  
To cast thy Nets on all occasions well  
When Christ calls, and thy Nets would have thee stay,  
To cast them well's to cast them quite away.

*Our B Lord in his Circumcision to his Father.*

TO thee these first fruits of my growing death  
(For what else is my life?) lo I bequeath  
Tast this, and as thou lik'st this lesser flood  
Expect a Sea, my heart shall make it good  
Thy wrath that wades here now, e're long shall swim,  
The floodgate shall be set wide ope for him  
Then let him drinke, and drinke, and doe his worst  
To drowne the wantonnesse of his wild thirst  
Now's but the Nonage of my paines, my feares  
Are yet both in their hopes, not come to yeares  
The day of my darke woe is yet but morne,  
My teares but tender, and my death new borne  
Yet may these unfile[d]g'd griefes give fate some guesse,  
These Cradle-torments have their towardnesse  
These purple buds of blooming death may bee,  
Erst the full stature of a fatall tree  
And till my riper woes to age are come,  
This Knife may be the speares *Præludium*

## STEPS TO THE TEMPLE

*On the wounds of our crucified Lord*

O These wakefull wounds of thine!  
Are they Mouthes? or are they eyes?  
Be they mouthes, or be they eyne  
Each bleeding part some one supplies

Lo, a mouth! whose full bloom'd lips  
At too deare a rate are roses  
Lo, a blood shot eye! that weeps,  
And many a cruell teare discloses

O thou that on this foot hast laid  
Many a kisse, and many a teare,  
Now thou shalt have all repaid,  
What so ere thy charges were

This foot hath got a mouth and lips  
To pay the sweet summe of thy kisses,  
To pay thy teares, an eye that weeps,  
Instead of teares, such gems as this is

The difference onely this appeares,  
(Nor can the change offend)  
The debt is paid in Ruby teares  
Which thou in Pearles didst lend

*On our crucified Lord, naked and bloody*

They have left thee naked Lord O that they had,  
This Garment too, I would they had deny'd  
Thee with thy selfe they have too richly clad,  
Opening the purple wardrobe of thy side  
O never could there be garment [too] good  
For thee to weare, but this of thine owne blood

*Sampson to his Dalilah*

Could not once blinding mee, cruell suffice?  
When first I lookt on thee I lost mine eyes

# RICHARD CRASHAW

## *Psalm 23*

H Appy me ! O happy sheepe !  
Whom my God vouchsafes to keepe ,  
Even my God, even he it is  
That points me to these wayes of blisse ,  
On whose pastures cheerefull spring,  
All the yeare doth sit and sing,  
And rejoycing smiles to see  
Their green backs weare his livenie  
Pleasure sings my soule to rest,  
Plentie weares me at her brest,  
Whose sweet temper teaches me  
Nor wanton, nor in want to be  
At my feet the blubb'ring Mountaine  
Weeping melts into a Fountaine,  
Whose soft silver-sweating streames  
Make high noone forget his beames  
When my way-ward breath is flying,  
He calls home my soule from dying,  
Strokes, and tames my rabid griefe,  
And does wooc me into life  
When my simple weakenes strays,  
(Tangled in forbidden wayes)  
He (my shepheard) is my guide,  
Hee's before me, on my side,  
And behind me, he beguiles  
Craft in all her knottie wiles  
He expounds the giddy wonder  
Of my weary steps, and under  
Spreads a Path as cleare as Day,  
Where no churlish rub says nay  
To my joy conducted feet,  
Whil'st they gladly goe to meet  
Grace and Peace, to meet new laies  
Tun'd to my great S[h]epheards praise  
Come now all ye terrors, sally,  
Muster forth into the valley,  
Where triumphant darknesse hovers

## STEPS TO THE TEMPLE

With a sable wing that covers  
Brooding horror Come thou Death  
Let the damps of thy dull Breath  
Over shadow even the shade,  
And make darkenes selfe afraid  
There my feet, even there, shall find  
Way for a resolved mind  
Still my Shepheard, still my God  
Thou art with me, still thy Rod,  
And thy staffe, whose influence  
Gives direction, gives defence  
At the whisper of thy word  
Crown d abundance spreads my boord  
While I feast, my foes doe feed  
Their ranck malice not their need,  
So that with the self same bread  
They are starvd and I am fed  
How my head in ointment swims!  
How my cup orelook's her brims!  
So even so still may I move  
By the Line of thy deare love,  
Still may thy sweet mercy spread  
A shady arme above my head,  
About my Paths, so shall I find  
The faire center of my mind  
Thy Temple, and those lovely walls  
Bright ever with a beame that falls  
Fresh from the pure glance of thine eye,  
Lighting to eternity  
There I le dwell, for ever there  
Will I find a purer aire  
To feed my life with, there I le sup  
Balme and *Nectar* in my cup  
And thence my ripe soule will I breath  
Warme into the Armes of Death



# RICHARD CRASHAW

## *Psalm 137.*

ON the proud bankes of great *Euphrates* flood,  
 There we sate, and there we wept.  
 Our Harpes that now no musick understood,  
 Nodding on the willowes slept,  
 While unhappy captiv'd wee  
 Lovely *Sion* thought on thee  
 They, they that snatcht us from our countries breast  
 Would have a song carv'd to their cares  
 In *Hebrew* numbers, then (ô cruell jest!)  
 When Harpes and Hearts were drown'd in teares  
 Come, they cry'd, come sing and play  
 One of *Sions* Songs to day.  
 Sing? play? to whom (ah) shall we sing or play  
 If not *Jerusalem* to thee?  
 Ah thee *Jerusalem*! ah sooner may  
 This hand forget the masterie  
 Of Musicks dainty touch, then I  
 The Musick of thy memory,  
 Which when I lose, ô may at once my tongue  
 Lose this same busie speaking art,  
 Unpearch't, her vocall Arteries unstrung,  
 No more acquainted with my heart,  
 On my dry pallats roof to rest  
 A wither'd leaf, an idle guest  
 No, no, thy good *Sion* alone must crowne  
 The head of all my hope-nurst joyes  
 But *Edom* cruell thou! thou cryd'st downe, downe  
 Sinke *Sion*, downe and never rise,  
 Her falling thou did'st urge, and thrust,  
 And haste to dash her into dust,  
 Dost laugh? proud *Babels* daughter! do, laugh on,  
 Till thy ruine teach thee teares,  
 Even such as these, laugh, till a venging throng  
 Of woes, too late doe rouze thy feares  
 Laugh till thy childrens bleeding bones  
 Weepe pretious teares upon the stones

## STEPS TO THE TEMPLE

### *Upon Easter Day*

#### I

Rise heire of fresh eternity  
From thy virgin Tombe,  
Rise mighty man of wonders, and thy world with thee,  
Thy Tombe the universall East  
Natures new wombe  
Thy tombe faire immortalities perfumed Nest

#### 2

Of all the glories make Noone gay,  
This is the Morne,  
This Rock bud's forth the fountaine of the streames of Day,  
In joyes white annalls lives this howre  
When life was borne  
No cloud scoule on his radiant lids, no tempest lower

#### 3

Life, by this light's Nativity  
All creatures have,  
Death onely by this Dayes just doome is forc't to Dye  
Nor is Death forc't for may he ly  
Thron'd in thy Grave  
Death will on this condition be content to dye

# RICHARD CRASHAW

## Sospetto d' Herode.

### Libro Primo

#### Argumento

*Casting the times with their strong signes,  
Death's Master his owne death diuines  
Strugling for helpe, his best hope is  
Herod's suspicion may heale his  
Therefore he sends a fiend to wake,  
The sleeping Tyrant's fond mistake,  
Who feares (in vaine) that he whose Birth  
Meanes Heav'n, should meddle with his Earth*

#### I

Use, now the servant of soft Loves no more,  
Hate is thy Theame, and *Herod*, whose unblest  
Hand (ô what dares not jealous Greatnesse?) tore  
A thousand sweet Babes from their Mothers Brest  
The Bloomes of Martyrdome O be a Dore  
Of language to my infant Lips, yee best  
Of Confessours whose Throates answering his swords,  
Gave foith your Blood for breath, spoke soules for words

#### 2

Great *Anthony*! *Spains* well-beseeming pride,  
Thou mighty branch of Emperours and Kings,  
The Beauties of whose dawne what eye may bide?  
Which With the Sun himselfe weigh's equall wings,  
Mappe of Heroick worth! whom farre and wide  
To the beleaving world Fame boldly sings  
Deigne thou to weare this humble Wreath, that bowes  
To be the sacred Honour of thy Browes

## STEPS TO THE TEMPLE

### 3

Nor needs my Muse a blush, or these hright Flowers  
Other than what their owne blest beauties bring  
They were the smiling sons of those sweet Bowers,  
That drinke the dew of Life, whose deathlesse spring,  
Nor *Sirian* flame, nor *Brian* frost deflowers  
From whence Heav'n labouring Bees with busie wing,  
Suck hidden sweets, which well digested proves  
Immortall Honey for the Hive of Loves

### 4

Thou, whose strong hand with so transcendent worth,  
Holds high the reine of faire *Parthenope*,  
That neither *Rome*, nor *Athens* can bring forth  
A Name in noble deeds Rivall to thee!  
Thy Fames full noise, makes proud the patient Earth,  
Farre more than matter for my Muse and mee  
The *Tyrrhene* Seas, and shores sound all the same,  
And in their murmurs keepe thy mighty Name

### 5

Below the Botome of the great Abyesse,  
There where one Center reconciles all things  
The worlds profound Heart pants There placed is  
Mischiefs old Master, close about him clings  
A curld knot of embracing Snakes, that kisse  
His correspondent cheekes these loathsome strings  
Hold the perverse Prince in eternall Ties  
Fast bound, since first he forfeited the skies

### 6

The judge of Torments and the King of Teares,  
He fills a burnisht Throne of quenchlesse fire  
And for his old faire Roabes of Light, he weares  
A gloomy Mantle of darke flames the Tire  
That crownes his hated head on high appears  
Where seav'n tall Hornes (his Empires pride) inspire  
And to make up Hells Majesty, each Horne  
Seav'n crested *Hydras* horribly adorne

# RICHARD CRASHAW

## 7.

His Eyes, the sullen dens of Death and Night,  
Startle the dull Ayre with a dismall red  
Such his fell glances as the fatall Light  
Of staring Comets, that looke Kingdomes dead  
From his black nostrills, and blew lips, in spight  
Of Hells owne stinke, a worser stench is spread  
His breath Hells lightning is and each deepe groane  
Disdaines to thinke that Heav'n Thunders alone

## 8

His flaming Eyes dire exhalation,  
Unto a dreadfull pile gives fiery Breath,  
Whose unconsum'd consumption preys upon  
That never-dying Life of a long Death  
In this sad House of slow Destruction,  
(His shop of flames) hee fryes himself, beneath  
A masse of woes, his Teeth for Torment gnash,  
While his steele sides sound with his Tayles strong lash.

## 9

Three Rigourous Virgins waiting still behind,  
Assist the Throne of th' Iron-sceptred King  
With whips of Thornes and knotty vipers twin'd  
They rouse him, when his ranke thoughts need a sting  
Their lockes are beds of uncomb'd snakes that wind  
About their shady browes in wanton Rings  
Thus reignes the wrathfull King, and while he reignes  
His Scepter and himselfe both he disdaines

## 10

Disdainefull wretch ! how hath one bold sinne cost  
Thee all the Beauties of thy once bright Eyes ?  
How hath one black Eclipe cancell'd, and crost  
The glories that did gild thee in thy Rise ?  
Proud Morning of a perverse Day ! how lost  
Art thou unto thy selfe, thou too selfe-wise  
*Narcissus* ? foolish *Phaeton* ? who for all  
Thy high-aym'd hopes, gaund'st but a flaming fall.

## STEPS TO THE TEMPLE

### II

From Death's sad shades, to the Life breathing Ayre,  
This mortall Enemy to mankind's good,  
Lifts his Malignant Eyes, wasted with care,  
To become beautifull in humane blood  
Where *Jordan* melts his Chrystall, to make faire  
The fields of *Palestine*, with so pure a flood,  
There does he fixe his Eyes and there detect  
New matter, to make good his great suspect

### 12

He calls to mind th' old quarrell, and what sparke  
Set the contending Sons of Heav'n on fire  
Oft in his deepe thought he revolves the darke  
*Sibills* divining leaves he does enquire  
Into th' old Prophetesies, trembling to marke  
How many present prodigies conspire,  
To crowne their past predictions, both he layes  
Together, in his pondrous mind both weighs

### 13

Heavens Golden winged Herald, late he saw  
To a poore *Galilean* virgin sent  
How low the Bright Youth bow'd and with what awe  
Immortall flowers to her faire hand present  
He saw th' old *Hebrewes* wombe, neglect the Law  
Of Age and Barennesse, and her Babe prevent  
His Birth, by his Devotion who began  
Betimes to be a Saint, before a Man

### 14.

He saw rich Nectar thawes release the rigour  
Of th' Icy North, from frost bount *Atlas* hands  
His Adamantine fetters fall green vigour  
Gladding the *Scythian* Rocks, and *Libian* sands  
He saw a vernall smile sweetly disfigure  
Winters sad face, and through the flowry lands  
Of faire *Engaddi* hony sweating Fountaines  
With *Manna*, Milk, and Balm, new broach the Mountaines

## RICHARD CRASHAW

### 15

He saw how in that blest Day-bearing Night,  
The Heav'n-rebuked shades made hast away,  
How bright a Dawne of Angels with new Light  
Amaz'd the midnight world, and made a Day  
Of which the Morning knew not Mad with spight  
He markt how the poore Shepheards ran to pay  
Their simple Tribute to the Babe, whose Birth  
Was the great businesse both of Heav'n and Earth

### 16

He saw a threefold Sun, with rich encrease,  
Make proud the Ruby portalls of the East  
He saw the Temple sacred to sweet Peace,  
Adore her Princes Birth, flat on her Brest  
He saw the falling Idolls, all confesse  
A comming Deity He saw the Nest  
Of pois'nous and unnaturall loves, Earth-nurst,  
Toucht with the worlds true *Antidote* to burst.

### 17

He saw Heav'n blossome with a new-borne light,  
On which, as on a glorious stranger gaz'd  
The Golden eyes of Night whose Beame made bright  
The way to *Beth'lem*, and as boldly blaz'd,  
(Nor askt leave of the Sun) by Day as Night  
By whom (as Heav'ns illustrious Hand-maid) rais'd  
Three Kings (or what is more) three Wise men went  
Westward to find the worlds true *Orient*

### 18

Strucke with these great concurrences of things,  
Symptomes so deadly, unto Death and him,  
Faine would he have forgot what fatall strings,  
Eternally bind each rebellious limbe  
He shooke himselfe, and spread his spatious wings  
Which like two Bosom'd sailes embrace the dimme  
Aire, with a dismall shade, but all in vaine,  
Of sturdy Adamant is his strong chaine.

## STEPS TO THE TEMPLE

### 19

While thus Heavns highest counsails, by the low  
Foot steps of their Effects, he trac'd too well,  
He tost his troubled eyes, Embers that glow  
Now with new Rage, and wax too hot for Hell  
With his foule clawes he fenc'd his furrowed Brow,  
And gave a gastly shreeke, whose horrid yell  
Ran trembling through the hollow vaults of Night,  
The while his twisted Tayle he gnaw'd for spight

### 20

Yet on the other side, faine would he start  
Above his feares, and thinke it cannot be  
He studies Scripture, strives to sound the heart,  
And feele the pulse of every Prophecy  
He knows (but knowes not how, or by what Art)  
The Heav'n expecting Ages hope to see  
A mighty Babe, whose pure, unspotted Birth,  
From a chast Virgin wombe, should blesse the Earth

### 21

But these vast Mysteries his senses smother,  
And Reason (for what's Faith to him?) devoure  
How she that is a maid should prove a Mother,  
Yet keepe inviolate her virgin flower  
How Gods eternall Sonne should be mans Brother,  
Poseth his proudest intellectuall power  
How a pure Spirit should incarnate bee  
And life it selfe weare Deaths fraile Livery

### 22

That the Great Angell blinding light should shrinke  
His blaze, to shine in a poore Shepherds eye  
That the unmeasur'd God so low should sinke,  
As Pris ner in a few poore Rags to lye  
That from his Mothers Brest he milke should drinke  
Who feeds with Nectar Heavns faire family  
That a vile Manger his low Bed should prove,  
Who in a Throne of stars Thunders above.



## RICHARD CRASHAW

### 23

That he whom the Sun serves, should faintly peepe  
Through clouds of Infant flesh that he the old  
Eternall Word should be a Child, and weepe  
That he who made the fire, should feare the cold,  
That Heav'ns high Majesty his Court should keepe  
In a clay cottage, by each blast control'd

That Glories self should serve our Griefs, & feares  
And free Eternity, submit to yeares

### 24.

And further, that the Lawes eternall Giver,  
Should bleed in his owne lawes obedience  
And to the circumcising Knife deliver  
Himselfe, the forfeit of his slaves offence  
That the unblemisht Lambe, blessed for ever,  
Should take the marke of sin, and paine of sence  
These are the knotty Riddles, whose darke doubt  
Intangles his lost Thoughts, past getting out

### 25.

While new Thoughts boyl'd in his enraged Brest,  
His gloomy Bosomes darkest Character,  
Was in his shady forehead seen exprest  
The forehead's shade in Griefes expression there,  
Is what in signe of joy among the blest  
The faces lightning, or a smile is here  
Those stings of care that his strong Heart opprest,  
A desperate, *Oh mee*, drew from his deepe Brest

### 26

*Oh mee*! (thus bellow'd he) *oh mee*! what great  
Portents before mine eyes their Powers advance?  
And serves my purer sight, onely to beat  
Downe my proud Thought, and leave it in a Trance?  
Frowne I, and can great Nature keep her seat?  
And the gay starrs lead on their Golden dance?  
Can his attempts above still prosp'rous be,  
Auspicious still, in spight of Hell and me?

## STEPS TO THE TEMPLE

### 27

Hee has my Heaven (what would he more?) whose bright  
And radiant Scepter this bold hand should beare  
And for the never fading fields of Light,  
My faire Inheritance, he confines me here,  
To this darke House of shades, horror, and Night,  
To draw a long liv'd Death, where all my cheere  
Is the solemnity my sorrow weares,  
That Mankinds Torment waits upon my Teares

### 28

Darke, dusky Man, he needs would single forth,  
To make the partner of his owne pure ray  
And should we Powers of Heaven Spirits of worth,  
Bow our bright Heads, before a King of clay?  
It shall not be, said I, and clombe the North,  
Where never wing of *Angell* yet made way  
What though I mist my blow? yet I strooke high,  
And to dare something, is some victory

### 29

Is he not satisfied? meanes he to wrest  
Hell from me too, and sack my Territories?  
Vile humane Nature means he not to invest  
(O my despight!) with his divinest Glories?  
And rising with rich spoiles upon his Brest,  
With his faire Triumphs fill all future stories?  
Must the bright armes of Heaven, rebuke these eyes?  
Mocke me, and dazle my darke Mysteries?

### 30

Art thou not *Lucifer*? he to whom the droves  
Of Stars, that gild the Morne in charge were given?  
The nimblest of the lightning winged Loves?  
The fairest, and the first borne smile of Heaven?  
Looke in what Pompe the Mistrisse Planet moves  
Revrently circled by the lesser seaven,  
Such, and so rich, the flames that from thine eyes,  
Opprest the common people of the skyes

# RICHARD CRASHAW

## 31

Ah wretch ! what bootes thee to cast back thy eyes,  
Where dawning hope no beame of comfort shoves ?  
While the reflection of thy forepast joyes,  
Renders thee double to thy present woes  
Rather make up to thy new miseries,  
And meet the mischief that upon thee growes  
If Hell must mourne, Heav'n sure shall sympathize,  
What force cannot effect, fraud shall devise

## 32.

And yet whose force feare I ? have I so lost  
My selfe ? my strength too with my innocence ?  
Come try who dares, *Heav'n, Earth*, what ere dost boast,  
A borrowed being, make thy bold defence  
Come thy Creator too, what though it cost  
Me yet a second fall ? wee 'd try our strengths  
Heav'n saw us struggle once, as brave a fight  
Earth now should see, and tremble at the sight

## 33

Thus spoke th' impatient Prince, and made a pause,  
His foule Hags rais'd their heads, & clapt their hands  
And all the Powers of Hell in full applause  
Flourisht their Snakes, and tost their flaming brands  
We (said the horrid sisters) wait thy lawes,  
Th' obsequious handmaids of thy high commands  
Be it thy part, Hells mighty Lord, to lay  
On us thy dread commands, ours to obey

## 34

What thy *Aleto*, what these hands can doe,  
Thou mad'st bold prooffe upon the brow of Heav'n,  
Nor should'st thou bate in pride, because that now,  
To these thy sooty Kingdomes thou art driven  
Let Heav'ns Lord chide above lowder than thou  
In language of his Thunder, thou art even  
With him below here thou art Lord alone  
Boundlesse and absolute Hell is thine owne.

## STEPS TO THE TEMPLE

### 35

If usuall wit, and strength will doe no good,  
Vertues of stones, nor herbes use stronger charmes,  
Anger, and love, best hookes of humane blood  
If all faile wee 'I put on our proudest Armes  
And pouring on Heavns face the Seas huge flood  
Quench his curld fires, wee 'I wake with our Alarmes  
Ruine, where ere she leepes at Natures feet,  
And crush the world till his wide corners meet

### 36

Replyd the proud King, O my Crownes Defence,  
Stay of my strong hopes you of whose brave worth,  
The frighted stars tooke saint experience  
When gainst the Thunders mouth we marched forth  
Still you are prodigall of your Loves expence  
In our great projects both gainst Heav'n and Earth  
I thanke you all, but one must single out,  
Cruelty, she alone shall cure my doubt

### 37

Fourth of the cursed knot of Hags is shee,  
Or rather all the other three in one  
Hells shop of slaughter shee does oversee,  
And still assist the Execution  
But chiefly there does she delight in be,  
Where Hells capacious Cruldron is set on  
And while the black soules boile in their own gore,  
To hold them down, and looke that none seeth o're

### 38

Thrice howld the Caves of Night, and thrice the sound,  
Thundring upon the bankes of those black lakes  
Rung through the hollow vaults of Hell profound  
At last her listning Eares she noise o're takes,  
She lifts her sooty lampes, and looking round,  
A gen'rall hisse from the whole Tire of snakes  
Rebounding, through Hells inmost Cavernes came  
In answer to her formidable Name

## RICHARD CRASHAW

39

'Mongst all the Palaces in Hells command,  
No one so mercilesse as this of hers  
The Adamantine Doois, for ever stand  
Impenetrable, both to prai'rs and Teares,  
The walls inexorable steele, no hand  
Of *Time*, or Teeth of hungry *Ruine* feares.  
Their ugly ornaments are the bloody staines,  
Of ragged limbs, torne skulls, & dasht out Braines

40

There has the purple *Vengeance* a proud seat,  
Whose ever-biandisht Sword is sheath'd in blood  
About her *Hate*, *Wrath*, *Warre*, and *Slaughter* sweat,  
Bathing their hot limbs in life's pretious flood  
There rude impetuous Rage do's storme, and fret  
And there, as Master of this murd'ring brood,  
Swinging a huge Sith stands impartiall *Death*,  
With endlesse busnesse almost out of Breath

41

For hangings and for Curtaines, all along  
The walls, (abominable ornaments!)  
Are tooles of wrath, Anvills of Torments hung,  
Fell Executioners of foule intents,  
Nailes, hammers, hatchets sharpe, and halters strong,  
Swords, Speares, with all the fatall Instruments  
Of sin, and Death, twice dipt in the dire staines  
Of brothers mutuall blood, and Fathers braines

42

The Tables furnisht with a cursed Feast,  
Which *Harpyes*, with leane *Famine* feed upon,  
Unfill'd for ever Here among the rest,  
Inhumane *Erisi-cthon* too makes one,  
*Tantalus*, *Atreus*, *Progne*, here are guests  
Wolvish *Lycaon* here a place hath won  
The cup they drinke in is *Medusa's* scull,  
Which mixt with gall & blood they quaffe brim full

## STEPS TO THE TEMPLE

### 43

The foule Queens most abhorred Maids of Honour  
*Medea*, *Jezabell*, many a meager Witch,  
With *Circe*, *Scylla*, stand to wait upon her  
But her best huswives are the *Parcæ*, which  
Still worke for her, and have their wiges from her  
They prick a bleeding heart at every stitch  
Her cruell cloathes of costly threds they weave,  
Which short cut lives of mured *Infants* leave

### 44

The house is hers d about with a black wood,  
Which nods with many a heavy headed tree  
Each flowers a pregnant poyson, try d and good,  
Each herbe a Plague The winds sighes timed bee  
By a black Fount, which weeps into a flood  
Through the thick shades obscurely might you see  
*Minotaur*s, *Cyclops*s, with a darke drove  
Of *Dragons*, *Hydra*s, *Sphinx*s, fill the Grove

### 45

Here *Diomed*'s Horses, *Phereus* dogs appeare,  
With the fierce Lyons of *Therodamas*  
*Busiris* has his bloody Altar here,  
Here *Sylla* his severest prison has  
The *Lestrigonians* here their Table reare  
Here strong *Procrustes* Plants his Bed of Brasse  
Here cruell *Scyron* boasts his bloody rockes,  
And hatefull *Schinus* his so feared Oakes

### 46

What ever Schemes of Blood, fantastick frames  
Of Death *Mezentius*, or *Geryon* drew  
*Phalaris*, *Oclus* *Ezelinus*, names  
Mighty in mischief, with dread *Nero* too  
Here are they all Here all the swords or flames  
*Assyrian* Tyrants or *Egyptian* knew  
Such was the House, so furnisht was the Hall,  
Whence the fourth *Fury*, answer d *Pluto*'s call

## RICHARD CRASHAW

47

Scaice to this Monster could the shady King,  
The horrid summe of his intentions tell,  
But shee (swift as the momentary wing  
Of lightning, or the words he spoke) left Hell  
She rose, and with her to our world did bring,  
Pale proofe of her fell presence, Th' aire too well  
With a chang'd countenance witnest the sight,  
And poore fowles intercepted in their flight.

48.

Heav'n saw her rise, and saw Hell in the sight  
The field's faire Eyes saw her, and saw no more,  
But shut their flowry lids, for ever Night,  
And Winter strow her way, yea, such a sore  
Is she to Nature, that a generall fright,  
An universall palsie spreading o're  
The face of things, from her dire eyes had run,  
Had not her thick Snakes hid them from the Sun

49.

Now had the Night's companion from her den,  
Where all the busie day she close doth ly,  
With her soft wing wipt from the browes of men  
Day's sweat, and by a gentle Tyranny,  
And sweet oppression, kindly cheating them  
Of all their cares, tam'd the rebellious eye  
Of sorrow, with a soft and downy hand,  
Sealing all brests in a *Lethæan* band

50.

When the *Erinnys* her black pineons spread,  
And came to *Bethlem*, where the cruell King  
Had now retyr'd himselfe, and borrowed  
His Brest a while from care's unquiet sting,  
Such as at *Thebes* dire feast she shew'd her head,  
Her sulphur-breathed Torchés brandishing,  
Such to the frighted Palace now she comes,  
And with soft feet searches the silent roomes

## STEPS TO THE TEMPLE

### 51

By *Hered* now was borne  
 The Scepter, which of old great *David* swaid  
 Whose right by *David's* image so long worne,  
 Himselfe a stranger to, his owne had made  
 And from the head of *Judah's* house quite torne  
 The Crowne, for which upon their necks he laid  
 A sad yoake, under which they sigh'd in vaine,  
 And looking on their lost state sigh'd againe

### 52

Up, through the spatious Pallace passed she,  
 To where the Kings proudly reposed head  
 (If any can be soft to *Tyranny*  
 And selfe tormenting sin) had a soft bed  
 She thinkes not fit such he her face should see,  
 As it is scene by Hell and seen with dread  
 To change her faces stile she doth devise,  
 And in a pale Ghost's shape to spare his Eyes

### 53

Her selfe a while she layes aside, and makes  
 Ready to personate a mortall part  
*Joseph* the Kings dead Brothers shape she takes  
 What he by Nature was, is she by Art  
 She comes toth' King and with her cold hand slakes  
 His Spirits, the Sparkes of Life, and chills his heart,  
 Lifes forge fain'd is her voice and false too, be  
 Her words sleep st thou fond man? sleep st thou? said she

### 54

So sleeps a Pilot, whose poore Barke is prest  
 With many a mercylesse ore mastring wave  
 For whom (as dead) the wrathfull winds contest,  
 Which of them deep st shall digge her watry Grave  
 Why dost thou let thy brave soule lye suppress  
 In Death like slumbers while thy dangers crave  
 A waking eye and hand? looke up and see  
 The fates ripe, in their great conspiracy



## RICHARD CRASHAW

### 55

Know'st thou not how of th' Hebrewes royall stemme  
(That old dry stocke) a despair'd branch is sprung  
A most strange Babe<sup>1</sup> who here conceal'd by them  
In a neglected stable lies, among  
Beasts and base straw Already is the streame  
Quite turn'd th' ingratefull Rebels this their young  
Master (with voyce free as the Trumpe of *Fame*)  
Their new King, and thy Successour proclame

### 56.

What busy motions, what wild Engines stand  
On tiptoe in their giddy Braynes? th' have fire  
Already in their Bosomes, and their hand  
Already reaches at a sword, They hire  
Poysons to speed thee, yet through all the Land  
What one comes to reveale what they conspire?  
Goe now, make much of these, wage still their wars  
And bring home on thy Brest more thanklesse scarrs

### 57

Why did I spend my life, and spill my Blood,  
That thy firme hand for ever might sustaine  
A well-pois'd Scepter? does it now seeme good  
Thy brothers blood be-spilt, life spent in vaine?  
'Gainst thy owne sons and Biotheis thou hast stood  
In Armes, when lesser cause was to complaine  
And now crosse Fates a watch about thee keepe,  
Can'st thou be carelesse now? now can'st thou sleep?

### 58

Where art thou man? what cowardly mistake  
Of thy great selfe, hath stolne King *Herod* from thee?  
O call thy selfe home to thy self, wake, wake,  
And fence the hanging sword Heav'n throws upon thee  
Redeeme a worthy wrath rouse thee, and shake  
Thy selfe into a shape that may become thee  
Be *Herod*, and thou shalt not misse from mee  
Immortall stings to thy great thoughts, and thee

## STEPS TO THE TEMPLE

### 59

So said her richest snake, which to her wrist  
For a beseeching bracelet she had ty'd  
(A speciall Worme it was as ever kist  
The foamy lips of *Cerberus*) she apply'd  
To the Kings Heart, the Snake no sooner hist,  
But vertue heard it, and away she hy'd,  
Dire flames diffuse themselves through every veine,  
This done, Home to her Hell she hy'd amaine

### 60

He wakes, and with him (ne're to sleepe) new feares  
His Sweat bedewed Bed hath now betray'd him,  
To a vast field of thornes, ten thousand Spears  
All pointed in his heart seem'd to invade him  
So mighty were th' amazing Characters  
With which his feeling Dreame had thus dismay'd him,  
He his owne fancy framed foes defies  
In rage, *My armes, give me my armes*, he cryes

### 61

As when a Pile of food preparing fire,  
The breath of artificiall lungs embraves  
The Caldron prison'd waters streight conspire  
And beat the hot Brasse with rebellious waves  
He murmurs, and rebukes their bold desire  
Th' impatient liquor frets, and foames and raves  
Till his ore flowing pride suppresses the flame,  
Whence all his high spirits, and hot courage came

### 62

So boyles the fired *Herods* blood swolne brest,  
Not to be slakt but by a Sea of blood  
His faithlesse Crowne he feesles loose on his Crest  
Which on false Tyrants head ne're firmly stood  
The worme of jealous envy and unrest  
To which his gnaw'd heart is the growing food  
Makes him impatient of the lingering light  
Hate the sweet peace of all-composing Night

## RICHARD CRASHAW

63

A Thousand Prophecies that talke strange things,  
Had sowne of old these doubts in his deepe brest.  
And now of late came tributary Kings,  
Bringing him nothing but new feares from th' East,  
More deepe suspicions, and more deadly stings,  
With which his feav'rous cares their cold increast  
And now his dream (Hels firebrand) stil more bright,  
Shew'd him his feares, and kill'd him with the sight

64.

No sooner therefore shall the Morning see  
(Night hangs yet heavy on the lids of Day)  
But all his Counsellours must summon'd bee,  
To meet their troubled Lord Without delay  
Heralds and Messengers immediately  
Are sent about, who poasting every way  
To th'heads and Officers of every band,  
Declare who sends, and what is his command

65

Why art thou troubled *Herod*? what vaine feare  
Thy blood-revolving Brest to rage doth move?  
Heavens King, who doffs himselfe weak flesh to weare,  
Comes not to rule in wrath, but serve in love  
Nor would he this thy fear'd Crown from thee Teare,  
But give thee a better with himselfe above  
Poore jealousie! why should he wish to prey  
Upon thy Crowne, who gives his owne away?

66

Make to thy reason man, and mock thy doubts,  
Looke how below thy feares their causes are,  
Thou art a Souldier *Herod*, send thy Scouts,  
See how hee's furnish't for so fear'd a warre?  
What armour does he weare? A few thin clouts  
His Trumpets? tender cries, his men to dare  
So much? rude Shepherds, What his steeds? Alas  
Poore [Beasts]! a slow Oxe, and a simple Asse

*Il fine del primo Libro*

## STEPS TO THE TEMPLE

### Votivæ Domus Petrensis Pro Domo Dei

**U**T magis in Mundi votis, Aviumq; querelis  
 Jam veniens solet esse Dies, ubi cuspide primâ  
 Palpitat, & roseo Lux prævia ludit ab ortu  
 Cum nec abest Phœbus, nec Eois lætus habenis  
 Totus adest, volucrumq; procul vaga murmura mulcet

Nos ita quos nuper radius afflavit honestis  
 Religiosa Dies, nostrisq; per atria Cæli  
 (Sacra Domus nostrum est Cælum) jam luce tenellâ  
 Libat adhuc trepidæ Fax nondum firma Diei  
 Nos ita jam exercet nimis impatientia Voti,  
 Spēs sui propiore premit

Quis pectora tanti

Tendit amor Cæpti! Desiderio quàm longo  
 Lentæ spes inhiat! Domus o dulcissima rerum!  
 Plena Deo Domus! Ah, Quis erit Quis (dicimus) Ille,  
 (O Bonus, o Ingens meritis, o Proximus ipsi,  
 Quem vocat in sua Dona, Deo!) quo vindice totas  
 Excutiant Tenebras hæc Sancta Crepuscula?

Quando,

Quando erit, ut tremulæ Flos heu tener ille Diei,  
 Qui velut ex Oriente suo jam Altaria circum  
 Lambit, & ambiguo nobis procul annuit astro,  
 Plenis se pandat foliis, & Lampade tota  
 Lætus (ut è medio cum Sol micat aureus axe)  
 Attonitam penetrare Domum bene possit adulto  
 Sidere, nec dubio Pia Mœnia mulceat ore?  
 Quando erit, ut Convexa suo quoque pulchra sereno  
 Florescant, roseisq; tremant Laquearia risu?  
 Quæ nimum informis tanq[uam] sibi conscia frontis  
 Perpetuis jam se lustrant lacrymantia guttis

Quando erit, ut claris meliori luce Fenestris  
 Plurima per vitreos vivat Pia Pagina vultus?

Quando erit, ut Sacrum nobis celebrantibus Hymnum  
 Organicos facili, & nunquam fallente susurro  
 Nobile murmur agat nervos pulcherrimis iniqui  
 Fistula ne monitus nec faciat male fida sinistros?

## RICHARD CRASHAW

*Denique, quicquid id est, quod Res hîc Sacra requirit,  
 Fausta illa, & felix (sitq̃ ô Tua) Dextia, suam cui  
 Debeat hæc Auiora Diem Tibi supplicat Ipsa,  
 Ipsa Tibi facit Ara preces. Tu jam Illius audi,  
 Audict Illa tuas Dubium est (modò porrige dextram)  
 Des magis, an capias aude tantum esse beatus,  
 Et danum hoc lucrare Tibi.*

*Scis Ipse volucres*

*Quæ Rota volvat opes, has ergò hîc fige perennis  
 Fundamenta Domûs Petrensi in Rupe, suamq̃  
 Fortunæ sic deme Rotam. Scis Ipse procaces  
 Divitias quàm prona vagos vehat ala per Euros,  
 Divitis illas, agè, deme volucris alas,  
 Fecitq̃ suis Nostras illis sit nidus ad Aras  
 Remigii ut tandem pennas melioris adeptæ,  
 Se rapiant Dominumq, suum super æthera secum*

Proverb 23 5 *Felix ô qui sic potuit bene providus uti  
 Fortunæ pennis & opum levitate suarum,  
 Devitisque suis Aquilæ sic addidit Alas*

# STEPS TO THE TEMPLE

## EJUSDEM

### In cæterorum Operum difficili

#### Parturitione

#### GEMITUS

**O** Felix nimis Illa, & nostræ nobile Nomen  
*Invidiæ Volucris! fœdali q[u]æ funere surgens*  
*Mater edorn sui nitidæ nova fila juventæ,*  
*Et festinatos peragit sibi fata per ignes*  
*Illâ, hñud natales tot tardis mensibus hñrat*  
*Tam miseris tenuata moris, salutu velut uno*  
*In nova secla rapit sese, & caput omne decoras*  
*Explicat in frendes, roseiq[ue] repullulat ortu*  
*Cinnameos simul Illa ro[sm]os conscenderit, omnem*  
*Lætâ bibit Phœbum, & jact jam victricibus alis*  
*Plaudit humum, Cineresque suos*

Heu! dispare Fato

*Nos ferimur, Seniorq[ue] suo sub Apolline Phœnix*  
*Petrensis Mater, dubias librata per auras*  
*Pendet adhuc quæritq[ue] sinum in quo ponat inertes*  
*Exuvias, spoliisq[ue] suæ Reparita Senectæ*  
*Ore Pari surgit Similiq[ue] per omnia Vultu*  
*At nunc heu nixu secl[us] melioris in ipso*  
*Deliquim patitur!—*

*At nunc heu Lentæ longo in molimine Vitæ*  
*Interea moritur! Dubio stant Mœnia vultu*  
*Parte sui Pulchra, & fratres in fœdera Muros*  
*Invitant fr[atr]u[m]stra, nec respondentia Saxis*  
*Saxa sui Mœrent Opera intermissa, manusq[ue]*  
*Implorant*

Succurre Piæ, succurre Parenti,

*O Quisquis pius es Illi succurre Parenti,*  
*Quam sibi tot sanctæ Matres habuere Parentem*  
*Quisquis es o Tibi, crede Tibi tot hñantia ruptis*  
*Mœnibus Ora loqui! Matrem Tibi, crede, verendam*  
*Muros tam longo laceros sensib[us] situque*  
*Ceu Canos monstrare suos Succurre roganti*  
*Per Tibi Plena olim, per jam Sibi Sicca precatur*  
*Ubera, ne deus Senio Sic longa Juventus*  
*Te foveat, querulæ nunquam cessura Senectæ*

## RICHARD CRASHAW

*On Mr George Herberts booke intituled the Temple of  
Sacred Poems, sent to a Gentle-woman.*

K Now you faire on what you looke,  
Divinest love lyes in this booke  
Expecting fier from your eyes,  
To kindle this his sacrifice  
When your hands untie these strings,  
Think yo'have an Angell by the wings.  
One that gladly will be nigh,  
To waite upon each morning sigh.  
To flutter in the balmy aire,  
Of your well-perfumed praier,  
These white plumes of his hee'l lend you,  
Which every day to heaven will send you  
To take acquaintance of the *spheare*,  
And all the smooth-fac'd kindred there  
And though *Herbert's* name doe owe  
These devotions, fairest, know  
That while I lay them on the shrine  
Of your white hand, they are mine.

## STEPS TO THE TEMPLE

### *On a treatise of Charity*

Rise then, immortall maid! *Religion* rise!  
Put on thy self in thine owne lookes t our eyes  
Be what thy beauties, not our blots have made thee,  
Such as (ere our darke sinnes to dust betrayed thee)  
Heav'n set thee down new drest when thy bright birth  
Shot thee like lightning to th astonisht earth  
From th dawn of thy faire eye lids wipe away,  
Dull mists, and melancholy clouds, take day  
And thine owne beames about thee, bring the best  
Of what so ere perfum'd thy *Eastern Nest*  
Girt all thy glories to thee then sit down,  
Open thy booke, faire Queen, *and take thy crowne*  
These learned leaves shall vindicate to thee,  
Thy holiest, humblest, hand maid *Charitie*  
Shel dresse thee like thy self, set thee on high,  
Where thou shall reach all hearts, command each eye,  
Lo where I see thy off rings wake, and rise,  
From the pale dust of that strange sacrifice  
Which they themselves were each one putting on  
A majestie that may besee me thy throne  
The Holy youth of Heav'n whose golden rings  
Girt round thy awfull altars, with bright wings  
Fanning thy faire locks (which the world beleeves,  
As much as sees) shall with these sacred leaves  
Trick their tall plumes, and in that garbe shall go,  
If not more glorious, more conspicuous tho  
Be it enacted then  
By the faire lawes of thy firm pointed pen,  
God's services no longer shall put on  
A *sluttishnesse*, for *pure religion*  
No longer shall our Churches frighted stones  
Lie scatterd like the burnt and martyr'd bones  
Of dead *Devotion* nor faint marbles weep  
In their sad ruines nor Religion keep  
A melancholy mansion in those cold  
Urns Like God's Sanctuaries they look t of old



## RICHARD CRASHAW

Now seeme they Temples consecrate to *none*,  
Or to a *new God desolation*  
No more the *Hypocrite* shall th' *upright* bee  
Because he's stiffe, and will confesse no knee  
While others bend their knee, no more shalt thou  
(Disdainefull dust and ashes) bend thy brow,  
Nor on God's Altar cast *two scorching eyes*  
Bak't in hot scorn, for a *burnt sacrifice*  
But (for a *Lambe*) thy tame and tender *heart*  
New struck by love, still trembling on his dart,  
Or (for two *Turtle Doves*) it shall suffice  
To bring a paire of meek and humble *eyes*  
This shall from henceforth be the masculine theme  
Pulpits and pens shall sweat in, to redeeme  
Veitue to action, that life-feeding flame  
That keepes Religion warme, not swell a *name*  
Of faith, a *mountaine word*, made up of aie,  
With those deare spoiles that wont to dresse the faire  
And fruitfull Charities full breasts (of old)  
Turning her out to tremble in the cold  
What can the poore hope from us, when we bee  
*Uncharitable* ev'n to *Charitie*?

## STEPS TO THE TEMPLE

Fides qua sola justificat, non est sine  
Spe & Dilectione

**N**am neq. tam sola est O quis malè censor amarus  
Tam solas negat in mutua sceptrâ manus?  
Deme Fidem nec aget, nec erit jam nomen Amoris  
Et vel erit, vel aget quid sine Amore Fides?  
Ergò Amor, I, morere, I magnas, Puer alme, per umbras  
Elysiis non tam numen inane locis  
O bene, quidd pharetra hoc saltem tua præstat & arcus,  
Nè tibi in extremos sit pyra nulla rogos!  
O bene, quidd tuus has saltem tibi providet ignis,  
In tu aquas possis finera ferre, faces!  
Durus es, ah, quisquis tam dulcia vincula solvis  
Quæ ligat, & quibus est ipse ligatus Amor  
O bene junctarum divortia sæva sororum,  
Tam penitus mixtas quæ tenuere manus!  
Nam quæ (tam varia) in tam mutua viscera vivunt?  
Aut ubi, quæ duo sunt, tam propè sunt eadem?  
Alternis sese circum amplectuntur in ulnis  
Extrâque & suprâ, subter & intus eunt  
Non tam Nympha tenax, Baccho jam mista marito,  
Abdidit in liquidos mascula vina sinus  
Compare jam dempto saltem sua murmura servat  
Turtur, & in viduos vovit amara modos  
At Fides sit demptus Amor non illa dolebit,  
Non erit impatiens, ægrâque jam moritur  
Palma, marem cui tristis hyems procul abstulit umbram,  
Protinus in viridem procubuit faciem?  
Undique circumfert caput omnibus annuit Euri  
Siqua maritalem misceat aura comam  
Ab misera, expectat longum, lentumque expirat,  
Et demum totis excutitur foliis  
At sine Amore Fides, nec tantum vivere perstat  
Quo dici possit vel moritura Fides  
Mortua jam nunc est nisi demum mortua non est  
Corporea hæc, animâ deficiente, domus

## RICHARD CRASHAW

*Corpore ab hoc Fidei hanc animam si demis Amoris,  
Jam tua sola quidem est, sed malè sola Fides  
Hecloie ab hoc, curius quem jam nunc sentit Achilles,  
Hecloia eum spes quem modò sensit herus?  
Tristes exuvias, Oetæi frustra furoris,  
(Vanus) in Alcidae nomen & æta vocas?  
Vel satis in monstra hæc, plùs quàm Nemeæa, malorum  
Hoc Fidei torvum & triste cadaver erit?  
Immo, Fidem usquè suos velut ipse Amor ardet amores,  
Sic in Amore fidem comprobât ipsa Fides*

### ERGO

*Illâ Fides vacuâ quæ sola suberbiet aulâ,  
Quam Spes desperet, quam nec amabit Amor,  
Sola Fides hæc, tam miserè, tam desolatè  
Sola, (quod ad nos est) sola sit usque licet  
A sociis quæ sola suis, à se quoque sola est.  
Quæ sibi tam nimia est, sit mihi nulla Fides*

## STEPS TO THE TEMPLE

Baptismus non tollit futura peccata

**Q**uisquis es ille tener modò quem tua\* mater Achilles  
In Stygis æthereæ provida tinxit aquis,  
Sanus, sed non securus dimitteris illinc  
In nova non tutus vulnera vivis adhuc  
Mille patent aditus, & plius quam calce peterdus  
Ad nigri metues spicula mille dei  
Qudd si est vera salus, veterem meminisse salutem  
Si nempe hoc verè est esse, fuisse pium  
Illa tibi veteres navis quæ vicerat Austros,  
Si manet in mediis usquè superstes aquis  
Ac dum tu miseros in littore visis amicos,  
Et peccatorum triste sodalitium,  
Illa tibi interea tutus trahet otia velis,  
Expectans donec tu redusse queas  
Quin igitur da vina, puer, da vivere vitæ  
Mitte suum senibus, mitte supercilium  
Donemus timidæ, o socii, sua frigora brumæ  
Æternæ teneant hic nova regna rosæ  
Ah non tam tetricos sic eludabimur Euros  
Effractam non est sic revocare ratem

Has undas alius decet ergò extinguere in undis  
Naufragium hoc alto immergere naufragio  
Possit ut ille malis oculus modò naufragus undis,  
Jam lacrymis melius naufragus esse suis

\* Ecclesia

FINIS

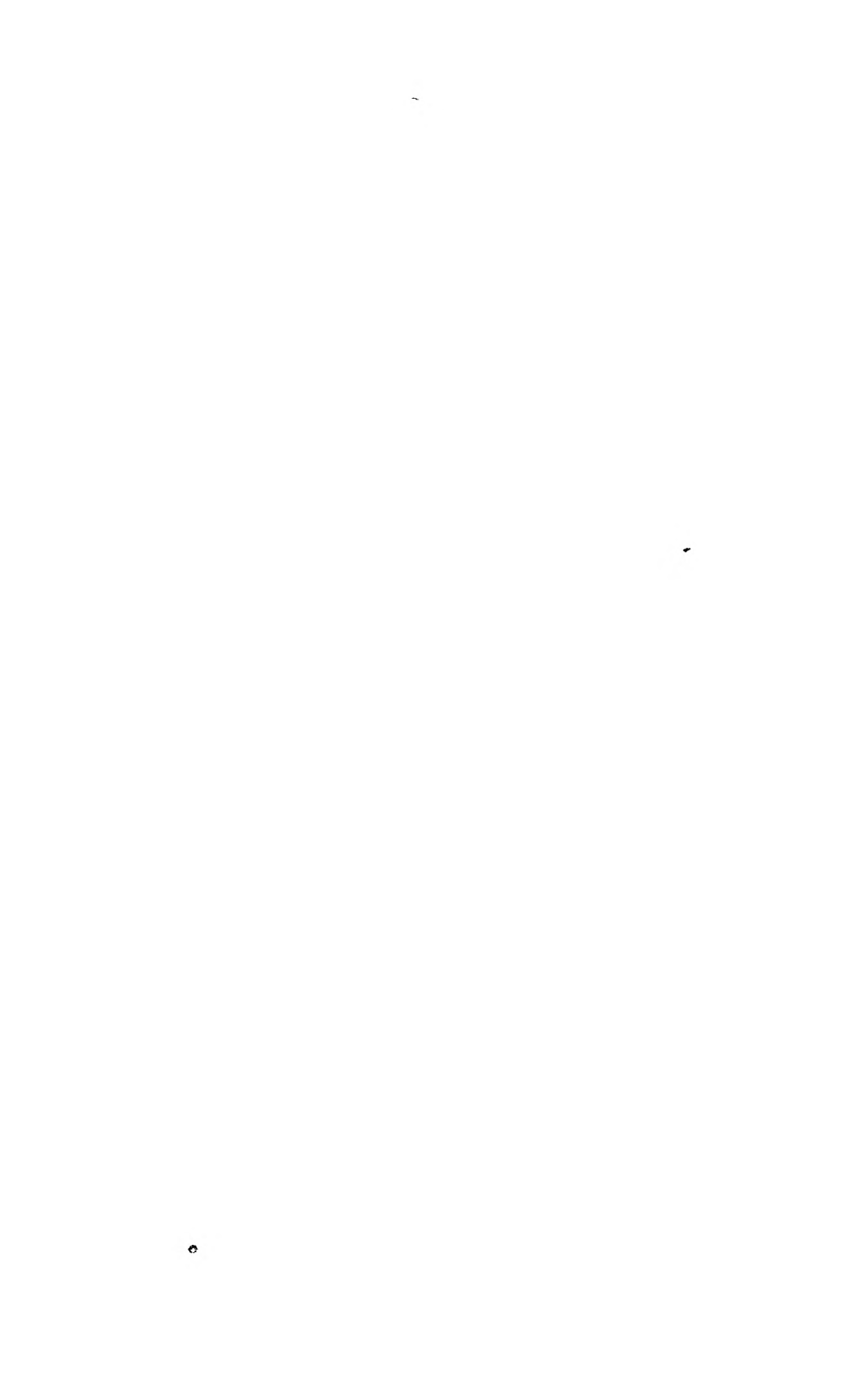


THE  
DELIGHTS  
OF THE  
MUSES.  
OR,  
Other Poems written on  
severall occasions

*By Richard Crashaw, sometimes of Pembroke  
Hall, and late Fellow of St Peters Col-  
ledge in Cambridge*

*Mart Dic mihi quid melius desiderius agas*

LONDON,  
Printed by *T W* for *H Moseley*, at  
the Princes Armes in S *Pauls*  
Church-yard, 1648



## THE DELIGHTS OF THE MUSES

### *Musicks Duell*

NOW Westward *Sol* had spent the richest Beams  
Of Noons high Glory, when hard by the streams  
Of *Tiber* on the scean of a greene plat,  
Under protection of an Oake there sate  
A sweet Lutes master in whose gentle aires  
He lost the Dayes heat, and his owne hot cares  
Close in the covert of the leaves there stood  
A Nightingale, come from the neighbouring wood  
(The sweet inhabitant of each glad Tree,  
Their Muse their *Syren*, harmlesse *Syren* she)  
There stood she listning, and did entertaime  
The Musicks soft report and mold the same  
In her owne murmures, that what ever mood  
His curious fingers lent her voyce made good  
The man perceiv'd his Rivall and her Art,  
Dispos'd to give the light foot Lady sport  
Awakes his Lute and gainst the fight to come  
Informes it, in a sweet *Præludium*  
Of closer straines, and ere the warre begin,  
He lightly skirmishes on every string  
Charg'd with a flying touch and streightway she  
Carves out her dainty voyce as readily  
Into a thousand sweet distinguish'd Tones,  
And reckons up in soft divisions,  
Quicke volumes of wild Notes to let him know  
By that shrill taste, she could do something too  
His nimble hands instinct then taught each string  
A capring cheerefullnesse and made them sing  
To their owne dance now negligently rash  
He throwes his Arme, and with a long drawne dash  
Blends all together then distinctly tripps  
From this to that then quicke returning skipps  
And snatches this again, and pauses there  
Shee measures every measure, every where  
Meets art with art sometimes as if in doubt,  
Not perfect yet, and fearing to be out,



## RICHARD CRASHAW

Trayles her plaine Ditty in one long-spun note,  
 Through the sleeke passage of her open throat,  
 A cleare unwrinckled song, then doth shee point it  
 With tender accents, and severely joynt it  
 By shoit diminutives, that being rear'd  
 In controverting waibles evenly shar'd,  
 With her sweet selfe shee wrangles    Hee amazed  
 That from so small a channell should be rais'd  
 The torrent of a voyce, whose melody  
 Could melt into such sweet variety,  
 Straines higher yet, that tickled with rare art  
 The tatling strings (each breathing in his part)  
 Most kindly doe fall out, the grumbling Base  
 In surly groans disdaines the Trebles Grace,  
 The high-perch't treble chirps at this, and chides,  
 Untill his finger (Moderatour) hides  
 And closes the sweet quarrell, rowsing all  
 Hoarce, shrill, at once, as when the Trumpets call  
 Hot *Mars* to th'Harvest of Deaths field, and woo  
 Mens hearts into their hands    this lesson too  
 Shee gives him back, her supple Biest thrills out  
 Sharpe Aies, and staggers in a warbling doubt  
 Of dallying sweetnesse, hovers o're her skill,  
 And folds in wav'd notes with a trembling bill  
 The plyant Series of her shipperry song,  
 Then starts shee suddenly into a Throng  
 Of short thicke sobs, whose thunding volleyes float,  
 And roule themselves over her lubrick throat  
 In panting murmurs, still'd out of her Breast,  
 That ever-bubbling spring, the sugred Nest  
 Of her delicious soule, that there does lye  
 Bathing in streames of liquid Melodie,  
 Musicks best seed-plot, where in ripen'd Aires  
 A Golden-headed Harvest fairely reaes  
 His Honey-dropping tops, plow'd by her breath  
 Which there reciprocally laboureth  
 In that sweet soyle, it seemes a holy quire  
 Founded to th' Name of great *Apollo's* lyre,  
 Whose silver-roofe rings with the sprightly notes  
 Of sweet-lipp'd Angell-Imps, that swill their throats

## THE DELIGHTS OF THE MUSES

In creame of Morning *Helicon* and then  
 Preferre soft Anthems to the Eares of men,  
 To woo them from their Beds, still murmuring  
 That men can sleepe while they their Mattens sing  
 (Most divine service) whose so early lay,  
 Prevents the Eye lidds of the blushing day!  
 There you might heare her kindle her soft voyce,  
 In the close murmur of a sparkling noyse,  
 And lay the ground worke of her hopefull song,  
 Still keeping in the forward streame, so long  
 Till a sweet whirle wind (striving to get out)  
 Heaves her soft Bosome wanders round about,  
 And makes a pretty Earthquake in her Breast,  
 Till the fledgd Notes at length forsake their Nest,  
 Fluttering in wanton shoales and to the Sky  
 Wingd with their owne wild *Eccho's* prating fly  
 Shee opes the floodgate, and lets loose a Tide  
 Of streaming sweetnesse, which in state doth ride  
 On the wavd backe of every swelling straine,  
 Rising and falling in a pompous traine  
 And while she thus discharges a shrill peale  
 Of flashing Aires she qualifies their zeale  
 With the coole Epode of a graver Noat,  
 Thus high, thus low, as if her silver throat  
 Would reach the brasen voyce of wars hoarce Bird  
 Her little soule is ravisht and so pourd  
 Into loose extasies, that shee is plac'd  
 Above her selfe, Musicks *Enthusiast*

Shame now and anger mixt a double staine  
 In the Musitians face yet once againe  
 (Mistresse) I come now reach a straine my Lute  
 Above her mocke, or be for ever mute  
 Or tune a song of victory to me,  
 Or to thy selfe, sing thine owne Obsequie,  
 So said, his hands sprightly as fire he flings,  
 And with a quavering coyntesse tastes the strings  
 The sweet lip t sisters musically frighted,  
 Singing their feares are fearefully delighted  
 Trembling as when *Appollo's* golden haire  
 Are fan'd and frizled, in the wanton ayres

## RICHARD CRASLOW

Of his own breath which mirrored to his lyre  
 Doth tune the *Symphonies*, and make Heaven selfe looke higher  
 From this to that, from that to this he flye,  
 Feeles Musicks pulse in all her Arterye,  
 Caught in a net which there *hath* spread,  
 His fingers struggle with the vocall threads,  
 Following those little rills, he sinkes into  
 A Sea of *Heaven*, his hand doe goe  
 Those parts of sweetnesse which with *Nectar* drop,  
 Softer then that which pinte in *Heavens* cup  
 The humourous strings compound his learned touch,  
 By various Glosses, now they seeme to grutch,  
 And murmur in a buzzing dinne, then gingle  
 In shrill tongu'd accents striving to be single  
 Every smooth turne, every delicious stroke  
 Gives life to some new Grace, thus doth h'invoke  
 Sweetnesse by all her Names, thus, bravely thus  
 (Fraught with a fury so harmonious)  
 The Lutes light *Ginns* now does proudly rise,  
 Heav'd on the surges of swolne Rapsodies  
 Whose flourish (Meteor-like) doth curl the aire  
 With flash of high-borne fancies here and there  
 Dancing in lofty measures, and anon  
 Creeps on the soft touch of a tender tone  
 Whose trembling murmurs melting in wild aires  
 Runs to and fro, complaining his sweet cares  
 Because those pretious mysteres that dwell,  
 In musick's ravish't soule he dares not tell,  
 But whisper to the world thus doe they vary  
 Each string his Note, as if they meant to carry  
 Their Masters blest soule (snatcht out at his Eares  
 By a strong Extasy) through all the sphæares  
 Of Musicks heaven, and scat it there on high  
 In th' *Empyræum* of pure Harmony  
 At length (after so long, so loud a strife  
 Of all the strings, still breathing the best life  
 Of blest variety attending on  
 His fingers furest revolution  
 In many a sweet rise, many as sweet a fall)  
 A full-mouth *Diapason* swallowes all

## THE DELIGHTS OF THE MUSES

This done, he lists what she would say to this,  
And she although her Breaths late exercise  
Had dealt too roughly with her tender throate,  
Yet summons all her sweet powers for a Noate  
Ahs! in vaine! for while (sweet soule) she tries  
To measure all those wild diversities  
Of chatt ring strings by the small size of one  
Poore simple voyce, rais d in a naturall Tone  
She failes, and failing grieves and grieving dyes  
She dyes and leaves her life the Victors prise,  
Falling upon his Lute o fit to have  
(That liv d so sweetly) dead, so sweet a Grave!

# RICHARD CRASHAW

## Ad Reginam

*I* T' verò jam tempus erat tibi, maxima Mater,  
 Dulcibus his oculis accelerare diem  
 Tempus erat, nè qua tibi basia blanda vacarent,  
 Sarcina ne collo sit minus apta tuo  
 Scilicet ille tuus, timor & spes ille suorum,  
 Quo primum es fœlix pignore facta parens,  
 Ille ferox iras jam nunc meditatur & enses,  
 Jam patris magis est, jam magis ille suus  
 Indolis O stimulos! Vix dum illi transit infans,  
 Jamque sibi impatiens arripit ille virum  
 Improbus ille suis adèò negat ire sub annis  
 Jam nondum puer est, major & est puero  
 Si quis in aulæis pietas animatus in iras  
 Stat leo, quem doctâ cuspide lusit acus,  
 Hostis (io!) est, neq, enim ille alium dignabitur hostem,  
 Nempe decet tantas non minor ira manus.  
 Tunc hastâ gravis adversum fuit, hasta bacillum est  
 Mox falsum vero vulnere pectus hiat  
 Stat leo, ceu stupeat tali bene fixus ab hoste,  
 Ceu quid in his oculis vel timeat vel amet,  
 Tam torvum, tam dulce micant nescire fatetur  
 Mars ne sub his oculis esset, au esset Amor  
 Quippe illic Mars est, sed qui bene possit amari,  
 Est & Amor certè, sed metuendus Amor  
 Talis Amor, talis Mars est ibi cernere, qualis  
 Seu puer hic esset, sive vii ille deus  
 Hic tibi jam scitus succedit in oscula fratris,  
 Res (ecce!) in lusus non operosa tuos  
 Basia jam veniant tua quantacunque caterva,  
 Jam quocunque tuus mui mure ludat amor,  
 En! Tibi materies tenera & tractabilis hic est  
 Hic ad blanditias est tibi cera satis  
 Salve infans, tot basiolis, molle argumentum,  
 Maternis labiis dulce negotiolum,  
 O salve! Nam te nato, puer auree, natus  
 Et Carolo & Mariæ tertius est oculus

## THE DELIGHTS OF THE MUSES

*Out of Martiall*

FOURE Teeth thou hadst that ranck'd in goodly state  
Kept thy Mouthes Gate

The first blast of thy cough left two alone,  
The second, none

This last cough *Ælia*, cougth out all thy feare,  
Th hast left the third cough now no businesse here

# RICHARD CRASHAW

*Out of Virgil,  
In the praise of the Spring*

ALL Trees, all leavy Groves confesse the Spring  
Their gentle friend, then, then the lands begin  
To swell with forward pride, and seed desire  
To generation, Heavens Almighty Sire  
Melts on the Bosome of his Love, and powres  
Himselfe into her lap in fruitfull showers.  
And by a soft insinuation, mixt  
With earths large Masse, doth cherish and assist  
Her weake conceptions, No lone shade, but rings  
With chatting Birds delicious murmurings  
Then *Venus* mild instinct (at set times) yields  
The Heids to kindly meetings, then the fields  
(Quick with warme *Zephyres* lively breath) lay forth  
Their pregnant Bosomes in a fragrant Birth  
Each body's plump and jucy, all things full  
Of supple moisture no coy twig but will  
Trust his beloved bosome to the Sun  
(Growne lusty now,) No Vine so weake and young  
That feares the foule-mouth'd Auster or those stormes  
That the Southwest-wind hurries in his Armes,  
But hasts her forward Blossomes, and layes out  
Freely layes out her leaves Nor doe I doubt  
But when the world first out of *Chaos* sprang  
So smil'd the Dayes, and so the tenor ran  
Of their felicity A spring was there,  
An everlasting spring, the jolly yeare  
Led round in his great circle, No winds Breath  
As then did smell of Winter, or of Death  
When Lifes sweet Light first shone on Beasts, and when  
From their hard Mother Earth, sprang hardy men,  
When Beasts tooke up their lodging in the Wood,  
Starres in their higher Chambers never cou'd  
The tender growth of things endure the sence  
Of such a change, but that the Heav'ns Indulgence  
Kindly supplyes sick Nature, and doth mold  
A sweetly temper'd meane, nor hot nor cold

## THE DELIGHTS OF THE MUSES

### *With a Picture sent to a Friend*

I Paint so ill my peece had need to be  
Painted againe by some good Poesie  
I write so ill, my slender Line is scarce  
So much as th Picture of a well lim d verse  
Yet may the love I send be true, though I  
Send nor true Picture, nor true Poesie  
Both which away I should not need to feare,  
My Love, or *Feign d* or *painted* should appeare

### *The beginning of Helidorus*

THE smiling Morne had newly wak t the Day,  
And tipt the Mountaines with a tender ray  
When on a hill (whose high Imperious brow  
Lookes downe, and sees the humble Nile below  
Licke his proud feet, and hste into the seas  
Through the great mouth that s nam d from *Hercules*)  
A band of men, rough as the Armes they wore  
Look t round, first to the sea, then to the shore  
The shore that shewed them what the sea deny d,  
Hope of a prey There to the maine land ty d  
A ship they saw, no men she had, yet prest  
Appear d with other lading, for her brest  
Deep in the groaning waters wallow'd  
Up to the third Ring ore the shore was spread  
Deaths purple triumph, on the blushing ground  
Lifes late forsaken houses all lay drown'd  
In their owne bloods deare deluge, some new dead,  
Some panting in their yet warme ruines bled  
While their affrighted soules now wing d for flight  
Lent them the last flash of her glimmering light  
Those yet fresh streames which crawled every where  
Shew d that sterne warre had newly bath d him there  
Nor did the face of this disaster show  
Markes of a fight alone, but feasting too,  
A miserable and a monstrous feast,  
Where hungry warre had made himself a Guest  
And comming late had eat up Guests and all,  
Who prov d the feast to their owne funerall, &c



# RICHARD CRASHAW

## *Out of the Greeke*

### *Cupid's Cryer.*

**I** Ove is lost, nor can his Mother  
Her little fugitive discover  
She seekes, she sighes, but no where spyes him,  
Love is lost, and thus shee cries him  
O yes! if any happy eye,  
This roaving wanton shall descry,  
Let the finder surely know  
Mine is the wagge, 'Tis I that owe  
The winged wand'rer, and that none  
May thinke his labour vainely gone,  
The glad descryer shall not misse,  
To tast the *Nectar* of a kisse  
From *Venus* lipps, But as for him  
That brings him to me, he shall swim  
In riper joyes more shall be his  
(*Venus* assures him) than a kisse  
But lest your eye discerning slide,  
These markes may be your judgements guide,  
His skin as with a fiery blushing  
High-colour'd is, His eyes still flushing  
With nimble flames, and though his mind  
Be ne're so curst, his Tongue is kind  
For never were his words in ought  
Found the pure issue of his thought  
The working Bees soft melting Gold,  
That which their waxen Mines enfold,  
Flow not so sweet as doe the Tones  
Of his tun'd accents, but if once  
His anger kindle, presently  
It boyles out into cruelty,  
And fraud He makes poor mortalls hurts  
The objects of his cruell spoits  
With dainty curles his froward face  
Is crown'd about, But ô what place,  
What farthest nooke of lowest Hel!  
Feeles not the strength, the reaching spell

## THE DELIGHTS OF THE MUSES

Of his small hand? Yet not so small  
 As tis powerfull therewithall  
 Though bare his skin, his mind he covers,  
 And like a saucy Bird he hovers  
 With wanton wing, now here, now there,  
 Bout men and women, nor will spare  
 Till at length he perching rest,  
 In the closet of their brest  
 His weapon is a little Bow,  
 Yet such a one as (*Jove* knows how)  
 Ne re suffred, yet his little Arrow,  
 Of Heavens high st Archies to fall narrow  
 The Gold that on his Quiver smiles,  
 Deceives mens feares with flattering wiles  
 But o (too well my wounds can tell)  
 With bitter shafts tis sauct too well  
 He is all cruell, cruell all,  
 His Torch Imperious though but small  
 Makes the Sunne (of flames the fire)  
 Worse then Sun burnt in his fire  
 Wheresoe re you chance to find him  
 Cea[z]e him, bring him, (but first bind him)  
 Pitty not him, but feare thy selfe  
 Though thou see the crafty Elfe,  
 Tell down his Silver drops unto thee,  
 They r counterfeit, and will undoe thee  
 With baited smiles if he display  
 His fawning cheeks, looke not that way  
 If he offer sugred kisses,  
 Start, and say, The Serpent hisses  
 Draw him, drag him, though he pray  
 Wooe, intreat, and crying say  
 Prethee, sweet now let me go,  
 Here's my Quiver Shafts and Bow,  
 Ile give thee all, take all, take heed  
 Lest his kindnesse make thee bleed  
 What e re it be Love offers, still presume  
 That though it shines, tis fire and will consume

## RICHARD CRASHAW

*On Nanus mounted upon an Ant.*

I Igh mounted on an Ant *Nanus* the tall  
Was thrown alas, and got a deadly fall  
Under th'unruly Beasts proud feet he lies  
All torne, with much adoe yet e're he dyes,  
Hee straines these words, Base Envy, doe, laugh on  
Thus did I fall, and thus fell *Phaethon*

*Upon Venus putting on Mars his Armes.*

W Hat? *Mars* his sword? faire *Cythera* say,  
Why art thou arm'd so desperately to day?  
*Mars* thou hast beaten naked, and ô then  
What need'st thou put on arms against poore men?

*Upon the same*

P Allas saw *Venus* arm'd, and streight she cry'd,  
Come if thou dar'st, thus, thus let us be try'd  
Why foole! saies *Venus*, thus provok'st thou mee,  
That being nak't, thou know'st could conquer thee?

## THE DELIGHTS OF THE MUSES

In Se[ren]issimæ Reginæ p[ri]mum hyemalem

SERTA, puer (quis nunc flores non præbeat hortus?)

Texe mihi facilis pollice sarta, puer

Quid tu nescio quos narras mihi, stulte, Decembres?

Quid mihi cum nivibus? da mihi sarta, puer

Nix? & hyemis? non est nostras quid tale per oras,

Non est vel si sit, non tamen esse potest

Ver agitur quæcunque truce[m] dat larva Decembrem,

Quid fera cuncta fremant frigora, ver agitur

Nonne vides quali se palmitæ regia vitis

Prodit, & in sacris quæ sedet uva jugis?

Tam lætus quæ bruma solet ridere racemis?

Quas hyemis pingit purpura tanta genas?

O Maria! O divum soboles, genitrixque Deorum!

Sicæne nostra tuus tempora ludus erunt?

Sicæne tu cum vere tuo nihil horrida brumæ

Sydera, nil madidos sola morare notos?

Sicæne sub mediâ poterunt tua surgere brumâ,

Atque suas solum lilia nosse nives?

Ergo vel invitæ nivibus, freudentibus Austris,

Nostra novis poterunt regna tumere rosas?

O bona turbatrix anni, quæ limite noto

Tempora sub signis non suis ire suis!

O pia prædatrix hyemis, quæ tristitia mundi

Murmura tam dulci sub ditione tenes!

Perge precor nostris vini pulchram ferre Calendis

Perge precor menses sic numerare tuos

Perge intempestiva atq[ue] importuna videri

Inq[ui]d, uteri titulos sic rape cuncta tui

Sit nobis, sit sæpe hyemes sic cernere nostras

Exhæredatas floribus ire tuis

Sæpe sit has vernas hyemes Maiosq[ue] Decembres,

Has per te roseas sæpe videre nives

Altera gens varium per sydera computet annum,

Atq[ue] suos ducant per vaga signa dies

Nos deceat nimis tantum permittere nimbis?

Tempora tam tetricas ferre Britannia vices?

Quin nostrum tibi nos omnem donabimus annum

In partus omnem expende, Maria, tuos

# RICHARD CRASHAW

*Sit tuus ille uterus nostri bonus arbiter anni  
 Tempus & in titulos transeat omne tuos  
 Nam quæ alia indueret tam dulcia nomina mensis ?  
 Aut quâ tam posset candidus ire togâ ?  
 Hanc laurum Janus sibi vertice vellet utroq̃,  
 Hanc sibi vel tota Gbloride Maus emet  
 Tota suam (vere expulso) respublica florum  
 Reginam cuperent te, sobolémve tuam  
 O bona sors anni, cùm cunâ ex ordine menses  
 Hic mihi Carolides, hic Marianus erit !*

## Epitaphium in Dominum Herrisium

*S*iste te paulum (viator) ubi longum sisti  
 Necesse erit, huc tempe properare te scias  
     quocunque properas  
     Moriæ prætium erit  
     Et Lacrimæ,  
     Si jacere hic scias  
     Guilielmum  
 Splendidæ Herrisiorum familiæ  
     Splendorem maximum  
 Quem cum talem vixisse intellexeris,  
     Et vixisse tantum,  
     Discas licet  
     In quantas spes possit  
     Assurgere mortalitas,  
     De quantis cadere  
 Quem { Infantem, Essexia } vidit  
     Juvenem, Cantabrigia }  
     Senem, ab infælix utraq̃,  
     Quod non vidit.  
     Qui  
     Collegi Christi Alumnus,  
     Aulæ Pembrokianæ socius,  
 Utriq̃, ingens amoris certamen fuit

# THE DELIGHTS OF THE MUSES

*Donce*  
*Dulciss Lites elusit Deus,*  
*Eumque cœlestis Collegi*  
*Cujus semper Alumnus fuit*  
*socium fecit,*  
*Qui & ipse Collegium fuit,*  
*In quo*  
*Musæ omnes & gratiæ,*  
*Nullibi ingis sorores,*  
*Sub præcide religione*  
*In tenacissimum sodalitium coaluere*  
*Quem* { *Oratoriæ Poetm*  
*Poetica Ornorem*  
*Utraque Philosophum* } *Agnovere*  
*Christianum Omnes*  
*Qui* { *Fide Mundum*  
*Spe Cælum*  
*Charitate Proximum* } *Superavit*  
*Humilitate Seipsum*  
*Cujus*  
*Sub verna fronte senilis animum,*  
*Sub morum [f]acilitate, [s]everitas virtutis*  
*Sub plurima indole, pauci anni*  
*Sub majore modestia, maxima iadoles*  
*adeo se occuluerunt*  
*ut vitam ejus*  
*Pulchram dixeris & pudicam dissimulationem*  
*Imo vero & morte,*  
*Ecce enim in ipso funere*  
*Dissimulari se passus est,*  
*Sub tantillo marmore tantum hospitem,*  
*Eo numerum majore monumento*  
*quo minore tumulo*  
*Eo ipso die occubuit quo Ecclesia*  
*Anglica nec ad vespervas legit,*  
*Raptus est ne militia mutnret Intellectum ejus*  
*Scilicet Id Octobris, Anno Sal 1631*

# RICHARD CRASHAW

In Picturam Reverendissimi Episcopi, *D Andrews.*

**I**Æc charta monstrat, Fama quem monstrat magis,  
 Sed & ipsa quem dum fama quem non monstrat satis,  
 Ille, ille solus totam implevit Tubam,  
 Tot ora solus domuit & famam quoque  
 Fecit modestam mentis igneæ pater  
 Agihq̃ radio Lucis æternæ vigil,  
 Per alta rerum pondera indomito Vagus  
 Cucurrit Animo, Quippe naturam ferox  
 Exhaustit ipsam, mille Fœtus artibus,  
 Et mille Linguis ipse se ingentes procul  
 Variavit omnes, fuitq̃ toti simul  
 Cognatus orbi sic sacrum & solidum jubar  
 Saturumq̃ cœlo pectus ad patrios Libens  
 Porrexit ignes hac eum (*Lector*) vides  
 Hac (ecce) charta O utinam & audires quôq̃,

*Upon Bishop Andrews Picture before his Sermons.*

**T**His reverend shadow cast that setting Sun,  
 Whose glorious course through our Horrizon run,  
 Left the dimme face of this du[l]l Hemisphæare,  
 All one great eye, all drown'd in one great Teare  
 Whose faire illustrious soule, led his free thought  
 Through Learnings Universe, and (vainly) sought  
 Room for her spacious selfe, untill at length  
 Shee found the way home, with an holy strength  
 Snatch't her self hence to Heaven fill'd a bright place,  
 'Mongst those immortall fires, and on the face  
 Of her great Maker fixt her flaming eye,  
 There still to read true pure divinity  
 And now that grave aspect hath deign'd to shrinke  
 Into this lesse appearance, If you thinke,  
 'Tis but a dead face, art doth here bequeath  
 Looke on the following leaves, and see him breath

## THE DELIGHTS OF THE MUSES

### *Upon the Death of a Gentleman*

Faithlesse and fond Mortality<sup>1</sup>  
Who will ever credit thee?  
Fond and faithlesse thing<sup>1</sup> that thus,  
In our best hopes beguilest us  
What a reckoning hast thou made,  
Of the hopes in him we laid?  
For Life by volumes lengthened,  
A Line or two, to speake him dead  
For the Laurell in his verse,  
The sullen Cypresse o're his Herse  
For a silver crowned Head,  
A durty pillow in Death's Bed  
For so deare, so deep a trust,  
Sad requitall, thus much dust<sup>1</sup>  
Now though the blow that snatch him hence,  
Stopt the Mouth of Eloquence,  
Though shee be dumbe ere since his Death,  
Not us'd to speake but in his Breath,  
Yet if at least shee not denies,  
The sad language of our eyes,  
Wee are contented for then this  
Language none more fluent is  
Nothing speake our Griefe so well  
As to speak Nothing Come then tell  
Thy mind in Teares who ere Thou be,  
That ow'st a Name to misery  
Eyes are vocall, Teares have Tongues,  
And there be words not made with lungs  
Sententious showers, o let them fall,  
Their cadence is Rhetoricall  
Here's a Theame will drinke th' expence,  
Of all thy watry Eloquence  
Weepe then, onely be exprest  
Thus much, *Hee's Dead*, and weep the rest



## RICHARD CRASHAW

### *Upon the Death of Mr Herrys.*

A Plant of noble stemme, forward and faire,  
As ever whisper'd to the Morning Aire,  
Thriv'd in these happy Grounds, the Earth's just pride,  
Whose rising Glories made such haste to hide  
His head in Cloudes, as if in him alone  
Impatient Nature had taught motion  
To start from time, and cheerfully to fly  
Before, and seize upon Maturity  
Thus grew this gracious plant, in whose sweet shade,  
The Sunne himselfe oft wisht to sit, and made  
The Morning Muses perch like Birds, and sing  
Among his Branches yea, and vow'd to bring  
His owne delicious Phoenix from the blest  
*Arabia*, there to build her Virgin nest,  
To hatch her selfe in, 'mongst his leaves the Day  
Fresh from the Rosie East rejoyc't to play  
To them shee gave the first and fairest Beame  
That waited on her Birth she gave to them  
The purest Pearles, that wept her evening Death  
The balmy *Zephirus* got so sweet a Breath  
By often kissing them, and now begun  
Glad Time to ripen expectation  
The timorous Maiden-Blossomes on each Bough,  
Peep't forth from their first blushes so that now  
A Thousand ruddy hopes smil'd in each Bud,  
And flatter'd every greedy eye that stood  
Fixt in Delight, as if already there  
Those rare fruits dangled, whence the Golden Yeare  
His crowne expected, when (ô Fate, ô Time  
That seldome lett'st a blushing youthfull Prime  
Hide his hot Beames in shade of silver Age,  
So rare is hoary vertue) the dire rage  
Of a mad storme these bloomy joyes all tore,  
Ravisht the Maiden Blossoms, and downe bore  
The trunk Yet in this Ground his pretious Root  
Still lives, which when weake Time shall be pour'd out

## THE DELIGHTS OF THE MUSES

Into Eternity, and circular joyes  
Dance in an endlesse round, again shall rise  
The faire son of an ever-youthfull Spring,  
To be a shade for Angels while they sing,  
Meane while who ere thou art that passest here,  
O doe thou water it with one kind Teare

### In Lundem Scizon

**H**Uc hospes, oculos flecte, sed lacrimis cæcos,  
Legit optime læc, Quem legere non sinit flectus  
Ars nuper & natura, forma, virtusq,  
Æmulatione fervidæ, paciscuntur  
Probare in uno juvene quid queant omnes,  
Fuere tantæ terra nuper fuit liti  
Ergo hic ab ipso Judicem manent cælo

# RICHARD CRASHAW

*Upon the Death of the most desired Mr. Henrys*

**D**Eath, what dost? ô hold thy Blow,  
 What thou dost, thou dost not know  
 Death thou must not here be cruell,  
 This is Natures choycest Jewell  
 This is hee in whose rare frame,  
 Nature labour'd for a Name,  
 And meant to leave his pretious feature,  
 The patterne of a perfect Creature  
 Joy of Goodnesse, Love of Art,  
 Vertue weares him next her heart  
 Him the Muses love to follow,  
 Him they call their vice-*Apollo*  
*Apollo* golden though thou bee,  
 Th'art not fairer then is hee  
 Nor more lovely lift'st thy head,  
 Blushing from thine Easterne Bed  
 The Glories of thy Youth ne're knew,  
 Brighter hopes then he can shew  
 Why then should it e're be seen,  
 That his should fade, while thine is Green?  
 And wilt Thou, (ô cruell boast!)  
 Put poore Nature to such cost?  
 O 'twill undoe our common Mother,  
 To be at charge of such another  
 What? thinke we to no other end,  
 Gracious Heavens do use to send  
 Earth her best perfection,  
 But to vanish and be gone?  
 Therefore onely give to day,  
 To morrow to be snatcht away?  
 I've seen indeed the hopefull bud,  
 Of a ruddy Rose that stood  
 Blushing, to behold the Ray  
 Of the new-saluted Day,  
 (His tender toppe not fully spread)  
 The sweet dash of a shower now shead,

## THE DELIGHTS OF THE MUSES

Invited him no more to hide  
Within himselfe the purple pride  
Of his forward flower, when lo  
While he sweetly gan to show  
His swelling Glories, *Auster* spide him,  
Cruell *Auster* thither lay d him,  
And with the rush of one rude blast,  
Sham'd not spitefully to wast  
All his leaves, so fresh, so sweet,  
And lay them trembling at his feet  
I've seen the Mornings lovely Ray,  
Hover o're the new borne Day,  
With rosie wings so richly Bright,  
As if he scorn'd to thinke of Night  
When a ruddy storme whose scoule  
Made Heavens radiant face looke foule,  
Call'd for an untimely Night,  
To blot the newly blossom'd Light  
But were the Roses blush so rare,  
Were the Mornings smile so faire  
As is he, nor cloud, nor wind  
But would be courteous, would be kind  
Spare him Death, o spare him then,  
Spare the sweetest among men  
Let not pittie with her Teares,  
Keepe such distance from thine Lares  
But o thou wilt not, canst not spare,  
Haste hath never time to heare  
Therefore if he needs must go,  
And the Fates will have it so,  
Softly may he be possest,  
Of his monumentall rest  
Safe, thou darke home of the dead,  
Safe o hide his loved head  
For Pitties sake o hide him quite,  
From his Mother Natures sight  
Lest for Griefe his losse may move  
All her Births abortive prove

# RICHARD CRASHAW

## *Another*

**I**F ever Pitty were acquainted  
With sterne Death, if e're he fainted,  
Or forgot the cruell vigour  
Of an Adamantine rigour,  
Here, ô here we should have knowne it,  
Here or no where hee'd have showne it.  
For hee whose pretious memory,  
Bathes in Teares of every eye  
Hee to whom our sorrow brings,  
All the streames of all her springs  
Was so rich in Grace and Nature,  
In all the gifts that blesse a Creature,  
The fresh hopes of his lovely Youth,  
Flourisht in so faire a growth,  
So sweet the Temple was, that shrin'd  
The Sacred sweetnesse of his mind,  
That could the Fates know to relent,  
Could they know what mercy meant,  
Or had ever learnt to beare,  
The soft tincture of a Teare  
Teares would now have flow'd so deepe,  
As might have taught Griefe how to weepe  
Now all their steely operation,  
Would quite have lost the cruell fashion  
Sicknesse would have gladly been,  
Sick himselfe to have sav'd him  
And his Feaver wish'd to prove,  
Burning onely in his Love  
Him when wrath it selfe had seen,  
Wrath its selfe had lost his spleen  
Grim Destruction here amaz'd,  
In stead of striking would have gaz'd  
Even the Iron-pointed pen,  
That notes the Tragick Doomes of men  
Wet with teares still'd from the eyes,  
Of the flinty Destinies,

## THE DELIGHTS OF THE MUSES

Would have learn't a softer style,  
And have been ashamed to spoyle  
His lyes sweet story, by the hast,  
Of a cruell stop ill plac't  
In the darke volume of our fate,  
Whence eich lease of life hath date,  
Where in sad particulars,  
The totall summe of Man appeares  
And the short clause of mortall Breath,  
Bound in the period of Death,  
In all the Booke if any where  
Such a tearme as this, *spare here*  
Could have been found twould have been read,  
Writ in white Letters o're his head  
Or close unto his name annex,  
The faire glosse of a fairer Text  
In briebe, if any one were free,  
Hee was that one, and onely he  
But he, alas! even hee is dead,  
And our hopes faire harvest spread  
In the dust Pitty now spend  
All the teares that griefe can lend  
Sith mortality may hide  
In his ashes all her pride  
With this inscription o're his head  
*All hope of never dying, here lyes dead*

# RICHARD CRASHAW

## *His Epitaph*

PAssenger who e're thou art,  
Stay a while, and let thy Heart  
Take acquaintance of this stone,  
Before thou passest further on  
This stone will tell thee that beneath,  
Is entomb'd the Crime of Death ,  
The ripe endowments of whose mind  
Left his Yeares so much behind,  
That numbring of his vertues praise,  
Death lost the reckoning of his Dayes ,  
And believing what they told,  
Imagin'd him exceeding old  
In him perfection did set forth  
The strength of her united worth  
Him his wisdomes pregnant growth  
Made so reverend, even in Youth,  
That in the Center of his brest  
(Sweet as is the Phænix nest)  
Every reconciled Grace  
Had their Generall meeting place  
In him Goodnesse joy'd to see  
Learning learne Humility  
The splendor of his Birth and Blood  
Was but the glosse of his owne Good  
The flourish of his sober Youth  
Was the Pride of Naked Truth  
In composure of his face,  
Liv'd a faire, but manly Grace  
His mouth was Rhetoricks best mold,  
His tongue the Touchstone of her Gold  
What word so e're his Breath kept warme,  
Was no word now but a charme  
For all persuasive Graces thence  
Suck't their sweetest Influence  
His vertue that within had root,  
Could not chuse but shine without  
And th'heart-bred lustre of his worth,  
At each corner peeping forth,

## THE DELIGHTS OF THE MUSES

Pointed him out in all his wayes,  
Circled round in his owne Rayes  
That to his sweetnesse, all mens eyes  
Were vov'd Loves flaming Sacrifice  
Him while fresh and fragrant Time  
Cherisht in his Golden Prime  
Ere *Hebe's* hand had overlaid  
His smooth cheekes with a downy shade,  
The rush of Deaths unruly wave,  
Swept him off into his Grave  
Enough, now (if thou canst) passe on,  
For now (alas) not in this stone  
(Passenger who ere thou art)  
Is he entomb'd, but in thy Heart

### *An Epitaph*

#### *Upon Doctor Brooke*

A *Brooke* whose streame so grent, so good,  
Was lov'd, was honour'd, as a flood  
Whose Bankes the Muses dwelt upon,  
More than their owne *Helicon*,  
Here at length, hath gladly found  
A quiet passage under ground  
Meane while his loved bankes now dry,  
The Muses with their teares supply

#### *Upon Ford's two Tragedies*

##### Loves Sacrifice

##### *and*

##### The Broken Heart

THou cheatst us *Ford*, makst one seeme two by Art  
What is *Loves Sacrifice*, but *The broken Heart*



## RICHARD CRASHAW

*On a foule Morning, being then to take a journey*

**W**Here art thou *Sol*, while thus the blind fold Day  
 Staggers out of the East, loses her way  
 Stumbling on night? Rouze thee Illustrious Youth,  
 And let no dull mists choake the Lights faire growth.  
 Point here thy beames, ô glance on yonder flocks,  
 And make their fleeces Golden as thy locks.  
 Unfold thy faire front, and there shall appear  
 Full glory, flaming in her owne free spheare  
 Gladnesse shall cloath the Earth, we will instile  
 The face of things, an universall smile  
 Say to the Sullen Morne, thou com'st to court her,  
 And wilt command proud *Zephus* to sport her  
 With wanton gales his balmy breath shall licke  
 The tender drops which tremble on her cheeke,  
 Which rarified, and in a gentle raine  
 On those delicious bankes distill'd againe,  
 Shall rise in a sweet Harvest, which discloses  
 To every blushing Bed of new-borne Roses.  
 Hee'l fan her bright locks, teaching them to flow,  
 And friske in curl'd *Mæanders*, Hee will throw  
 A fragrant Breath suckt from the spicy nest  
 O'th' pretious *Phœnix*, warme upon her Breast.  
 Hee with a dainty and soft hand will trim,  
 And brush her Azure Mantle, which shall swim  
 In silken Volumes, wheresoe're shee'l tread,  
 Bright clouds like Golden fleeces shall be spread  
 Rise then (faire blew-ey'd Maid) rise and discover  
 Thy silver brow, and meet thy Golden lover.  
 See how hee runs, with what a hasty flight,  
 Into thy bosome, bath'd with liquid Light  
 Fly, fly prophane fogs, farre hence fly away,  
 Taint not the pure streames of the springing Day,  
 With your dull influence, it is for you,  
 To sit and scoule upon Nights heavy brow,  
 Not on the fresh cheekes of the virgin Morne,  
 Where nought but smiles, and ruddy joyes are woine.  
 Fly then, and doe not thinke with her to stay,  
 Let it suffice, shee'l weare no maske to day

## THE DELIGHTS OF THE MUSES

*Upon the faire Ethiopian sent to a Gentlewoman*

L O here the faire *Charicia*! in whom strove  
So false a Fortune, and so true a Love  
Now after all her toyles by Sea and Land,  
O may she but arrive at your white hand,  
Her hopes are crown'd, onely she feares that than,  
Shee shall appeare true Ethiopian

*On Marriage*

I Would be married, but I de have no Wife,  
I would be married to a single Life

# RICHARD CRASHAW

## *To the Morning*

### *Satisfaction for sleepe*

What succour can I hope the Muse will send  
Whose drowsinesse hath wrong'd the Muses friend?  
What hope *Aurora* to propitiate thee,  
Unlesse the Muse sing my Apologie?

O in that morning of my shame<sup>1</sup> when I  
Lay folded up in sleepes captivity,  
How at the sight did'st Thou draw back thine Eyes,  
Into thy modest veyle? how did'st thou rise  
Twice dy'd in thine own blushes, and did'st run  
To draw the Curtaines, and awake the Sun?  
Who rowzing his illustrious tresses came,  
And seeing the loath'd object, hid for shame  
His head in thy faire Bosome, and still hides  
Mee from his Patronage, I pray, he chides  
And pointing to dull *Morpheus*, bids me take  
My owne *Apollo*, try if I can make  
His *Lethe* be my *Helicon*, and see  
If *Morpheus* have a Muse to wait on mee  
Hence 'tis my humble fancie findes no wings,  
No nimble rapture starts to Heaven and brings  
*Enthusiasticke* flames, such as can give  
Marrow to my plumpe *Genius*, make it live  
Drest in the glorious madnesse of a Muse,  
Whose feet can walke the milky way, and chuse  
Her starry Throne, whose holy heats can warme  
The grave, and hold up an exalted arme  
To lift me from my lazy Urne, to climbe  
Upon the stooping shoulders of old Time,  
And trace Eternity But all is dead,  
All these delicious hopes are buried  
In the deepe wrinckles of his angry brow,  
Where mercy cannot find them but ô thou

## THE DELIGHTS OF THE MUSES

Bright Lady of the Morne, pittie doth lye  
 So warme in thy soft Brest it cannot dye  
 Have mercy then, and when He next shall rise  
 O meet the angry God, invade his Eyes,  
 And stroake his radiant Cheekes one timely kisse  
 Will kill his anger, and revive my blisse  
 So to the treasure of thy pearly dew,  
 Thrice will I pay three Teares, to show how true  
 My grieve is, so my wakefull lay shall knocke  
 At th Orientall Gates and duly mocke  
 The early Larkes shrill Orizons, to be  
 An Anthem at the Dayes Nativitie  
 And the same rosie finger'd hand of thine,  
 That shuts Nights dying eyes, shall open mine  
 But thou, faint God of sleepe, forget that I  
 Was ever known to be thy votary  
 No more my pillow shall thine Altar be,  
 Nor will I offer any more to thee  
 My selfe a melting sacrifice, I me borne  
 Againe a fresh Child of the Buxome Morne,  
 Heire of the Suns first Beames why threatst thou so?  
 Why dost thou shake thy leaden Scepter? goe,  
 Bestow thy Poppy upon wakefull woe,  
 Sicknesse, and sorrow, whose pale lidds ne re know  
 Thy downie finger, dwell upon their fyes,  
 Shut in their Teares, Shut out their miseries

### *Upon the Powder day*

How fit our well rank'd Feasts do follow!  
 All mischief comes after *All Hallow*

# RICHARD CRASHAW

## *Loves Horoscope*

**I** Ove, blave Vertues younger Brother,  
Erst hath made my Heart a Mother,  
Shee consults the conscions Spheares,  
To calculate her young sons yeares.  
Shee askes if sad, or saving powers,  
Gave Omen to his infant howers,  
Shee askes each starre that then stood by,  
If poore Love shall live or dy.

Ah my Heart, is that the way?  
Are these the Beames that rule thy Day?  
Thou know'st a Face in whose each looke,  
Beauty layes ope Loves Fortune-booke,  
On whose faire revolutions wait  
The obsequious motions of Loves fate,  
Ah my Heart, her eyes and shee,  
Have taught thee new Astrologie  
How e're Loves native houres were set,  
What ever starry Synod met,  
'Tis in the meicy of her eye,  
If poore Love shall live or dye

If those sharpe Rayes putting on  
Points of Death bid Love be gon,  
(Though the Heavens in counsell sate,  
To crowne an uncontroled Fate,  
Though their best Aspects twin'd upon  
The kindest Constellation,  
Cast amorous glances on his Birth,  
And whisper'd the confederate Earth  
To pave his pathes with all the good  
That warms the Bed of youth and blood,)  
Love ha's no plea against her eye,  
Beauty frownes, and Love must dye.

## THE DELIGHTS OF THE MUSES

But if her milder influence move,  
And gild the hopes of humble Love  
(Though heavens inauspicious eye  
Lay blacke on Loves Nativitie,  
Though every Diamond in *Joves* crowne  
Fixt his forehead to a frowne,)  
Her Eye a strong appeale can give,  
Beauty smiles and Love shall live

O if Love shall live, o where,  
But in her Eye, or in her Eare,  
In her Brest, or in her Breath,  
Shall I hide poore Love from Death?  
For in the life ought else can give,  
Love shall dye, although he live

Or if Love shall dye, o where  
But in her Eye, or in her Eare,  
In her Breath, or in her Breast,  
Shall I Build his funerall Nest?  
While Love shall thus entomb'd lye,  
Love shall live, although he dye

# RICHARD CRASHAW

Principi recens natæ omen maternæ indolis

*C*Resce, ô dulcibus imputanda Divis,  
*O* cresce, & prospera, puella Princeps,  
*In* matris prospera venire partes  
*Et* cum par breve fulminum mirorum,  
*Illinc* Carolus, & Jacobus inde,  
*In* patris faciles subire famam,  
*Ducent* fata furoribus decoris,  
*Cum* terrior sacer, Angliciꝝ magnum  
*Murmur* nominis increpabit omnem  
*Latè* Bosphoron, Ottomanicâsque  
*Non* picto quatiet tremore Lunas,  
*Te* tunc altera, nec timenda pati,  
*Poscent* prælia Tu potens pudici  
*Vibratrix* oculi, pios in hostes  
*Latè* dulcia fata dissipabis  
*O* cum flos tener ille, qui recenti  
*Pressus* sidere jam sub ora ludit,  
*Olim* fortior omne cuspidatos  
*Evolvet* latus aureum per ignes,  
*Quiq;* imbellis adhuc, adultus olim,  
*Puris* expatiabitur genarum  
*Campis* imperiosior Cupido,  
*O* quàm certa superbiore pennâ  
*Ibunt* spicula, melleæque mortes,  
*Exultantibus* hinc & inde turmis,  
*Quoquò* jusseris, impigriè volabunt!  
*O* quot corda calentium deorum  
*De* te vulnera delicata discent!  
*O* quot pectora Principum magistris  
*Fient* molle negotium sagittis!  
*Nam* quæ non poteris per arma ferri,  
*Cui* matris sinus atque utrumque sidus  
*Magnorum* patet officina Amorum?  
*Hinc* sumas licet, ô puella Princeps,  
*Quantacunque* opus est tibi pharetrâ.  
*Centum* sume Cupidines ab uno  
*Matris* lumine, Gratiâsque centum,  
*Et* centum Veneres adhuc manebunt  
*Centum* nulle Cupidines, manebunt  
*Ter* centum Veneresque Gratiæque  
*Puro* fonte superstites per ævum.

# THE DELIGHTS OF THE MUSES

*Out of the Italian*

A Song

*To thy Lover,  
Deere, discover  
That sweet blush of thine that shameth  
(When those Roses  
It discloses)  
All the flowers that Nature nameth*

*In free Ayre,  
Flow thy Haire  
That no more Summers best dresses,  
Bee beholden  
For their Golden  
Locks, to Phœbus flaming Tresses*

*O deliver  
Love his Quiver,  
From thy Eyes he shoots his Arrowes,  
Where Apollo  
Cannot follow  
Featherd with his Mothers Sparrowes*

*O envy not  
(That we dye not)  
Those deere lips whose doore encloses  
All the Graces  
In their places,  
Brother Pearles, and sister Roses*

*From these treasures  
Of ripe pleasures  
One bright smile to cleere the weather  
Earth and Heaven  
Thus made even,  
Both will be good friends together*



## RICHARD CRASHAW

*The air does wooe thee,  
Winds cling to thee,  
Might a word once flye from out thee,  
Storme and Thunder  
Would sit under,  
And keepe silence round about thee*

*But if Natures  
Common Creatures,  
So deare Glories dare not borrow  
Yet thy Beauty  
Owes a Duty,  
To my loving, lingering, sorrow*

*When to end mee  
Death shall send mee  
All his Terrors to affright mee  
Thine eyes Graces  
Gild their faces,  
And those Terrors shall delight mee.*

*When my dying  
Life is flying,  
Those sweet Aires that often slew mee  
Shall revive mee,  
Or reprove mee,  
And to many Deaths renew mee*

## THE DELIGHTS OF THE MUSES

### *Out of the Italian*

L Ove now no fire hath left him,  
We two betwixt us have divided it  
Your Eyes the Light hath rest him,  
The heat commanding in my *Heart* doth sit  
O! that poore Love be not for ever spoyled,  
Let my *Heat* to your *Light* be reconciled

So shall these flames, whose worth  
Now all obscured lyes,  
(Drest in those Beames) start forth  
And dance before your eyes

Or else partake my flames  
(I care not whither)  
And so in mutuall Names  
Of Love, burne both together

### *Out of the Italian*

W Ould any one the true cause find  
How Love came nak't, a Boy, and blind?  
Tis this listning one day too long,  
To th Syrens in my Mistris Song,  
The extasie of a delight  
So much ore mastring all his might,  
To that one Sense made all else thrall,  
And so he lost his Clothes, eyes, heart and all

## RICHARD CRASHAW

In faciem Augustiss Regis à morbillis integram.

**M** *Usa ridi, vocat alma parens Academia. Noster  
En redit, ore suo noster Apollo redit.  
Vultus adhuc suns, & vultu sua purpura tantum  
Vivit, & admixtas pergit amare nives  
Tūne illas violare genas? tūne illa profanis,  
Morbe ferox, tentas ne per ora notis?  
Tu Phœbi faciem tentas, vanissime? Nostra  
Nec Phœbe maculas novit habere suas  
Ipsa sui vindex facies morbum indignatur,  
Ipsa sedet radius ô bene tuta suis  
Quippe illic deus est, cœlumque & sanctius astrum,  
Quippe sub his totus ridet Apollo genis  
Quòd facie Rex tutus erat, quòd cœtera tactus  
Hinc hominem Rex est fassus, & inde deum.*

## THE DELIGHTS OF THE MUSES

[*On the Frontispiece of Isaacsons Chronologie explained*

IF with distinctive Eye, and Mind, you looke  
 Upon the *Front*, you see more than one Booke  
*Creation* is *Gods Booke*, wherein he writ  
 Each Creature, as a Letter filling it  
*History* is *Creations Booke* which shoves  
 To what effects the *Series* of it goes  
*Chronologie* is the Booke of *Historie*, and beares  
 The just account of *Dayes*, *Moneths*, and *Yeares*  
 But *Resurrection*, in a Later Presse,  
 And *New Edition*, is the summe of these  
 The Language of these Bookes had all been one,  
 Had not th *Aspiring Tower of Babylon*  
 Confus'd the Tongues, and in a distance hurl'd  
 As farre the speech, as men, oth new fill'd world  
 Set then your eyes in method, and behold  
 Times embleme, *Saturne*, who, when store of Gold  
 Coynd the first age, *Devour'd* that *Birth* he fear'd  
 Till *History*, Times eldest Child appear'd  
 And *Phoenix* like, in spight of *Saturnes* rage,  
 Fore'd from her *Ashes*, Heyres in every age  
 From th *rising Sunne*, obtaining by just Suit,  
 A *Spring* Ingender, and an *Autumnes Fruit*  
 Who in those *Volumes* at her motion pend,  
 Unto *Creations Alpha* doth extend  
 Againe ascend, and view *Chronology*,  
 By *Optick Skill* pulling farre *History*  
 Neerer whose *Hand* the piercing *Eagles Eye*  
 Strengthens, to bring remotest Objects nigh  
 Under whose *Feet*, you see the *Setting Sunne*,  
 From the darke *Gnomon*, ore her *Volumes* runne,  
 Drown'd in eternall night, never to rise,  
 Till *Resurrection* show it to the eyes  
 Of *Earth-worne* men and her shrill Trumpets sound  
 Affright the *Bones* of Mortals from the ground  
 The *Columnes* both are crown'd with either *Sphere*,  
 To show *Chronology* and *History* beare,  
 No other *Culmen* than the double Art,  
*Astronomy*, *Geography*, impart ]

# RICHARD CRASHAW

## Or Thus

Let hoary *Time's* vast Bowels be the Grave  
To what his Bowels birth and being gave,  
Let Nature die, (*Phoenix*-like) from death  
Revived Nature takes a second breath,  
If on *Times* right hand, sit faire *History*,  
If, from the seed of emptie Ruine, she  
Can raise so faire an *Harvest* Let Her be  
Ne're so farre distant, yet *Chronologi*  
(Sharp-sighted as the Eagles eye, that can  
Out-stare the broad-beam'd Dayes Meridian)  
Will have a *Perspicill* to find her out,  
And, through the *Night* of error and dark doubt,  
Discerne the *Dawne* of Truth's eternall ray,  
As when the rosie *Morne* buds into Day  
Now that *Time's* Empire might be amply fill'd,  
*Babells* bold *Artists* strive (below) to build  
Ruine a Temple, on whose fruitfull fall  
*History* reares her *Pyramids* more tall  
Than were th'*Egyptian* (by the life these give,  
Th'*Egyptian Pyramids* themselves must live )  
On these she lifts the *World*, and on their base  
Shewes the two termes and limits of *Time's* race  
That, the *Creation* is, the *Judgement*, this,  
That, the *World's Morning*, this her *Midnight* is

# THE DELIGHTS OF THE MUSES

## *An Epitaph*

*Upon Mr Ashton a conformable Citizen*

THE modest front of this small floore,  
Beleeve me, Reader, can say more  
Than many a braver Marble can,  
*Here lyes a truly honest man*  
One whose Conscience was a thing,  
That troubled neither Church nor King  
One of those few that in this Towne,  
Honour all Preachers, heare their owne  
Sermons he heard, yet not so many  
As left no time to practise any  
He heard them reverendly, and then  
His practise preach'd them o're agen  
His *Parlour-Sermons* rather were  
Those to the Eye, then to the Eare  
His prayers took their price and strength,  
Not from the lowdnesse, nor the length  
He was a Protestant at home,  
Not onely in despight of *Rome*  
He lov'd his *Father* yet his zeale  
Tore not off his Mothers veile  
To th Church he did allow her Dresse,  
True *Beauty*, to true *Holnesse*  
Peace, which he lov'd in Life, did lend  
Her hand to bring him to his end  
When age and death call'd for the score,  
No surfets were to reckon for  
Death tore not (therefore) but sans strife  
Gently untwind his thread of Life  
What remaines then, but that Thou  
Write these lines, Reader, in thy Brow,  
And by his faire Examples light,  
Burne in thy Imitation bright  
So while these Lines can but bequeath  
A Life perhaps unto his Death  
His better Epitaph shall bee,  
His Life still kept alive in Thee

# RICHARD CRASHAW

## Rex Redux

**I**lle redit, redit    *Hoc populi bona murmura volvunt,*  
Publicus hoc (audin'?) plausus ad astra refert  
*Hoc omni sedet in vultu commune scenum,*  
Omnibus hinc una est lætitiæ facies  
*Rex nostri, lux nostra redit, redcuntis ad ora*  
*Arridet totis Anglia læta genis*  
Quisq; suos oculos oculis accendit ab istis,  
*Atque novum sacro sumit ab ore diem*  
*Fortè roges tanto quæ digna pericula plausu*  
*Evadat Carolus, quæ mala, quòsve metus.*  
*Anne pererrati malè fida volumina ponti*  
*Ausa illum terris penè negare suis*  
*Hospitis an nimis rursus sibi conscia, tellus*  
*Vix bene speratum reddat Ibera Caput*  
*Nil horum, nec enim malè fida volumina ponti,*  
*Aut sacrum tellus vidit Ibera caput*  
*Verus amor tamen hæc sibi falsa pericula fingit.*  
*(Falsa peric'la solet fingere verus amor)*  
*At Carolo qui falsa timet, nec vera timeat*  
*(Vera peric'la solet temnere verus amor)*  
*Illi falsa timens, sibi vera pericula temnens,*  
*Non solùm est fidus, sed quoque fortis amor*  
*Interea nostri satis ille est causa tri[u]mphì*  
*Et satis (ab!) nostri causa doloris erat*  
*Causa doloris erat Carolus, sospes licet esset,*  
*Anglia quodd saltem dicere posset, Abest*  
*Et satis est nostri Carolus nunc causa triumphì,*  
*Dicere quodd saltem possumus, Ille redit*

## THE DELIGHTS OF THE MUSES

### *Out of Catullus*

Come and let us live my Deare,  
Let us love and never feare,  
What the sowrest Fathers say  
Brightest *Sol* that dyes to day  
Lives againe as blith to morrow  
But if we darke sons of sorrow  
Set, ô then, how long a Night  
Shuts the Eyes of our short light!  
Then let amorous kisses dwell  
On our lips begin and tell  
A thousand, and a Hundred score,  
An Hundred, and a Thousand more,  
Till another Thousand smother  
That, and that wipe off[f] another  
Thus at last when we have numbred  
Many a Thousand, many a Hundred,  
Wee'l confound the reckoning quite,  
And lose our selves in wild delight  
While our joyes so multiply,  
As shall mocke the envious eye

### *Ad Principem nondum natum*

*N* Ascere nunc o nunc! quid enim, puer alme, moraris?  
Nulla tibi dederit duktur hora diem  
*Ergone tot tardos (o lente!) morabere menses?*  
Rex redit Ipse venit, & dic bone, Gratus ades  
*Nam quid Ave nostrum? quid nostri verba triumph?*  
*Vagitu melius dixeris ista tuo*  
*At maneat tamen & nobis nova causa triumph:*  
*Sic demum fueris, nec nova causa tamen*  
*Nam, quoties Carolo novus aut nova nascitur inf[an]s,*  
*Revera toties Carolus ipse redit*



# RICHARD CRASHAW

## *Wishes.*

*To his (supposed) Mistresse.*

W Ho ere she be,  
That not impossible she  
That shall command my heart and me,

Where ere she lye,  
Lock't up from mortall Eye,  
In shady leaves of Destiny,

Till that ripe Birth  
Of studied fate stand forth,  
And teach her faire steps to our Earth,

Till that Divine  
*Idæa*, take a shrine  
Of Chrystall flesh, through which to shine,

Meet you her my wishes,  
Bespeake her to my blisses,  
And be ye call'd my absent kisses

I wish her Beauty,  
That owes not all his Duty  
To gaudy Tire, or glistring shoo-ty

Something more than  
Taffata or Tissew can,  
Or rampant feather, or rich fan

More than the spoyle  
Of shop, or silkewormes Toyle,  
Or a bought blush, or a set smile

A face thats best  
By its owne beauty drest,  
And can alone command the rest

## THE DELIGHTS OF THE MUSES

A face made up,  
Out of no other shop  
Than what natures white hand sets ope

A cheeke where Youth,  
And Blood, with Pen of Truth  
Write, what the Reader sweetly ru th

A Cheeke where growes  
More than a Morning Rose  
Which to no Boxe his being owes

Lipps, where all Day  
A lovers kisse may play,  
Yet carry nothing thence away

Lookes that oppresse  
Their richest Tires, but dresse  
And cloath their simplest Nakednesse

Eyes, that displaces  
The Neighbour Diamond, and out faces  
That Sunshine, by their own sweet Graces

Tresses, that weare  
Jewells, but to declare  
How much themselves more pretious are

Whose native Ray,  
Can tame the wanton Day  
Of Gems, that in their bright shades play

Each Ruby there,  
Or Pearle that dare appeare,  
Be its own blush, be its own Teare

A well tam d Heart  
For whose more noble smart  
Love may be long chusing a Dart

Eyes, that bestow  
Full quivers on loves Bow  
Yet pay lesse Arrowes than they owe

## RICHARD CRASHAW

Smiles, that can warme  
The blood, yet teach a charme,  
That Chastity shall take no harme

Blushes, that bin  
The burnish of no sin,  
Nor flames of ought too hot within.

Joyes, that confesse,  
Vertue their Mistresse,  
And have no other head to dresse

Feares, fond and flight,  
As the coy Brides, when Night  
First does the longing Lover right.

Teares, quickly fled,  
And vaine, as those are shed  
For a dying Maydenhead

Dayes, that need borrow,  
No part of their good Morrow,  
From a fore spent night of sorrow

Dayes, that in spight  
Of Darkenesse, by the Light  
Of a cleere mind are Day all Night

Nights, sweet as they,  
Made short by Lovers play,  
Yet long by th' absence of the Day

Life, that dares send  
A challenge to his end,  
And when it comes say *Welcome Friend*

*Sydnean* showers  
Of sweet discourse, whose powers  
Can Crown old Winters head with flowers

Soft silken Hours,  
Open sunnes, shady Bowers,  
'Bove all, Nothing within that lowers

## THE DELIGHTS OF THE MUSES

What ere Delight  
Can make Dayes forehead bright,  
Or give Downe to the Wings of Night

In her whole frame,  
Have Nature all the Name,  
Art and ornament the shame

Her flattery,  
Picture and Poesy,  
Her counsell her owne vertue be

I wish, her store  
Of worth may leave her poore  
Of wishes, And I wish                      No more

Now if Time knowes  
That her whose radiant Browes  
Weave them a Garland of my vowes,

Her whose just Bayes,  
My future hopes can raise,  
A trophie to her present praise

Her that dares be,  
What these Lines wish to see  
I seeke no further, it is she

Tis she, and here  
Lo I uncloath and cleare,  
My wishes cloudy Character

May she enjoy it,  
Whose merit dare apply it,  
But modestly dares still deny it

Such worth as this is  
Shall fixe my flying wishes  
And determine them to kisses

Let her full Glory  
My fancies, fly before ye  
Be ye my fictions    But her story

Ad Reginam,

Et sibi & Academiæ pa[r]turientem

**I** *Uc ô sacris circumflua cœtibus,  
Huc ô frequentem, Musa, choris pedem  
Fer, annuo doctum labore  
Purpureas agitare cunas.*

*Fœcunditatem provocat, en, tuam  
Maria partu nobilis altero,  
Prolèmque Musarum ministram  
Egregius sibi pascit Infans.*

*Nempe Illa nunquam pignore simplici  
Sibiue soli facta puerpera est*

*Partu repperusso, vel absens,  
Perpetuos procreat gemellos  
Hos Ipsa partus scilicet efficit,  
Inq, ipsa vires carmina suggerit,  
Quæ spiritum vitæque donat*

*Principibus simul & Camænis  
Possit Camænas, non sine Numine,  
Lassare nostras Diua puerpera,  
Et gaudus siccare totam*

*Perpetuis Heliconis undam.  
Quin experiri pergat, & in vices  
Certare sanctis conditionibus*

*Lis dulcis est, nec indecoro  
Pulvere, sic potuisse vinci*

*Alternis Natura Diem meditatur & Umbras,  
Hinc atro, hinc albo pignore facta parens*

*Tu melior Natura tuas, dulcissima, servas  
(Sed quam dissimili sub ratione!) vices  
Candida Tu, & partu semper Tibi concolor omni  
Hinc Natam, hinc Natum das, sed utrinque Diem.*

# THE DELIGHTS OF THE MUSES

## *To the Queen*

*An Apologie for the length of the following Panegyrick*

WHen you are Mistresse of the song,  
Mighty Queen, to thinke it long,  
Were treason gainst that Majesty  
Your vertue wears Your modesty  
Yet thinks it so But ev n that too  
(Infinite, since part of You)  
New matter for our Muse supplies,  
And so allowes what it denies  
Say then Dread Queen how may we doe  
To mediate twixt your self and You?  
That so our sweetly temper d song  
Nor be [too] short, nor seeme [too] long  
Needs must your Noble prayses strength  
That made it long excuse the length

# RICHARD CRASHAW

*To the Queen,*

*Upon her numerous Progenie,*

*A Panegyrick*

BRITAIN! the mighty Oceans lovely bride!  
Now stretch thy self, fair Isle, and grow, spread wide  
Thy bosome, and make roome    Thou art opprest  
With thine own glories, and art strangely blest  
Beyond thy self    For (lo) the Gods, the Gods  
Come fast upon thee, and those glorious ods  
Swell thy full honours to a pitch so high  
As sits above thy best capacitie.

Are they not ods? and glorious? that to thee  
Those mighty Genii throng, which well might be  
Each one an ages labour? that thy dayes  
Are gilded with the union of those rayes  
Whose each divided beam would be a Sunne  
To glad the sphere of any nation?  
Sure, if for these thou mean'st to find a seat  
Th' hast need, O Britain, to be truly *Great*

And so thou art, their presence makes thee so  
They are thy greatnesse    Gods, where-e're they go,  
Bring their Heav'n with them    their great footsteps place  
An everlasting smile upon the face  
Of the glad earth they tread on    While with thee  
Those beames that amplate mortalitie,  
And teach it to expatiate, and swell  
To majestie and fulnesse, deign to dwell,  
Thou by thy self maist sit, blest Isle, and see  
How thy great mother Nature dotes on thee  
Thee therefore from the rest apart she hurl'd,  
And seem'd to make an Isle, but made a World

Time yet hath dropt few plumes since Hope turn'd Joy,  
And took into his armes the princely Boy,  
Whose birth last blest the bed of his sweet Mother,  
And bad us first salute our Prince a brother

# THE DELIGHTS OF THE MUSES

## *The Prince and Duke of York*

Bright *Charles*! thou sweet dawn of a glorious day!  
Centre of those thy Grandsires (shall I say,  
*Henry* and *James*? or, *Mars* and *Phæbus* rather?  
If this were Wisdomes God, that Wars stern father,  
Tis but the same is said *Henry* and *James*  
Are *Mars* and *Phæbus* under diverse names)  
O thou full mixture of those mighty souls  
Whose vast intelligences tun'd the Poles  
Of peace and war thou for whose manly brow  
Both lawrels twine into [one] wreath, and woo  
To be thy garland see, sweet Prince, O see,  
Thou, and the lovely hopes that smile in thee,  
Art tan out and transcrib'd by thy great Mother  
See, see thy reall shadow see thy Brother,  
Thy little self in lesse trace in these eyne  
The beams that dance in those full stars of thine  
From the same snowy Alabaster rock  
Those hands and thine were hewn, those cherries mock  
The corall of thy lips Thou wert of all  
This well wrought copie the fair *princippall*

## *Lady Mary*

Justly, great Nature, didst thou brag and tell  
How ev'n th' hadst drawn that faithfull parallel,  
And matcht thy master piece O then go on,  
Make such another sweet comparison  
Seest thou that *Marie* there? O teach her Mother  
To shew her to her self in such another  
Fellow this wonder too, nor let her shine  
Alone light such another star, and twine  
Their rosie beams, that so the morn for one  
*Venus* may have a Constellation

## *Lady Elizabeth*

These words scarce waken'd Heaven, when (lo) our vows  
Sat crown'd upon the noble Infants brows  
Th' art pair'd, sweet Princesse In this well writ book  
Read o're thy self peruse each line, each look



## RICHARD CRASHAW

And when th'hast summ'd up all those blooming blisses,  
Close up the book, and clasp it with thy kisses

So have I seen (to dresse their mistresse May)  
Two silken sister-flowers consult, and lay  
Their bashfull cheeks together newly they  
Peep't from their buds, show'd like the garden's Eyes  
Scarce wak't like was the crimson of their joyes,  
Like were the tears they wept, so like, that one  
Seem'd but the others kind reflexion

### *The new-borne Prince.*

And now 'twere time to say, Sweet Queen, no more  
Fair source of Princes, is thy pretious store  
Not yet exhaust? O no. Heavens have no bound,  
But in their infinite and endlesse Round  
Embrace themselves Our measure is not theirs,  
Nor may the pov'rtie of mans narrow prayers  
Span their immensitie More Princes come.  
Rebellion, stand thou by, Mischief, make room  
War, Blood, and Death (Names all averse from Joy)  
Heare this, We have another bright-ey'd Boy  
That word's a warrant, by whose vertue I  
Have full authority to bid you Dy

Dy, dy, foul misbegotten Monsters, Dy  
Make haste away, or e'r the world's bright Eye  
Blush to a cloud of blood O farre from men  
Fly hence, and in your Hyperborean den  
Hide you for evermore, and murmure there  
Where none but Hell may heare, nor our soft aire  
Shrink at the hatefull sound Mean while we bear  
High as the brow of Heaven, the noble noise  
And name of these our just and righteous joyes,  
Where Envie shall not reach them, nor those eares  
Whose tune keeps time to ought below the spheres

But thou, sweet supernumerary Starre,  
Shine forth, nor fear the threats of boyst'rous Warre  
The face of things has therefore frown'd a while  
On purpose, that to thee and thy pure smile  
The world might ow an universall calm,  
While thou, fair Halcyon, on a sea of balm

## THE DELIGHTS OF THE MUSES

Shalt flote where while thou layst thy lovely head,  
The angry billows shall but make thy bed  
Storms when they look on thee, shall straight relent,  
And Tempests, when they tast thy breath, repent  
To whispers soft as thine own slumbers be,  
Or souls of Virgins which shall sigh for thee

Shine then, sweet supernumerary Starre  
Nor feare the boysterous names of Bloud and Warre  
Thy Birthday is their Deaths Nativitie,  
They ve here no other businesse but to die

### *To the Queen*

But stay what glimpse was that? why blusht the day?  
Why ran the started airc trembling away?  
Whos this that comes circled in rayes that scorn  
Acquaintance with the Sun? what second morn  
At midday opes a presence which Heavens eye  
Stands off and points at? Is t some Deity  
Stept from her throne of starres, deignes to be seen?  
Is it some Deity? or ist our Queen?

Tis she, tis she Her awfull beauties chase  
The Days abashed glories, and in face  
Of noon wear their own Sunshine O thou bright  
Mistresse of wonders! Cynthia's is the night,  
But thou at noon dost shine, and art all day  
(Nor does thy Sun deny t) our Cynthia

Illustrious sweetnesse! in thy faithfull wombe,  
That nest of Heroes, all our hopes find room  
Thou art the Mother Phenix, and thy brest  
Chast as that Virgin honour of the East,  
But much more fruitfull is nor does, as she,  
Deny to mighty Love a Deitie  
Then let the Eastern world brag and be proud  
Of one coy Phenix, while we have a brood,  
A brood of Phenixes while we have Brother  
And Sister Phenixes, and still the Mother

And may we long! Long mayst Thou live t increase  
The house and family of Phenixes  
Nor may the life that gives their eye-lids light  
Ere prove the dismall morning of thy night

## RICHARD CRASHAW

Ne're may a birth of thine be bought so dear  
To make his costly cradle of thy beer

O mayst thou thus make all the year thine own,  
And see such names of joy sit white upon  
The brow of every month! And when th'hast done,  
Mayst in a son of His find every son  
Repeated, and that son still in another,  
And so in each child often prove a Mother  
Long mayst Thou, laden with such clusters, lean  
Upon thy Royall Elm, fair Vine! And when  
The Heav'ns will stay no longer, may thy glory  
And name dwell sweet in some Eternall story!

Pardon, bright Excellence, an untun'd string,  
That in thy cares thus keeps a murmuring  
O speake a lowly Muses pardon, speake  
Her pardon, or her sentence, onely breake  
Thy silence Speake, and she shall take from thence  
Numbers, and sweetnesse, and an influence  
Confessing Thee Or if too long I stay,  
O speake Thou, and my Pipe hath nought to say  
For see *Apollo* all this while stands mute,  
Expecting by thy voice to tune his Lute

But Gods are gracious, and their Altars make  
Pretious the offerings that their Altars take  
Give then this rurall wreath fire from thine eyes,  
This rurall wreath dares be thy Sacrifice

# THE DELIGHTS OF THE MUSES

## Bulla

**Q**uid tibi cara sis effert res bulla tur res?  
 Quid facit ad ventum? f. l. l. i. r. e. r. e. m.  
 Exspectat r. i. r. e. s. l. u. r. e. s. i. t. g. a. f. r. i. t. r. , i. t. a  
 In r. i. t. a. l. l. a. , l. a. r. e. s. e. n. t. u. a. d. e. x. t. r. a. r. i. l. i.

Quid tui que r. a. r. i. a. l. i. n. a. ,  
 Que tui f. r. i. t. u. s. g. l. i. s.  
 In r. i. t. a. m. p. r. e. p. a. r. a. t. e. r. e. m.  
 Qualis virgine s. a. d. h. u. c.  
 Cypris cecutienti sinas,  
 Cypris jam n. r. a. , jam r. e. c. e. r. s. ,  
 I. t. i. s. p. u. r. u. s. m. e. d. i. a. i. n. s. u. n. ,  
 P. r. e. m. i. t. p. u. r. p. u. r. e. u. m. l. i. t. u. s.  
 C. e. n. t. i. d. e. p. a. t. r. i. s. r. i. c. a. s. ,  
 P. u. l. c. h. r. e. q. e. x. i. l. i. i. m. p. e. t. u. ,  
 S. t. a. t. u. r. & m. i. l. l. i. t. u. s. e. b. r. i. a.  
 D. u. c. e. n. s. t. e. r. g. a. e. l. r. i. t. u. s.  
 E. x. o. l. u. s. t. u. m. u. d. i. i. n. u. s.  
 S. p. h. a. e. r. a. p. l. e. n. a. v. l. u. l. i. s.  
 C. u. j. u. s. p. e. r. r. a. r. i. u. m. l. a. t. u. s. ,  
 C. u. j. u. s. p. e. r. t. e. r. e. t. e. m. g. l. u. m.  
 I. r. i. s. l. u. b. r. i. c. a. c. u. r. i. t. a. n. s.  
 C. e. n. t. u. m. p. e. r. s. p. e. c. i. e. s. r. a. g. a. s. ,  
 E. t. p. i. e. t. i. f. a. c. i. e. s. e. l. o. r. i.  
 C. i. r. e. u. m. r. e. g. n. a. t. , & u. n. d. i. q.  
 E. t. s. e. D. i. v. a. v. o. l. a. t. i. l. i. s.  
 J. u. c. u. n. d. o. l. e. v. i. s. i. m. p. e. t. u.  
 E. t. v. e. r. t. i. g. i. n. e. p. e. r. f. i. d. a.  
 L. a. s. c. i. v. a. s. e. q. u. i. t. u. r. f. u. g. i.  
 E. t. p. u. l. c. h. r. e. d. u. b. i. t. a. t. , f. l. u. i. t.  
 T. a. m. f. a. l. l. a. x. t. o. t. i. e. s. n. o. v. i. s. ,  
 T. o. t. s. e. p. e. r. r. e. d. u. c. e. s. v. i. a. s. ,  
 E. r. r. o. r. i. s. q. u. e. r. e. c. i. p. r. o. c. o. s.  
 S. p. a. r. g. i. t. v. e. n. a. C. o. l. o. r. i. b. u. s. ,  
 L. i. t. p. o. m. p. a. n. a. t. e. b. r. i. a.  
 T. a. l. i. m. i. l. i. t. i. a. m. i. c. a. n. s.  
 A. g. m. e. n. s. e. r. u. d. e. d. i. v. i. d. i. t. ,  
 C. a. m. p. i. s. q. u. i. p. p. e. v. o. l. a. n. t. i. b. u. s. ,

# RICHARD CRASHAW

*Et campi levis aquore  
 Ordo insanus obambulans  
 Passim se fugit, & fugat,  
 Passim perdit, & invenit.  
 Pulchrum spargitur hîc Chaos.  
 Hîc viva, hîc vaga flumina  
 Ripâ non propriâ meant,  
 Sed miscent socias vias,  
 Communiq; sub alveo  
 Stipant delicias suas.  
 Quarum proximitas vaga  
 Tam discrimine lubrico,  
 Tam subtilibus arguit  
 Juncturam tenuem notis,  
 Pompa ut florida nullibi  
 Sinceras habeat vias,  
 Nec vultu niteat suo  
 Sed dulcis cumulus novos  
 Miscens purpureus sinus  
 Flagrant divitis suis,  
 Privatum renuens jubar  
 Floris diluvio vagi,  
 Floris Sydere publico  
 Latè vei subit aureum,  
 Atque effunditur in suæ  
 Vires undique Copiæ  
 Nempe omnis quia cernitur,  
 Nullus cernitur hîc color,  
 Et vicina contumax  
 Allidit species vagas.  
 Illic contiguus aquis  
 Marcent pallidulæ faces  
 Undæ hîc vena tenellulæ,  
 Flammis ebria proximis  
 Discit purpureas vias,  
 Et rubro salit alveo  
 Ostri Sanguineum jubar  
 Lambunt lactea flumina,  
 Suasu cærulei maris  
 Mansuescit seges aurea,*

# THE DELIGHTS OF THE MUSES

*Et lucis faciles genæ  
 Vanas ad nebulas stupent,  
 Subq; uvis rubicundulis  
 Flagrant sobria lilia  
 Vicinis adeo rosas  
 Vicinæ invigilant nives,  
 Ut sint & niveæ rosæ,  
 Ut sint & rosæ nives,  
 Accenduntq; rosæ nives,  
 Extinguuntq; nives rosas  
 Illic cum viridi rubet,  
 Hic & cum rutilo viret  
 Lascivi facies chori  
 Et quicquid rota lubrica  
 Caudæ stelligeræ notat,  
 Pulchrum pergit & in ambitum  
 Hic cœli implicitus labor,  
 Orbis orbibus obvi  
 Hic grex velleris aurei  
 Grex pellucidus ætheris  
 Qui noctis nigra pascua  
 Puris morsibus atterit  
 Hic quicquid nitidum et vagum  
 Cœli vibrat arenula  
 Dulci pingitur in joco  
 Hic mundus tener impedit  
 Sese amplexibus in suis  
 Succinēsq; sinu globi  
 Errat per proprium decus  
 Hic nesciant subitæ facies,  
 Et ludunt tremulam diem  
 Mox se surripiunt sui &  
 Quærunt tectâ supercili,  
 Atq; abdunt petulans jubar,  
 Subsiduntq; proterviter  
 Atq; hæc omnia quam brevis  
 Sunt mendacia machinæ!  
 Currunt scilicet omnia  
 Sphærâ, non vitreâ quidem,  
 (Ut quondam sculus globus)*

# RICHARD CRASHAW

*Sed vitro nitidâ magis,  
Sed vitro fragili magis,  
Et vitro vitreâ magis.*

*Sum venti ingenium breve  
Flos sum, scilicet, aeris,  
Sidus scilicet æquoris,  
Naturæ jocus aureus,  
Naturæ vaga fabula,  
Naturæ breve somnium.  
Nugarum decus & dolor,  
Dulcis, doctâq, vanitas  
Auræ filia perfidæ,  
Et risus facilis parens  
Tantum gutta superbior,  
Fortunatius & lutum*

*Sum fluxæ pretium spei,  
Una ex Hesperidum insulis  
Formæ pyxis, amantium  
Clarè cæcus ocellulus,  
Vanæ & cor leve gloriæ*

*Sum cæcæ speculum Deæ  
Sum fortunæ ego tessera,  
Quam dat militibus suis,  
Sum fortunæ ego symbolum,  
Quo sancit fragilem fidem  
Cum mortalibus Ebruis  
Obsignatq, tabellulas*

*Sum blandum, petulans, vagum,  
Pulchrum, purpureum, et decens,  
Comptum, floridulum, et recens,  
Distinctum nivibus, iosis,  
Undis, ignibus, aere,  
Pietum, gemmeum, & aureum,  
O sum, (scilicet, O nihil)*

*Si piget, et longam traxisse in tædia pompam  
Vivax, & nimium Bulla videtur anus,  
Tolle tuos oculos, pensum leve defluet, illam  
Parca metet facili non operosa manu  
Vixit adhuc Cur vixit? adhuc tu nempe legebas,  
Tempe fuit tempus tum potuisse mori.*

## THE DELIGHTS OF THE MUSES

*Upon two greene Apricockes sent to Cowley*

*by Sir Crashaw*

TAke these, times tardy truants, sent by me,  
To be chastis'd (*sweet friend*) and chide by thee  
Pale sons of our *Pomona*<sup>1</sup> whose wan cheekes  
Have spent the patience of expecting weekes,  
Yet are scarce ripe enough at best to show  
The redd, but of the blush to thee they ow  
By thy comparrison they shall put on  
More summer in their shames reflection,  
Than ere the fruitfull *Phæbus* flaming kisses  
Kindled on their cold lips O had my wishes  
And the deare merits of your Muse their due,  
The yeare had found some fruit early as you  
Ripe as those rich composures time computes  
Blossoms, but our blest tast confesses fruits  
How does thy April-Autumne mocke these cold  
Progressions twixt whose termes poor time grows old?  
With thee alone he weares no beard, thy braine  
Gives him the morning worlds fresh gold againe  
Twas only Paradise, tis onely thou,  
Whose fruit and blossoms both blesse the same bough  
Proud in the patterne of thy precious youth,  
Nature (methinks) might easily mend her growth  
Could she in all her births but coppie thee,  
Into the publick yeares proficiencie,  
No fruit should have the face to smile on thee  
(Young master of the worlds maturitie)  
But such whose sun borne beauties what they borrow  
Of beames to day, pay back againe to morrow,  
Nor need be double gilt How then must these  
Poore fruites looke pale at thy *Hesperides*<sup>1</sup>  
Faine would I chide their slownesse, but in their  
Defects I draw mine owne dull character  
Take them, and me in them acknowledging,  
How much my summer waites upon thy spring



## RICHARD CRASHAW

### Thesaurus malorum fœmina

**Q**uis deus, O quis erat qui te, mala fœmina, finxit?  
Proh! Crimen superùm, noxa pudenda delùm!  
Quæ divùm manus est adeo non dextera mundo?  
In nostras clades ingeniosa manus!  
Parcite, peccavi nec enim pia numina possunt  
Tam crudele semel vel voluisse nefas.  
Vestrum opus est pietas, opus est concordia vestrum  
Vos equidem tales haud reor artifices  
Heus inferna cohors! fœtus cognoscite vestros  
Num pudet hanc vestrum vincere posse scelus?  
Plaudite Tartarei Proceres, Erebiq; potentes  
(Næ mirum est tantum vos potuisse malum)  
Jam vestras Laudate manus Si forte tacetis,  
Artificum laudes grande loquetur opus  
Quàm bene vos omnes speculo contemplor in isto?  
Pectus in angustum cogitur omne malum  
Quin dormi Pluto Rabidas compesce sorores,  
Jam non poscit opem nostra ruina tuam  
Hæc satis in nostros fabricata est machina muros,  
Mortal[e]s Furias Tartara nostra dabunt

## THE DELIGHTS OF THE MUSES

In Apollinem depereuntem Daphnen

**S** Tulte Cupido,  
Quid tua flamma parat?  
Annon sole sub ipso  
Accensæ pereunt faces?  
Sed fax nostra potentior istis,  
Flammas inflammare potest, ipse uritur ignis,  
Ecce flammarum potens  
Majore sub flammâ gemit  
Eheu! quid hoc est? En Apollo  
Lyrâ tacente (ni sonet dolores)  
Comâ jacente squallet æternus decor  
Oris, en! dominæ quod placeat magis,  
Languido tardum jubar igne promit  
Pallente vultu territat æthera  
Mundi oculus lacrymis senescit,  
Et solvit pelago debita, quodq; hauserat ignibus,  
His lacrymis rependit  
Noctis adventu properans se latebris recondit,  
Et opacas tenebrarum colit umbras,  
Namq; suos odit damnans radios, nocensq; lumen  
An lateat tenebris dubitat, an educat diem,  
Hinc suadet hoc luctus furens, inde repugnat amor

# RICHARD CRASHAW

*Ænæas Patris sui bajulus.*

*M* *Ænia Troiæ*                      *Hostis & ignis*  
*Hostes inter & ignes*                      *Ænæas spolum pium*  
*Atq; humeris venerabile pondus*  
*Excipit, & sævæ nunc ô nunc parcite flammæ,*  
*Parcite haud (clamat) mibi,*  
*Sacræ favete sarcinæ,*  
*Quod si negatis, nec licebit*  
*Vitam juvare, sed juvabo funus,*  
*Rogusq; fiam patris ac bustum mei*  
*His dictis acies pervolat hostium,*  
*Gestit, & partis veluti trophæis*  
*Ducit triumphos Nam furor hostium*  
*Jam stupet & pietate tantâ*  
*Victor vincitur, imò & moritur*  
*Troja libenter Funeribusq; gaudet,*  
*Ac faces admittit ovans, ne lateat tenebras*  
*Per opacas opus ingens pietatis*  
*Debita sic patri solvis tua, sic pari rependis*  
*Officio. Dederat vitam tibi, tu reddis huic,*  
*Felix<sup>1</sup> parentis qui pater diceris esse tui.*

## THE DELIGHTS OF THE MUSES

### *In Pigmahona*

**P**ænitet Artus  
Pigmahona suæ  
Quod felix opus esset  
Infelix erat artifex  
Sentit vulnera, nec videt ictum  
Quis credit? gelido veniunt de marmore flammæ  
Marmor ingratum nimis  
Incendit autorem suum  
Concepit hic vanos furores,  
Opus suum miratur atq; adorat  
Prius creavit, ecce nunc colit manus,  
Tentantes digitos molliter applicat  
Decipit molles caro dura tactus  
An virgo vera est, an sit eburnea,  
Reddat an oscula quæ dabantur  
Nescit Sed dubitat, Sed metuit, munere supplicat,  
Blanditiasq; miscet  
Te, miser, pœnas dare vult hos Venus, hos triumphos  
Capit à te, quiddam amorem fugis omnem  
Cur fugis heu vivos? mortua te necat puella  
Non erit innocua hæc, quamvis tuâ fingas manu,  
Ipsa heu nocens erit nimis, cujus imago nocet

# RICHARD CRASHAW

## *Arion.*

*Quammea vivæ*  
*Lubrica terga ratis*  
*Jam conscendit Arion.*  
*Merces tam nova solvitur*  
*Navis quàm nova scanditur. Illa*  
*Aërea est merces, hæc est & aquatica navis.*  
*Perdidere illum viri*  
*Mercede magnâ, servat hic*  
*Mercede nullâ piscis & sic*  
*Salute plus ruina constat illi,*  
*Minoris & servatur hinc quàm perditur.*  
*Hic dum findit aquas, findit hic aera*  
*Cursibus, piscis, digitis, Arion*  
*Et sternit undas, sternit & aera*  
*Carminis hoc placido Tridente*  
*Abjurat sua jam murmura, ventusq; modestior*  
*Auribus ora mutat*  
*Ora dediscit, minimos & metuit susurros*  
*(Sonus alter restat, ut fit sonus illis)*  
*Aura strepens circum muta sit lateri adjacente pennâ,*  
*Ambit & ora viri, nec vela ventis hîc egent,*  
*Attendit hanc ventus ratem non trahit, at trahitur.*

Phænicis { Genethliacon  
 &  
 Epicedion

*P**Hænix alumna mortis,*  
*Quàm mira tu puerpera!*  
*Tu scandis haud nidos, sed ignes*  
*Non parere sed perire ceu parata*  
*Mors obstetrix, atq; ipsa tu teipsam paris,*  
*Tu Tuiq; mater ipsa es,*  
*Tu tuiq; filia*  
*Tu sic odora messis*  
*Surgis tuorum funerum,*  
*Tibiq; per tuam ruinam*  
*Reparata, te succedis ipsa. Mors ô*  
*Fœcunda! Sancta ô Lucra pretiosæ necis!*  
*Vive (monstrum dulce) vive*  
*Tu tibiq; suffice.*

## THE DELIGHTS OF THE MUSES

### Elegia

**I** *Te meæ lacrymæ (nec enim moror) iste Sed oro*  
*Tantum ne miseræ claudste vocis iter*  
*O luceat querulos verbis ansmare dolores,*  
*Et saltem ab perit dicere noster amor*  
*Ecce negant tamen, ecce negant, lacrymæq, rebelles*  
*Indomita pergunt, præcipitantq, viâ*  
*Visne (& care) igitur Te nostra silentia dicant?*  
*Vis fleat assiduò murmure mutus amor?*  
*Flebit, & urna suis semper bibit humida rores,*  
*Et fidas semper, semper habebis aquas*  
*Interea, quicumq, estis ne credite mirum*  
*Si veræ lacrymæ non didicere loqui*

### Epitaphium

**Q** *Uisquis nestareo serenus ævo*  
*Et spe lucidus aureæ juventæ*  
*Nescis purpureos abire soles,*  
*Nescis vincula, ferreamq, noctem*  
*Imi carceris, horridumq, Ditem,*  
*Et spectas tremulam procul senectam,*  
*Hinc discas lacrymas, & hinc repones*  
*Hic, o scilicet hic brevi sub antro*  
*Spes & gaudia mille mille longam*  
*(Heu longam nsmis) induere noctem*  
*Flammantem nitidæ facem juventæ,*  
*Submersit Stygiæ paludis unda*  
*Ergo si lacrymas neges doloris*  
*Huc certe lacrymas feres timoris*

# RICHARD CRASHAW

Damno affici sæpe fit lucrum

**D**amna adsunt multis taciti compendia lucrī  
 Feliciq̃ docent plus properare morā,  
 Luxuriem annorum positā sic pelle redemit  
 Atq̃ sagax serpens in nova sæcla subit  
 Cernis ut ipsa sibi replicato suppetat ævo,  
 Seq̃ iteret, multā morte perennis avis.  
 Succrescat generosa sibi, facilesq̃ per ignes  
 Perq̃ suos cineres, per sua fata ferax  
 Quæ sollers jactura sui? quis funeris usus?  
 Flammarumq̃ fides, ingeniumq̃ rogi?  
 Siccine fraude subis? pretiosaq̃ funera ludis?  
 Siccine tu mortem, ne moriaris, adis?  
 Felix cui medicæ tanta experientia mortis,  
 Cui tam Parcarum est officiosa manus

## Humanæ vitæ descriptio

**O** Vita, tantum lubricus quidam furor  
 Spolumq̃ vitæ! scilicet longi brevis  
 Erroris hospes! Error ô mortaliū!  
 O certus error! qui sub incerto vagum  
 Suspendit ævum, mille per dolos viæ  
 Fugacis, & proterva per volumina  
 Fluidi laboris, ebrios lætat gradus,  
 Et irretitos ducit in nihilum dies  
 O fata! quantum perfidæ vitæ fugit  
 Umbris quod imputemus atq̃ auris, ibi  
 Et umbra & aura serias partes agunt  
 Miscentq̃ scenam,volvimur ludibrio  
 Procacis æstus, ut per incertum mare  
 Fragilis protervo cymba com nutat freto  
 Et ipsa vitæ, fila, quæ nentes Deæ  
 Ævi severa texta producunt manu,  
 Hæc ipsa nobis implicant vestigia  
 Retrahunt trahuntq̃ donec everso gradu  
 Ruina lassos alta deducat pedes.  
 Felix, fugaces quisquis excipiens dies  
 Gressus serenos fixit, insidius sui  
 Nec servit ævi, vita inoffensis huic  
 Feretur auris, atq̃ claudā rariùs  
 Titubabit horā vortices anni vagi  
 Hic extricabit, sanus Assertor sui.

## THE DELIGHTS OF THE MUSES

Tranquillitas animi, similitudine ducta ab ave  
captiva & canora tamen

**U**T cum delicias leves, loquacem  
 Convivam nemoris, vagamq; musam  
 Observans dubiâ viator arte  
 Prendit desuper horridusve ruris  
 Eversor, masè persido paratu  
 (Heu durus!) rapit, atq; io triumphans  
 Vadit protinus & sagace nisu  
 Evolvens digitos, opus tenellum  
 Ducens pollice lenis erudito,  
 Virgarum implicat ordinem severum,  
 Angustam meditans domum volucris  
 Illa autem, hospitium licet vetustum  
 Mentem sollicitet nimis nimisq;  
 Et suetum nemus, hinc opaca mitis  
 Umbrae frigora & hinc aprica puri  
 Solis fulgura, Patriæq; sylvæ  
 Nunquam muta quies, ubi illa dudum  
 Totum per nemus, arborem per omnem,  
 Hospes libera liberis querelis  
 Cognatum bene provocabat agmen  
 Quamquam ipsum nemus, arboresq; alumnam  
 Implorant profugam, atq; amata multum  
 Quærant murmura, lubricumq; carmen  
 Blandi gutturi & melos serenum  
 Illa autem, tamen, illa jam relictae  
 (Simplex!) haud meminit domus, nec ultra  
 Sylvas cogitat at brevi sub antro,  
 Ab pennâ nimum brevis recisa,  
 Ab ritu viduo sibiq; sola  
 Privata heu fidicen! canit, vagos  
 Exercens querulam domum susurro  
 Fallit vincula, carceremq; mulcet  
 Ne pugnans placidae prociæ quieti  
 Luctatur gravis, orbe sed reducto



# RICHARD CRASHAW

*Discursu vaga saltitans tenello,  
 Metitur spatia invidæ cavernæ.  
 Sic in se pia mens repostæ, secum  
 Altè tuta sedet, nec audet extrâ,  
 Aut ullo solet æstuaræ fato.  
 Quamvis cuncta tumultuentur, atræ  
 Sortis turbine non movetur illa  
 Fortunæ furias omnisq̃ triste  
 Non tergo minus accipit quieto,  
 Quàm vētrix Veneris columba blando  
 Admittit juga delectata collo  
 Torvæ si quid inhorruit procellæ,  
 Si quid sæviat & minetur, illa  
 Spernit, nescit, & obviis furorem  
 Fallit blanditus, amatq̃ & ambit  
 Ipsum, quo malè vulnecatur, idem  
 Curas murmure non fatetur ullo,  
 Non lambit lacrymas dolor, nec atræ  
 Mentis nubila frons iniqua prodit.  
 Quod si lacryma pervicax rebeli  
 Eruptit tamen evolatq̃ guttâ,  
 Inuitis lacrymis, negante luctu,  
 Ludunt perspicui per ora risus.*

CARMEN  
DEO NOS'I'RO,  
TE DECET HYMNUS  
SACRED POEMS,  
COLLECTED,  
CORRECTED,  
AUGMENTED,  
Most humbly Presented  
TO  
MY LADY  
THE COUNTSSE OF  
DENBIGH  
BY  
Her most devoted Servant  
R C

IN hea[r]ty acknowledgment of his immortall  
obligation to her Goodnes & Charity

AT PARIS,  
By PETER TARGA, Printer to the Arch  
bishope [o]f Paris, in S Victors streete at  
the golden sunne

M DC LII



CRASHAWE,  
THE  
*ANAGRAMME*  
HE WAS CAR

WAS CAR then Crashawe or WAS Crashawe CAR,  
 Since both within one name combined are?  
 Yes, Car's Crashawe, he Car, 'tis love alone  
 Which melts two harts, of both composing one  
 So Crashawe's still the same so much desired  
 By strongest witts, so honor'd so admired  
 CAR WAS but HE that enter'd as a friend  
 With whom he shar'd his thoughtes, and did commend  
 (While yet he liv'd) this worke, they lov'd each other  
 Sweete Crashawe was his friend he Crashawe's brother  
 So Car hath Title then 'twas his intent  
 That what his riches pend, poore Car should print  
 Nor feares he checke praying that happie one  
 Who was belov'd by all, dispraysed by none  
 To witt, being pleas'd with all things, he pleas'd all  
 Nor would he give, nor take offence befall  
 What might, he would possesse himselfe and live  
 As deade (devoyde of interest) 't all might give  
 Desease 't his well composed mynd forestal'd  
 With heavenly riches which had wholly call'd  
 His thoughtes from earth, to live above in th' aire  
 A very bird of paradise No care  
 Had he of earthly trashe What might suffice  
 To fitt his soule to heavenly exercise  
 Sufficed him and may we guesse his hart  
 By what his lipps brings forth, his onely part  
 Is God and godly thoughtes Leaves doubt to none  
 But that to whom one God is all all's one

## RICHARD CRASHAW

What he might cate or weare he tooke no thought.  
His needfull foode he rather found then sought.  
He seekes no downes, no sheetes, his bed's still made  
If he can find, a chaire or stoole, he's layd,  
When day peepes in, he quitts his restlesse rest.  
And still, poore soule, before he's up he's dres't  
Thus dying did he live, yet lived to dye  
In th-virgines lappe, to whom he did applye  
His virgine thoughtes and words, and thence was styld  
By foes, the chaplaine of the virgine myld  
While yet he lived without His modestie  
Imparted this to some, and they to me.  
Live happie then, deare soule, enjoy the rest  
Eternally by paynes thou purchacedest,  
While Car must live in care, who was thy friend  
Nor cares he how he live, so in the end,  
He may enjoy his dearest Lord and thee,  
And sitt and singe more skilfull songs eternally.

# CARMEN DEO NOSTRO

AN

## EPIGRAMME

*Upon the pictures in the following Poemes which the  
Aubour first made with his owne hand, admirably  
well, as may be seene in his Manuscript dedicated to  
the right Honorable Lady the L Denbigh*

I 'twixt pen and pensill rose a holy strife  
Which might draw vertue better to the life  
Best witts gave votes to that but painters swore  
They never saw peeces so sweete before  
As thes frutes of pure nature where no art  
Did lead the untaught pensill, nor had part  
In th worke  
The hand growne bold, with witt will needes contest  
Doth it prevayle? ah wo say each is best  
This to the eare speakes wonders that will trye  
To speake the same, yet lowder, to the eye  
Both their aymes are holy, both conspire  
To wound, to burne the hart with heavenly fire  
This then s the Doome, to doe both parties right  
This, to the eare speakes best that, to the sight

THOMAS CAR

NON VI.

*'Tis not the work of force but skill  
To find the way into man's will  
'Tis love alone can hearts unlock  
Who knowes the WORD, he needs not knock.*

TO THE  
Noblest & best of Ladyes, the  
Countesse of Denbigh.

Perswading her to Resolution in Religion,  
& to render her selfe without further  
delay into the Communion of  
the Catholick Church

WHAT heav'n-intreated HEART is This?  
Stands trembling at the gate of blisse,  
Holds fast the door, yet dares not venture  
Fairly to open it, and enter  
Whose DEFINITION is à doubt  
Twixt life & death, twixt in & out  
Say, lingring fair! why comes the birth  
Of your brave soul so slowly forth?  
Plead your pretences (o you strong  
In weaknes!) why you choose so long  
In labor of your selfe to ly,  
Nor daring quite to live nor dy?  
Ah linger not, lov'd soul! à slow  
And late consent was a long no,  
Who grants at last, long time tryd  
And did his best to have deny'd,  
What magick bolts, what mystick Barres  
Maintain the will in these strange warres!

## CARMEN DEO NOSTRO

What fatall, yet fantastick, bands  
 Keep The free Heart from it's own hands!  
 So when the year takes cold, we see  
 Poor waters their owne prisoners be  
 Fetter'd, & lockt up fast they ly  
 In a sad selfe captivity  
 The astonisht nymphs their flood's strange fate deplore,  
 To see themselves their own severer shore  
 Thou that alone canst thaw this cold,  
 And fetch the heart from it's strong Hold  
 Almighty LOVE! end this long warr,  
 And of a meteor make ʒ starr  
 O fix this fair INDEFINITE  
 And mongst thy shafts of soveraign light  
 Choose out that sure decisive dart  
 Which has the Key of this close heart,  
 Knowes all the corners oft, & can controul  
 The self shutt cabinet of an unsearcht soul  
 O let it be at last, love's houre  
 Raise this tall Trophec of thy Powre  
 Come once the conquering way, not to confute  
 But kill this rebell wo[r]ld, IRRESOLUTE  
 That so, in spite of all this peevish strength  
 Of weaknes, she may write RESOLV'D AT LENGTH,  
 Unfold at length, unfold fair flowre  
 And use the season of love's showre,  
 Meet his well meaning Wounds, wise heart!  
 And hast to drink the wholesome dart  
 That healing shaft, which heavn till now  
 Hath in love's quiver hid for you  
 O Dart of love! arrow of light!  
 O happy you, if it hitt right,  
 It must not fall in vain, it must  
 Not mark the dry regardless dust  
 Fair one, it is your fate and brings  
 Æternall worlds upon it's wings  
 Meet it with wide spread armes & see  
 It's seat your soul's just center be  
 Disband dull feares give faith the day  
 To save your life, kill your delay



## RICHARD CRASHAW

It is love's seege, and sure to be  
Your triumph, though his victory.  
'Tis cowardise that keeps this feild  
And want of courage not to yeild.  
Yeild then, ô yeild. that love may win  
The Fort at last, and let life in  
Yeild quickly. Lest perhaps you prove  
Death's prey, before the prize of love.  
This Fort of your fair selfe, if't be not won,  
He is repulst indeed, But you're vndone.

CARMEN DEO NOSTRO

TO

THE NAME

ABOVE EVERY NAME,

THE

NAME OF

JESUS

A HYMN

I Sing the NAME which None can say  
 But touch t with An interiour RAY  
 The Name of our New PEACE our Good  
 Our Blisse & Supernaturall Blood  
 The Name of All our Lives & Loves  
 Hearken, And Help ye holy Doves!  
 The high born Brood of Day you bright  
 Candidates of blissefull Light,  
 The HEIRS Elect of Love whose Names belong  
 Unto The everlasting life of Song  
 All ye wise SOULES, who in the wealthy Brest  
 Of This unbounded NAME build your warm Nest  
 Awake, MY glory SOUL, (if such thou be,  
 And That fair WORD at all referr to Thee)  
     Awake & sing  
     And be All Wing  
 Bring hither thy whole SELF & let me see  
 What of thy Parent HEAVN yet speakes in thee  
     O thou art Poore  
     Of noble POWRES, I see,  
 And full of nothing else but empty ME,  
 Narrow, & low, & infinitely lesse  
 Then this GREAT mornings mighty Busynes  
     One little WORLD or two  
     (Alas) will never doe

# RICHARD CRASHAW

We must have store  
Goe, SOUL, out of thy Self, & seek for More.  
Goe & request  
Great NATURE for the KEY of her huge Chest  
Of Heavns, the self involving Sett of Sphears  
(Which dull mortality more Feeles then heares)  
Then rouse the nest  
Of nimble ART, & traverse round  
The Aery Shop of soul-appeasing Sound  
And beat a summons in the Same  
All-soveraign Name  
To warn each severall kind  
And shape of sweetnes, Be they such  
As sigh with supple wind  
Or answer Artfull Touch,  
That they convene & come away  
To wait at the love-crowned Doores of  
Th[is]s Illustrious DAY.  
Shall we dare This, my Soul? we'l doe't and bring  
No Other note for't, but the Name we sing.  
Wake LUTE & HARP  
And every sweet-lipp't Thing  
That talkes with tunefull string,  
Start into life, And leap with me  
Into a hasty Fitt-tun'd Harmony  
Nor must you think it much  
T'obey my bolder touch,  
I have Authority in LOVE's name to take you  
And to the worke of Love this morning wake you,  
Wake, In the Name  
Of HIM who never sleeps, All Things that Are,  
Or, what's the same,  
Are Musically,  
Answer my Call  
And come along,  
Help me to meditate mine Immortall Song  
Come, ye soft ministers of sweet sad mirth,  
Bring All your houshold stufte of Heavn on earth,  
O you, my Soul's most certain Wings,  
Complaining Pipes, & prattling Strings,

## CARMEN DEO NOSTRO

Bring All the store  
Of SWEETS you have, And murmur that you have no more  
Come, nere to part,  
NATURE & ART!  
Come, & come strong,  
To the conspiracy of our Spacious song  
Bring All the Powres of Praise  
Your Provinces of well united WORLDS can raise  
Bring All [your] LUTES & HARPS of HEAVN & EARTH,  
What ere cooperates to The common mirth  
Vessells of vocall Joyes,  
Or You, more noble Architects of Intellectual Noise,  
Cymballs of Heav n, or Humane sphears,  
Solliciters of SOULES or EARES  
And when you are come, with All  
That you can bring or we can call  
O may you fix  
For ever here, & mix  
Your selves into the long  
And everlasting series of a deathlesse SONG,  
Mix All your many WORLDS, Above,  
And loose them into ONE of Love  
Chear thee my HEART!  
For Thou too hast thy Part  
And Place in the Great Throng  
Of This unbounded All embracing SONG  
Powres of my Soul, be Proud!  
And speake lowd  
To All the dear bought Nations This Redeeming Name,  
And in the wealth of one Rich WORD proclaim  
New Similes to Nature  
May it be no wrong  
Blest Heavns, to you, & your Superiour song,  
That we, dark Sons of Dust & Sorrow,  
A while Dare borrow  
The Name of Your Dilights & our Desires,  
And fitt it to so farr inferior LYRES  
Our Murmurs have their Musick too,  
Ye mighty ORBES, as well as you,  
Nor yeilds the noblest Nest

## RICHARD CRASHAW

Of warbling SERAPHIM to the eare of Love,  
A choicer Lesson then the joyfull BRIDE  
    Of a poor pining Turtle-Dove  
And ye, low Wormes have leave to doe  
The Same bright Busynes (ye Third HEAVENS) with you.  
Gentle SPIRITS, doe not complain  
    We will have care  
    To keep it fair,  
And send it back to you again.  
Come, lovely NAME! Appare from forth the Bright  
    Regions of peacefull Light,  
Look from thine own Illustrious Home,  
Fair KING of NAMES, & come  
Leave All thy native Glories in their Gorgeous Nest,  
And give thy Self a while The gracious Guest  
Of humble Soules, that seek to find  
    The hidden Sweets  
    Which man's heart meets  
When Thou art Master of the Mind  
Come, lovely Name, life of our hope!  
Lo we hold our HEARTS wide open  
Unlock thy Cabinet of DAY  
Dearest Sweet, & come away  
    Lo how the thirsty Lands  
Gasp for thy Golden Showres! with longstretch't Hands.  
    Lo how the laboring EARTH  
    That hopes to be  
    All Heaven by THEE,  
    Leapes at thy Birth.  
The' attending WORLD, to wait thy Rise,  
    First turn'd to eyes,  
And then, not knowing what to doe,  
Turn'd Them to TEARES, & spent Them too  
Come ROYALL Name, & pay the expence  
Of All this Pretious Patience.  
    O come away  
And kill the DEATH of This Delay.  
O see, so many WORLDS of barren yeares  
Melted & measur'd out in Seas of TEARES  
O see, The WEARY liddes of wakefull Hope

## CARMEN DEO NOSTRO

(LOVE'S Eastern windowes) All wide ope  
     With Curtains drawn,  
 To catch The Day break of Thy DAWN  
 O dawn, at last, long look t for Day!  
 Take thine own wings, & come away  
 Lo, where Aloft it comes! It comes, Among  
 The Conduct of Adoring SPIRITS, that throng  
 Like diligent Bees, And swarm about it  
     O they are wise,  
 And know what SWEETES are suckt from out it  
     It is the Hive,  
     By which they thrive,  
 Where All their Hoard of Hony lyes  
 Lo where it comes, upon The snowy DOVES  
 Soft Back, And brings a Bosom big with Loves  
 WELCOME to our dark world, Thou  
     Womb of Day!  
 Unfold thy fair Conceptions, And display  
 The Birth of our Bright Joyes  
     O thou compacted  
 Body of Blessings spirit of Soules extracted!  
 O dissipate thy spicy Powres  
 (Clowd of condensed sweets) & break upon us  
     In balmy showers  
 O fill our senses, And take from us  
 All force of so Prophane a Fallacy  
 To think ought sweet but that which smells of Thee  
 Fair, flowry Name In none but Thee  
 And Thy Nectareall Fragrancy,  
     Hourly there meetes  
 An universall SYNOD of All sweets,  
 By whom it is defined Thus  
     That no Perfume  
     For ever shall presume  
 To passe for Odoriferous,  
 But such alone whose sacred Pedigree  
 Can prove it Self some kin (sweet name) to Thee  
 SWEET NAME, in Thy each Syllable  
 A Thousand Blest ARABIAS dwell  
 A Thousand Hills of Frankincense

# RICHARD CRASHAW

Mountains of myrrh, & Beds of species,  
And ten Thousand PARADISES,  
The soul that tastes thee takes from thence  
How many unknown WORLDS there are  
Of Comforts, which Thou hast in keeping!  
How many Thousand Mercyes there  
In Pitty's soft lap ly a sleeping!  
Happy he who has the art  
    To awake them,  
    And to take them  
Home, & lodge them in his HEART  
O that it were as it was wont to be!  
When thy old Freinds of Fire, All full of Thee,  
Fought against Frowns with smiles, gave Glorious chase  
To Persecutions, And against the Face  
Of DEATH & feircest Dangers, durst with Brave  
And sober pace march on to meet A GRAVE  
On their Bold BRESTS about the world they bore thee  
And to the Teeth of Hell stood up to teach thee,  
In Center of their inmost Soules they wore thee,  
Where Rackes & Torments striv'd, in vain, to reach thee  
    Little, alas, thought They  
Who tore the Fair Brests of thy Freinds,  
    Their Fury but made way  
For Thee, And serv'd them in Thy glorious ends  
What did Their weapons but with wider pores  
Inlarge thy flaming-brested Lovers  
    More freely to transpire  
    That impatient Fire  
The Heart that hides Thee hardly covers.  
What did their Weapons but sett wide the Doores  
For Thee Fair, purple Doores, of love's devising,  
The Ruby windowes which enrich't the EAST  
Of Thy so oft repeated Rising  
Each wound of Theirs was Thy new Morning,  
And reinthron'd thee in thy Rosy Nest,  
With blush of thine own Blood thy day adorning,  
It was the witt of love oreflowd the Bounds  
Of WRATH, & made thee way through All Those WOUNDS.  
Wellcome dear, All-Adored Name!

## CARMEN DEO NOSTRO

For sure there is no KNEE  
That knowes not THIEF  
Or if there be such sonns of shame,  
Alas what will they doe  
When stubborn Rocks shall bow  
And Hills hang down their Heavn saluting Heads  
To seek for humble Beds  
Of Dust, where in the Bashfull shades of night  
Next to their own low NOTHING they may ly,  
And couch before the dazeling light of thy dread majesty  
They that by Loves mild Dictate now  
Will not adore thee,  
Shall Then with Just Confusion, bow  
And break before thee



IN  
'THE HOLY  
NATIVITY  
OF  
OUR LORD GOD  
A  
HYMN  
SUNG AS BY THE  
SHEPHERDS.

# CARMEN DEO NOSTRO

## THE HYMN

### CHORUS

Come we shepheards whose blest Sight  
Hath mett love's Noon in Nature's night  
Come lift we up our loftyer Song  
And wake the SUN that lyes too long

To all our world of well stoln joy  
He slept and dreamt of no such thing  
While we found out Heav'n's fairer ey  
And kist the Cradle of our KING  
Tell him He rises now, too late  
To show us ought worth looking at

Tell him we now can show Him more  
Then He ere shew'd to mortall Sight  
Then he Himselfe ere saw before  
Which to be seen needes not His light  
Tell him, Tityrus, where th' hast been  
Tell him, Thy[r]sis, what th' hast seen

Tityrus Gloomy night embract the Place  
Where The Noble Infant lay

The BABE lookt up & shew'd his Face,  
In spite of Darknes, it was DAY

It was THY day, SWEET! & did rise  
Not from the EAST, but from thine EYES

*Chorus* It was THY day, Sweet

Thyrs WINTER chidde aloud & sent  
The angry North to wage his warres

The North forgott his fierce Intent,  
And left perfumes in stead of scarres

By those sweet eye[s] persuasive powrs  
Where he meant frost, he scatter'd flowrs

*Chorus* By those sweet eyes

# RICHARD CRASHAW

*Both.* We saw thee in thy baulmy Nest,  
Young dawn of our æternall DAY!

We saw thine eyes break from their EA[s]TE  
And chase the trembling shades away

We saw thee, & we blest the sight,  
We saw thee by thine own sweet light

*Tity.* Poor WORLD (said I) what wilt thou doe  
To entertain this starry STRANGER?

Is this the best thou canst bestow?  
A cold, and not too cleanly, manger?

Contend, the powres of heav'n & earth  
To fitt à bed for this huge birthe.

*Cho* Contend the powers

*Tby[r]* Proud world, said I, cease your contest  
And let the MIGHTY BABE alone.

The Phænix builds the Phænix' nest  
Lov's architecture is his own.

The BABE whose birth embraves this morn,  
Made his own bed e're he was born.

*Cho.* The BABE whose.

*Ti[t]*. I saw the curl'd drops, soft & slow,  
Come hovering o're the place's head,

Offering their whitest sheets of snow  
To furnish the fair INFANT's bed

Forbear, said I, be not too bold.  
Your fleece is white But t'is too cold

*Cho* Forbear, sayd I

*Thyr.* I saw the obsequious SERAPHIMS  
Their rosy fleece of fire bestow

For well they now can spare their wing  
Since HEAVN it self lyes here below

Well done, said I but are you sure  
Your down so warm, will passe for pure?

*Cho* Well done sayd I

## CARMEN DEO NOSTRO

*Tit* No no, your **KINGS** not yet to seeke  
Where to repose his Royall **HEAD**

See see, how soon his new bloom d **CHEEK**  
Twixt s mother s breasts is gone to bed

Sweet choise, said we<sup>l</sup> no way but so  
Not to ly cold, yet slep in snow

*Cho* Sweet choise, said we

*Both* We saw thee in thy baulmy nest,  
Bright dawn of our æternall **Day**<sup>l</sup>

We saw thine eyes break from thir **EAST**  
And chase the trembling shades away

We saw thee & we blest the sight  
We saw thee, by thine own sweet light

*Cho* We saw thee, &c

## FULL CHORUS

Wellcome, all **WONDERS** in one sight<sup>l</sup>  
Æternity shutt in a span

Sommer in Winter Day in Night  
Heaven in earth, & **GOD** in **MAN**

Great little one<sup>l</sup> whose all embracing birth  
Lifts earth to heaven, stoopes heav n to earth

**WELLCOME** Though nor to gold nor silk,  
To more then Cæsar s birth right is ,

Two sister seas of Virgin Milk,  
With many a rarely temper d kisse  
That brea[t]hes at once both **MAID** & **MOTHER**,  
Warmes in the one, cooles in the other

**WELLCOME**, though not to those gay flies  
Guilded ith Beames of earthly kings

Slippery soules in smiling eyes  
But to poor Shepheards, home spun things  
Whose Wealth s their flock whose witt, to be  
Well read in their simplicity

## RICHARD CRASHAW

Yet when young April's husband shows  
Shall blesse the fruitfull Maia's bed

We'l bring the First-born of her flowrs  
To kisse thy FEET & crown thy HEAD

To thee, dread lamb! whose love must keep  
The shepheards, more then they the sheep

To THEE, meek Majesty! soft KING  
Of simple GRACES & sweet LOVES

Each of us his lamb will bring  
Each his pair of sylver Doves,

Till burnt at last in fire of Thy fair eyes,  
Our selves become our own best SACRIFICE.

-

# CARMEN DEO NOSTRO

## NEW YEAR'S DAY

Rise, thou best & brightest morning!  
Rosy with a double Red  
With thine own blush thy cheeks adorning  
And the dear drops this day were shed

All the purple pride that laces  
The crimson curtains of thy bed,  
Gilds thee not with so sweet graces  
Nor setts thee in so rich a red

Of all the fair cheek t flowrs that fill thee  
None so fair thy bosom strowes,  
As this modest maiden lilly  
Our sins have sham'd into a rose

Bid thy golden God, the Sun,  
Burnisht in his best beames rise,  
Put all his red eyd Rubies on  
These Rubies shall putt out their eyes

Let him make poor the purple east,  
Search what the world s close cabinets keep,  
Rob the rich births of each bright nest  
That flaming in their fair beds sleep,

Let him embrace his own bright tresses  
With a new morning made of gemmes,  
And wear, in those his wealthy dresses,  
Another Day of Diadems

When he hath done all he may  
To make himselfe rich in his rise,  
All will be darknes to the Day  
That breakes from one of these bright eyes

## RICHARD CRASHAW

And soon this sweet truth shall appear  
Dear BABE, ere many dayes be done,  
The morn shall come to meet thee here,  
And leave her own neglected Sun.

Here are Beautyes shall bereave him  
Of all his eastern Paramours.

His Persian Lovers all shall leave him,  
And swear faith to thy sweeter Powres.

IN  
THE GLORIOUS  
EPIPHANIE  
OF OUR LORD  
GOD,  
A HYMN  
SUNG AS BY THE  
THREE KINGS



# RICHARD CRASHAW

## (1. KINGE.)

**B**Right BABE! Whose awfull beautyes make  
The morn incurr a sweet mistake,

(2) For whom the'officious heavns devise  
To disinheritt the sun's rise,

(3) Delicately to displace  
The Day, & plant it fairer in thy face,

[1] O thou born KING of loves,

[2] Of lights,

[3.] Of joyes!

(Cho) Look up, sweet BABE, look up & see  
For love of Thee

Thus farr from home

The EAST is come

To seek her self in thy sweet Eyes

(1) We, who strangely went astray,

Lost in a bright

Meridian night,

(2) A Darkenes made of too much day,

(3.) Becken'd from farr

By thy fair starr,

Lo at last have found our way

(Cho) To THEE, thou DAY of night! thou east of west!

Lo we at last have found the way

To thee, the world's great universal east,

The Generall & indifferent DAY

(1) All-circling point All centring sphear

The world's one, round, Æternall year.

(2) Whose full & all-unwrinkled face

Nor sinks nor swells with time or place,

(3.) But every where & every while

Is One Consistent solid smile,

(1.) Not vext & tost

(2) 'Twixt spring & frost,

(3.) Nor by alternate shreds of light

Sordidly shifting hands with shades & night

(Cho) O little all! in thy embrace

The world lyes warm, & likes his place.

# CARMEN DEO NOSTRO

Nor does his full Globe fail to be

Kist on Both his cheeks by Thee

Time is too narrow for thy YEAR

Nor makes the whole WORLD thy half sp[h]ear

(1) To Thee, to Thee

From him we flee

(2) From HIM, whom by a more illustrious ly,

The blindnes of the world did call the eye

(3) To HIM, who by These mortall clouds hast made

Thy self our sun, though thine own shade

(1) Farewell, the wo[r]ld's false light

Farewell, the white

Ægypt! a long farewell to thee

Bright IDOL, black IDOLATRY

The dire face of inferior DARKNES, kis t

And courted in the pompus mask of a more specious mist

(2) Farewell, farewell

The proud & misplac t gates of hell,

Pertch t, in the mornings way

And double gilded as the doores of DAY

The deep hypocrisy of DEATH & NIGHT

More desperately dark, Because more bright

(3) Welcome, the world's sure Way!

HEAVN's wholsom ray

(Cho) Wellcome to us and we

(SWEET) to our selves, in THEE

(1) The deathles HEIR of all thy FATHER's day!

(2) Decently Born

Embosom d in a much more Rosy MORN,

The Blushes of thy All unblemish t mother

(3) No more that other

Aurora shall sett ope

Her ruby casements, or hereafter hope

From mortall eyes

To meet Religious welcomes at her rise

(Cho) We (Pretious ones!) in you have won

A gentler MORN, a juster sun

(1) His superficial Beames sun burn t our skin,

(2) But left within

(3) The night & winter still of death & sin

## RICHARD CRASHAW

(*Cho*) Thy softer yet more certaine DARTS  
Spare our eyes, but pierce our HARTS.

(1) Therefore with His proud persian spoiles

(2.) We court thy more concerning smiles.

(3) Therefore with his Disgrace  
We guild the humble cheek of this chast place,

(*Cho*) And at thy FEET powr forth his FACE

(1) The doating nations now no more

Shall any day but THINE adore

(2) Nor (much lesse) shall they leave these eyes  
For cheap Ægyptian Deities.

(3) In whatsoe're more Sacred shape

Of Ram, He-goat, or reverend ape,

Those beauteous ravishers opprest so sore

The too-hard-tempted nations

(1) Never more

By wanton heyfer shall be worn

(2) A Garland, or a gilded horn

The altar-stall'd ox, fatt OSYRIS now

With his fair sister cow,

(3) Shall kick the clouds no more, But lean & tame,

(*Cho*) See his horn'd face, & dy for shame

And MITHRA now shall be 'no name

(1) No longer shall the immodest lust

Of Adulterous GODLES dust

(2) Fly in the face of heav'n, As if it were

The poor world's Fault that he is fair.

(3) Nor with perverse loves & Religious RAPES

Revenge thy Bountyes in their beauteous shapes,

And punish Best Things worst, Because they stood

Guilty of being much for them too Good

[1] Proud sons of death! that durst compell

Heav'n it self to find them hell,

[2] And by strange witt of madnes wrest

From this world's EAST the other's WEST

[3] All-Idolizing wormes! that thus could crowd

And urge Their sun into thy cloud,

Forcing his sometimes eclips'd face to be

A long deliquium to the light of thee.

[*Cho*] Alas with how much heavyer shade

# CARMEN DEO NOSTRO

The shamefaced lamp hung down his head  
 For that one eclipse he made  
 Then all those he suffered!

[1] For this he lookt so bigg & every morn  
 With a red face confest this scorn  
 Or hiding his vext cheeks in a hird mist  
 Kept them from being so unkindly kis't

[2] It was for this the day did rise  
 So oft with blubber'd eyes  
 For this the evening wept, and we nere knew  
 But call'd it deaw

[3] This dayly wrong  
 Silenc't the morning sons, & damp't their song  
 [Cho] Nor was't our deafnes, but our sins, that thus  
 Long made th Harmonious orbes all mute to us

[1] Time has a day in store  
 When this so proudly poor  
 And self-oppressed spark, that has so long  
 By the love sick world bin made  
 Not so much their sun as SHADE,  
 Weary of this Glorious wrong

From them & from himself shall flee  
 For shelter to the shadow of thy TREE,  
 [Cho] Proud to have gain'd this pretious losse  
 And chang'd his false crown for thy CROSSE

[2] That dark Day's clear doom shall define  
 Whose is the Master FIRE, which sun should shine  
 That sable [j]udgment seat shall by new lawes  
 Decide & settle the Great cause

Of controverted light,  
 [Cho] And natur's wrongs rejoyce to doe thee Right  
 [3] That forfeiture of noon to night shall pay  
 All the idolatrous thefts done by this night of day,  
 And the Great Penitent presse his own pale lipps  
 With an elaborate love eclipse

To which the low world's lawes  
 Shall lend no cause  
 [Cho] Save those domestick which he borrowes  
 From our sins & his own sorrowes

[1] Three sad hour[s] sackcloth then shall show to us

## RICHARD CRASHAW

His penance, as our fault, conspicuous

[2 ] And he more needfully & nobly prove  
The nation's terror now then erst their love.

[3 ] Their hated loves changd into wholsom feares,

[Cho ] The shutting of his eye shall open Theirs.

[1 ] As by a fair-ey'd fallacy of day  
Miss-ledde before they lost their way,  
So shall they, by the seasonable fright  
Of an unseasonable night,

Loosing it once again, stumble'on true LIGHT

[2 ] And as before his too-bright eye  
Was Their more blind idolatry,  
So his officious blindines now shall be  
Their black, but faithfull perspective of thee ,

[3 ] His new prodigious night,  
Their new & admirable light ,  
The supernaturall DAWN of Thy pure day.

While wondring they  
(The happy converts now of him  
Whom they compell'd before to be their sin)  
Shall henceforth see

To kisse him only as their rod  
Whom they so long courted as God,

[Cho ] And their best use of him they worship't be  
To learn, of Him at lest, to worship Thee

[1 ] It was their Weaknes woo'd his beauty ,  
But it shall be

Their wisdom now, as well as duty,  
To'injoy his Blott, & as a large black letter  
Use it to spell Thy beautyes better ,  
And make the night i[t] self their [t]orch to thee

[2 ] By the oblique ambush of this close night  
Couch't in that conscious shade

The right-ey'd Areopagite  
Shall with a vigorous guesse invade  
And catche thy quick reflex , and sharply see  
On this dark Grou[n]d  
To d[e]scant THEE

[3 ] O prize of the rich SPIRIT<sup>l</sup> with that feirce chase  
Of this strong soul, shall he

# CARMEN DEO NOSTRO

Leap at thy lofty FACE,  
 And s[e]ize the swift Flash, in rebound  
 From this o[b]sequious cloud,  
     Once call'd a sun,  
     Till dearly thus undone,  
 [Cho] Till thus triumphantly tam'd (o ye two  
 Twinne SUNNES!) & taught now to negotiate you  
 [1] Thus shall that reverend child of light,  
 [2] By being scholler first of that new night,  
 Come forth Great master of the mystick day,  
 [3] And teach obscure MANAIND a more close way  
 By the frugall negati[v]e light  
 Of a most wise & well abused Night  
 To read more legible thine originall Ray,  
 [Cho] And make our Darknes serve THY day  
 Maintaining twixt thy world & ours  
 A commerce of contrary powres,  
     A mutuall trade  
     Twixt sun & SHADE,  
 By confederat BLACK & WHITE  
 Borrowing day & lending night  
 [1] Thus we who when with all the noble powres  
 That (at thy cost) are call'd, not vainly, ours  
     We vow to make brave way  
 Upwards, & presse on for, the pure intelligentiall Prey  
     [2] At lest to play  
     The amorous Spyes  
 And peep & proffer at thy sparkling Throne,  
 [3] In stead of bringing in the blissfull PRIZE  
     And fastening on Thine eyes,  
     Forfeit our own  
     And nothing gain  
 But more Ambitious losse at lest of brain  
 [Cho] Now by abased liddes shall learn to be  
 Eagles, and shutt our eyes that we may see

# RICHARD CRASHAW

## *The Close*

Therefore to THRE & thine Auspicious ray  
    (Dread sweet!) lo thus  
    At lest by us,  
The delegated EYR of DAY  
Does first his Scepter, then HIMSELF in solemn Tribute pay.  
    Thus he undresses  
    His sacred unshorn tresses,  
At thy adored FRET, thus, he layes down  
    [1] His gorgeous tire  
    Of flame & fire,  
[2] His glittering ROBE, [3] his sparkling CROWN,  
[1.] His GOLD, [2] his MIRRH, [3] his FRANKINCENCE,  
[*Cho*] To which He now has no pretence  
For being show'd by this day's light, how farr  
He is from sun enough to make THY starr,  
His best ambition now, is but to be  
Somthing a brighter SHADOW (sweet) of thee.  
Or on heavn's azure forehead high to stand  
Thy golden index, with a duteous Hand  
Pointing us Home to our own sun  
The world's & his HYPERION

CARMEN DEO NOSTRO

TO THE  
QUEEN'S  
MAJESTY

MADAME

'Mongst those long rowes of c[r]ownes that guild your race,  
These Royall sages sue for decent place  
The day break of the nations, their first ray  
When the *Dark WORLD* dawn'd into *Christian DAY*  
And smild ith *BABES* bright face, the purpling Bud  
And Rosy dawn of the right Royall blood,  
Fair first fruits of the *LAMB* Sure *KINGS* in this,  
They took a kingdom while they gave a kisse  
But the world's Homage searse in These well blown,  
We read in you (*Rare Queen*) ripe & full grown  
For from this day's rich seed of Diadems  
Does rise a radiant croppe of Royalle stemms,  
A Golden harvest of crown'd heads, that meet  
And crowd for kisses from the *LAMB*'s white feet  
In this Illustrious throng, your lofty floud  
Swells high, fair Confluence of all highborn Bloud!  
With your bright head whose groves of scepters bend  
Their wealthy tops, & for these feet contend  
So swore the *LAMB*'s dread fire And so we see t  
Crownes, & the *HEADS* they kisse, must court these *FEET*  
Fix here, fair Majesty! May your Heart nere misse  
To reap new *CROWNES* & *KINGDOMS* from that kisse  
Nor may we misse the joy to meet in you  
The aged honors of this day still new  
May the great time, in you, still greater be  
While all the *YEAR* is your *EPHANY*,  
While your each day's devotion duly brings  
Three *KINGDOMES* to supply this day's three *KINGS*



THE  
OFFICE  
OF  
THE HO  
LY  
CROSSE

# CARMEN DEO NOSTRO

## THE HOWRES FOR THE HOUR OF MATINES

### *The Versicle*

LORD, by thy Sweet & Saving SIGV,

### *The Responsory*

Defend us from our foes & Thine

Y Thou shalt open my lippes, O LORD

R And my mouth shall shew forth thy Prayse

Y O GOD make speed to save me

R O LORD make hast to help me

GLORY be to the FATHER,

and to the SON,

and to the H GHOST

As it was in the beginning, is now, & ever shall be, world  
without end Amen

### THE HYMN

THE wakefull Matines hast to sing  
The unknown sorrows of our king,  
The FATHER [s] word & wisdom, made  
MAN, for man, by man's betraid,  
The world's price sett to sale, & by the bold  
Merehants of Death & sin, is bought & sold  
Of his Best Freinds (yea of himself) forsaken,  
By his worst foes (because he would) besiegd & taken

# RICHARD CRASHAW

## *The Antiphona*

All hail, fair TREE  
Whose Fruit we be.  
What song shall raise  
Thy seemly praise.  
Who broughtst to light  
Life out of death, Day out of night

## *The Versicle*

Lo, we adore thee,  
Dread LAMB! And bow thus low before thee,

## *The Responsor*

'Cause, by the covenant of thy CROSSE,  
Thou'hast sav'd at once the whole world's losse

## *The Prayer*

O Lord JESU-CHRIST, son of the living GOD! interpose,  
I pray thee, thine own pretious death, thy CROSSE &  
Passion, betwixt my soul & thy judgment, now & in the hour  
of my death. And vouchsafe to graunt unto me thy grace &  
mercy, unto all quick & dead, remission & rest, to thy church  
peace & concord, to us sinners life & glory everlasting Who  
livest and reignest with the FATHER, in the unity of the HOLY  
GHOST, one GOD, world without end Amen

CARMEN DEO NOSTRO

FOR THE HOUR OF  
PRIME

*The Versicle*

Lord by thy sweet & saving SIGN

*The Responsor*

Defend us from our foes & thine

Y Thou shalt open  
R And my mouth  
Y O God make speed  
R O LORD make hast  
Glory be to  
As it was in

THE HYMN

THE early PRIME blushes to say  
She could not rise so soon, as they  
Call'd Pilat up to try if He  
Could lend them any cruelty

Their hands with lashes arm'd, their tounge with lyes  
And loathsom spittle blott those beauteous eyes,  
The blissfull springs of joy from whose all chearing Ray  
The fair starrs fill their wakefull fires the sun himselfe drinks  
Day

*The Antiphona*

VICTORIOUS SIGN  
That now dost shine,  
Transcrib'd above  
Into the land of light & love,

## RICHARD CRASHAW

O let us twine  
Our rootes with thine,  
That we may rise  
Upon thy wings, & reach the skyes.

### *The Versicle*

Lo we adore thee  
Dread LAMB<sup>l</sup> and fall  
Thus low before thee

### *The Responsor.*

'Cause by the Covenant of thy CROSSE  
Thou'hast sav'd at once the whole world's losse.

### *The Pray[c]r.*

O L[or]d JESU-CHRIST son of the living[G]OD<sup>l</sup> interpose,  
I pray thee, thine own pretious death, thy CROSSE &  
Passion, betwixt my soul & thy judgment, now & in the hour  
of my death And vouchsafe to graunt unto me thy grace &  
mercy, unto all quick & dead, remission & rest, to thy church  
peace & concord, to us sinners life & glory everlasting. Who  
livest and reignest with the FATHER, in the unity of the HOLY  
GHOST, one GOD, world without end. Amen.

# CARMEN DEO NOSTRO

## THE THIRD

### *The Versicle*

Lord, by thy sweet & saving SIGN

### *The Responsor*

Defend us from our foes & thine

V Thou shalt open

R And my mouth

V O GOD make speed

R O LORD make hast

V Glory be to

R As it was in the

### THE HYMN

THE Third hours deafen'd with the cry  
Of crucify him, crucify  
So goes the vote (nor ask them, Why?)  
Live Barabbas! & let GOD dy  
But there is witt in wrath, and they will try  
A HAIL more cruell the[n] their crucify  
For while in sport he weares a spitefull crown,  
The serious showres along his decent  
Face run sadly down

### *The Antiphona*

CHRIST when he dy'd  
Deceiv'd [t]he CROSSE  
And on death's side  
Threw all the losse  
The captive world awak't, & found  
The prisoners loose, the Ja[y]lor bound

### *The Versicle*

Lo we adore thee  
Dread LAMB, & fall  
thus low before thee

### *The Responsor*

Cause by the covenant of thy CROSSE  
Thou hast sav'd at once the whole wor[l]d's losse

## RICHARD CRASHAW

### *The Prayer*

O Lord JESU-CHRIST, son of the living God! interpose, I pray thee, thine own pretious death, thy CROSSE & Passion, betwixt my soul & thy judgment, now & in the hour of my death. And vouchsafe to graunt unto me thy grace & mercy, unto all quick & dead, remission & rest, to thy church peace & concord, to us sinners life & glory everlasting Who livest and reignest with the FATHER, in the unity of the HOLY GHOST, one GOD, [w]ould without end Amen.

# CARMEN DEO NOSTRO

## THE SIXT

### *The Versicle*

Lord by thy sweet & saving SIGN,

### *The Responsor*

Defend us from our foes & thine

Y Thou shalt open

R And my mouth

Y O GOD make speed

R O LORD make hast

Y Glory be

R As it was in

## THE HIMN

NOW is The noon of sorrow's night  
High in his patience, as their spite  
Lo the faint LAMB, with weary limb  
Beares that huge tree which must bear Him  
That fatall plant, so great of fame  
For fruit of sorrow & of shame,  
Shall swell with both for Him & mix  
All woes into one CRUCIFIX  
Is tortur'd Thirst, it selfe too sweet a cup?  
GALL, & more bitter mocks, shall make it up  
Are NAILES blunt pens of superficial smart?  
Contempt & scorn can send sure wounds to search the inmost  
Heart

### *The Antiphona*

O deare & sweet Dispute  
Twixt death's & Love's farr different FRUIT!  
Different as farr  
As antidotes & poysons are  
By that first fatall TREE  
Both life & liberty  
Were sold and slain  
By this they both look up, & live again



# RICHARD CRASHAW

## *The Versicle*

Lo we adore thee  
Dread LAMB! & bow thus low before thee,

## *The Responsor.*

'Cause by the covenant of thy CROSSE  
Thou'hast sav'd the world from certain losse.

## *The Prayer.*

O Lord JESU-CHRIST, son of the living GOD! interpose,  
I pray thee, thine own pretious death, thy CROSSE &  
Passion, betwixt my soul & thy judgment, now & in the hour  
of my death And vouchsafe to graunt unto me thy grace &  
mercy, unto all quick & dead, remission & rest, to thy church  
peace & concord, to us sinners life & glory everlasting Who  
livest and reignest with the FATHER, in the unity of the HOLY  
GHOST, one GOD, world without end Amen

# CARMEN DEO NOSTRO

## THE NINTH

### *The Versicle*

Lord by thy sweet & saving SIGN

### *The Responsor*

Defend us from our foes & thine

Y Thou shalt open

R And my mouth

Y O GOD make speed

R O LORD make hast

Glory be to

As it was in

## THE HYMN

THE ninth with awfull horror hearkened to those groanes  
Which taught attention ev n to ro[c]ks & stones  
Hear, FATHER, hear! thy LAMB (at last) complaines  
Of some more painfull thing then all his paines  
Then bowes his all obedient head, & dyes  
His own lov s & our sin s GREAT SACRIFICE  
The sun saw That And would have seen no more  
The center shook Her uselesse veil th inglorious Temple  
tore

### *The Antiphona*

O strange mysterious strife  
Of open DEATH & hidden LIFE!  
When on the crosse my king did bleed,  
LIFE seem d to dy, DEATH dy d indeed

### *The Versicle*

Lo we adore thee  
D[rea]d LAMB! and fall  
thus low before thee

### *The Responsor*

Cause by the covenant of thy CROSSE  
Thou hast sav d at once the whole wor[l]d s losse

## RICHARD CRASHAW

### *The Prayer.*

O Lord JESU-CHRIST, son of the living GOD<sup>d</sup> interpose,  
I pray thee, thine own pretious death, thy CROSSE &  
Passion, betwixt my soul & thy judgment, now & in the hour  
of my death And vouchsafe to graunt unto me thy grace &  
mercy, unto all quick & dead, remission & rest, to thy church  
peace & concord, to us sinners life & glory everlasting Who  
livest and reignest with the FATHER, in the unity of the HOLY  
GHOST, one GOD, world without end. Amen.

# CARMEN DEO NOSTRO

## EVENSONG

### *The Versicle*

Lord, by thy sweet & saving SIGN

### *The Responsor*

Defend us from our foes & thine

V Thou shalt open

R And my mouth

V O GOD make speed

R O LORD make hast

V Glory be to

R As it was in the

### THE HYMN

BUT there were Rocks would not relent at This  
Lo, for their own hearts, they rend his  
Their deadly hate lives still, & hath  
A wild reserve of wanton wrath  
Superfluous SPEAR! But there's a HEART stands by  
Will look no wounds be lost, no deaths shall dy  
Gather now thy Greif's ripe FRUIT Great mother maid!  
Then sitt thee down, & sing thine Evnsong in the sad  
TREE's shade

### *The Antiphona*

O sad, sweet TREE!

Wofull & joyfull we

Both weep & sing in shade of thee

When the dear NAILES did lock

And graft into thy gracious Stock

The hope the health

The worth, the wealth

Of all the ransom'd WORLD, thou hadst the power

(In that propitious Hour)

To poise each pretious limb,

And prove how light the World was, when it weighd with  
HIM

## RICHARD CRASHAW

Wide maist thou spred  
Thine Armes, And with thy bright & blisfull head  
O'relook all Libanus Thy lofty crown  
The king himself is, Thou his humble THRONE.  
Where yeilding & yet conquering he  
Prov'd a new path of patient Victory  
When wondring death by death was slain,  
And our Captivity his Captive ta'ne

### *The Versicle*

Lo we adore thee  
Dread LAMB! & bow thus low before thee,

### *The Responsor*

'Cause by the covenant of thy CROSSE  
Thou'hast sav'd the world from certain losse

### *The Prayer*

O lord JESU-CHRIST, son of the living, &c

# CARMEN DEO NOSTRO

## COMPLINE

### *The Versicle*

Lord by thy sweet & saving SIGN,

### *The Responsor*

Defend us from our foes & thine

V Thou shalt open

R And my mouth

V O GOD make speed

R O LORD make hast

V Glory be

R As it was in

### THE HIMN

THE Complin hour comes last, to call

Us to our own LIVES funerall

Ah hartlesse task! yet hope takes head

And lives in Him that here lyes dead

Run, MARY, run! Bring hither all the BLEST

ARABIA, for thy Royall Phœnix nest,

Pour on thy noblest sweets, Which, when they touch

This sweeter BODY, shall indeed be such

But must thy bed, lord, be a borrow'd grave

Who lendst to all things All the LIFE they have

O rather use this HEART, thus farr a fitter STONE,

Cause, though a hard & cold one, yet it is thine owne

Amen

### *The Antiphona*

O save us then

Mercyfull KING of men!

Since thou wouldst needs be thus

A SAVIOUR, & at such a rate, for us,

Save us, o save us, lord

We now will own no shorter wish, nor name a narrower word

Thy blood bids us be bold

Thy Wounds give us fair hold

Thy Sorrows chide our shame

Thy Crosse, thy Nature, & thy name

Advance our claim

And cry with one accord

Save them, o save them, lord

# RICHARD CRASHAW

## THE RECOMMENDATION.

'T Hese Houres, & that which hover's o're my END,  
Into thy hands, and hart, lord, I, commend

Take Both to Thine Account, that I & mine  
In that Hour, & in these, may be all thine

That as I dedicate my devoutest BREATH  
To make a kind of LIFE for my lord's DEATH,

So from his living, & life-giving DEATH,  
My dying LIFE may draw a new, & never fleeting BREATH.

## U P O N T H E II. S E P U L C H E R.

Here where our LORD once lay'd his Head,  
Now the grave lyes Buryed.

CARMEN DEO NOSTRO

VEXILLA REGIS,

THE

HYMN

OF THE HOLY

CROSSE

I

Look up, languishing Soul! Lo where the fair  
BAGG of thy faith calls back thy care,  
And biddes thee nere forget  
Thy life is one long Debt  
Of love to Him, who on this painfull TREE  
Paid back the flesh he took for thee

II

Lo, how the streames of life, from that full nest  
Of loves, thy lord s too liberall brest,  
Flow in an amorous floud  
Of WATER wedding BLOOD  
With these he wash t thy stain, transfer d thy smart,  
And took it home to his own heart

III

But though great LOVE, greedy of such sad gain  
Usurp t the Portion of THY pain,  
And from the nailes & spear  
Turn d the steel point of fear,  
Their use is chang d, not lost, and now they move  
Not stings of w[ra]th, but wounds of love



# RICHARD CRASHAW

## IV.

Tall TREE of life! thy truth makes good  
What was till now ne're understood,  
    Though the prophetick king  
    Struck lowd his faithfull string  
It was thy wood he meant should make the T[HR]ONE  
For a more then SALOMON

## V

Larg throne of love! Royally spread  
With purple of too Rich a red  
    Thy crime is too much duty,  
    Thy Burthen, too much beauty,  
Glorious, or Greivous more? thus to make good  
Thy costly excellence with thy KING's own BLOOD.

## VI

Even ballance of both worlds! our world of sin,  
And that of grace heavn way'd in HIM,  
    Us with our price thou weighed'st,  
    Our price for us thou payed'st,  
Soon as the right-hand scale rejoyc't to prove  
How much Death weigh'd more light then love

## VII

Hail, our alone hope! let thy fair head shoot  
Aloft, and fill the nations with thy noble fruit  
    The while our hearts & we  
    Thus graft our selves on thee,  
Grow thou & they And be thy fair increase  
The sinner's pardon & the just man's peace

Live, o for ever live & reign  
The LAMB whom his own love hath slain!  
And let thy lost sheep live to'inherit  
That KINGDOM which this CROSSE did merit  
    A M E N

CARMEN DEO NOSTRO

TO OUR B LORD

UPON THE CHOISE OF HIS

Sepulcher

How life & death in Thee  
          Agree!  
Thou hadst a virgin womb,  
          And tomb  
A JOSEPH did betroth  
          Them both

-

RICHARD CRASHAW  
CHARITAS  
NIMIA.  
OR  
THE  
DEAR BARGAIN.

I Ord, what is man? why should he coste thee  
So dear? what had his ruin lost thee?  
Lord what is man? that thou hast overbought  
So much a thing of nought?

Love is too kind, I see, & can  
Make but à simple merchant man  
'Twas for such sorry merchandise,  
Bold Painters have putt out his Eyes

Alas, sweet lord, what wer't to thee  
If there were no such wormes as we?  
Heav'n ne're the lesse still heavn would be,  
Should Mankind dwell  
In the deep hell  
What have his woes to doe with thee?

Let him goe weep  
O're his own wounds,  
SERAPHIMS will not sleep  
Nor spheares let fall their faithfull rounds

Still would The youthfull SPIRITS sing,  
And still thy spacious Palace ring  
Still would those beauteous ministers of light  
Burn all as bright,

And bow their flaming heads before thee  
Still thrones & Dominations would adore thee  
Still would those ever-wakefull sons of fire  
Keep warm thy prayse  
Both nights & dayes,  
And teach thy lov'd name to their noble lyre

## CARMEN DEO NOSTRO

Le[t] froward Dust then doe it s kind,  
And give it self for sport to the proud wind  
Why should a peice of peevisch clay plead shares  
In the Æternity of thy old cares?  
Why shouldst you bow thy awfull Brest to see  
What mine own madnes'es have done with me?

Should not the King still keepe his throne  
Because some desperite I ools undone?  
Or will the world s Illustrious eyes  
Weep for every worm that dyes,

Will the gallant sun  
E re the lesse glorious run?  
Will he hang down his golden head  
Or e re the sooner seek his western bed,  
Because some foolish fly  
Growes wanton, & will dy?

If I were lost in nursery,  
What was it to thy heavn & thee?  
What was it to thy pretious blood  
If my soul Heart call'd for a floud?

What if my faithlesse soul & I  
Would needs fall in  
With guilt & sin,  
What did the I anib, that he should dy?  
What did the lamb, that he should need?  
When the wolf sins, himself to bleed?

If my base lust,  
Bargain'd with Death & well besecming dust  
Why should the white  
Lamb s bosom write  
The purple name  
Of my sin s shame?

Why should his unstain'd brest make good  
My blushes with his own heart blood?

O my SAVIOUR, make me see  
How dearly thou hast payd for me

That lost again my LIFF may prove  
As then in DEATH, so now in love

SANCTA MARIA  
DOLORUM  
OR  
THE MOTHER  
OF  
SORROWS.

A  
Patheticall descant upon the  
devout Plainsong

OF  
*STABAT MATER*  
*DOLOROSA.*

CARMEN DEO NOSTRO  
 SANCTA MARIA  
 DOLORUM

I

IN shade of death's sad TREE  
 Stood Dolefull SHEE  
 Ah SHE! now by none other  
 Name to be known, alas, but SORROW'S [M]OTHER  
 Before her eyes  
 Hers, & the whole world's joyes,  
 Hanging all torn she sees and in his woes  
 And Paines, her Pangs & throes  
 Each wound of His, from every Part,  
 All, more at home in her one heart

II

What kind of marble than  
 Is that cold man  
 Who can look on & see,  
 Nor keep such noble sorrowes company?  
 Sure even from you  
 (My Flints) some drops are due  
 To see so many unkind swords contest  
 So fast for one soft Brest  
 While with a faithfull, mutuall, floud  
 Her eyes bleed TEARES, his wounds weep BLOOD

III

O costly intercourse  
 Of deaths, & worse  
 Divided loves While son & mother  
 Discourse alternate wounds to one another  
 Quick Deaths that grow  
 And gather, as they come & goe  
 His Nails write swords in her, which soon her heart  
 Payes back, with more then their own smart,  
 Her SWORDS, still growin[g] with his pain,  
 Turn SPEARES, & straight come home again

# RICHARD CRASHAW

## IV.

She sees her son, her God,  
Bow with à load  
Of borrowd sins, And swimme  
In woes that were not made for Him  
Ah hard command  
Of love! Here must she stand  
Charg'd to look on, & with à stedfast ey  
See her life dy  
Leaving her only so much Breath  
As serves to keep alive her death.

## V.

O Mother turtle-dove!  
Soft sourse of love  
That these dry hidds might borrow  
Something from thy full Seas of sorrow!  
O in that brest  
Of thine (the nob[est] nest  
Both of love's fires & flouds) might I recline  
This hard, cold, Heart of mine!  
The chill lump would relent, & prove  
Soft subject for the seige of love

## VI

O teach those wounds to bleed  
In me, me, so to read  
This book of loves, thus writ  
In lines of death, my life may copy it  
With loyall cares  
O let me, here, clam shares,  
Yeild somthing in thy sad prærogative  
(Great Queen of greifes) & give  
Me too my teares, who, though all stone,  
Think much that thou shouldst mourn alone.

## CARMEN DEO NOSTRO

### VII

Yea let my life & me  
Fix here with thee,  
And at the Humble foot  
Of this fair TREE take our eter[n]all root  
That so we may  
At least be in loves way  
And in these chast warres while the wing d wounds flee  
So fast twixt him & thee,  
My brest may catch the kisse of some kind dart,  
Though as at second hand, from either heart

### VIII

O you, your own best Darts  
Dear, dolefull hearts!  
Hail & strike home & make me see  
That wounded bosomes their own weapons be  
Come wounds! come darts!  
Nail d hands! & peirced hearts!  
Come your whole selves, sorrow s great son & mother!  
Nor grudge a yonger Brother  
Of greifes his portion, who (had all their due)  
One single wound should not have left for you

### IX

Shall I, sett there  
So deep a share  
(Dear wounds) & onely now  
In sorrows draw no Dividend with you?  
O be more wise  
I[f] not more soft, mine eyes!  
Flow, tardy founts! & into decent showres  
Dissolve my Dayes & Howres  
And if thou yet (faint soul!) deferr  
To bleed with him, fail not to weep with her



# RICHARD CRASHAW

## X.

Rich Queen, lend some releife,  
At least an almes of greif  
To'a heart who by sad right of sin  
Could prove the whole summe (too sure) due to him.  
By all those stings  
Of love, sweet bitter things,  
Which these torn hands transcrib'd on thy true heart  
O teach mine too the art  
To study him so, till we mix  
Wounds, and become one crucifix

## XI

O let me suck the wine  
So long of this chast vine  
Till drunk of the dear wounds, I be  
A lost Thing to the world, as it to me.  
O faithfull freind  
Of me & of my end!  
Fold up my life in love, and lay't beneath  
My dear lord's vitall death  
Lo, heart, thy hope's whole Plea! Her pretious Breath  
Powr'd out in prayrs for thee, thy lord's in death

CARMEN DEO NOSTRO

UPON  
THE  
BLEEDING  
CRUCIFIX  
A  
SONG

I

J Esu, no more! It is full tide  
From thy head & from thy feet,  
From thy hands & from thy side  
All the purple Rivers meet

II

What need thy fair head bear a part  
In showres, as if thine eyes had none?  
What need They help to drown thy heart,  
That strives in torrents of its own?

III

Thy restlesse feet now cannot goe  
For us & our eternall good  
As they were ever wont What though?  
They swimme Alas, in their own flood

IV

Thy hands to give, thou canst not lift  
Yet will thy hand still giving be  
It gives but ô it self s the gift  
It gives though bound though bound tis free

# RICHARD CRASHAW

## V.

But ô thy side, thy deep-digg'd side!  
That hath a double Nilus going.  
Nor ever was the pharian tide  
Half so fruitfull, half so flowing

## VI

No hair so small, but payes his river  
To this red sea of thy blood  
Their little channells can deliver  
Somthing to the Generall flood.

## VII.

But while I speak, whither are run  
All the rivers nam'd before?  
I counted wrong There is but one,  
But ô that one is one all ore.

## VIII

Rain-swoln rivers may rise proud,  
Bent all to drown & overflow  
But when indeed all's overflow'd  
They themselves are drowned too

## IX.

This thy blood's deluge, a dire chance  
Dear LORD to thee, to us is found  
A deluge of Deliverance,  
A deluge least we should be drown'd.

N'ere wast thou in a sense so sadly true,  
The WELL of living WATERS, Lord, till now

CARMEN DEO NOSTRO

UPON  
THE CROWNE OF THORNS  
TAKEN DOWNE

From the head of our Bl LORD,  
all Bloody

K Now st thou This, Souldier? Tis a much chang d plant  
which yet  
Thy selfe didst sett

O who so hard a Husbandman did ever find  
A soile so kind?

Is not the soile a kind one, which returnes  
Roses for Th[or]nes?

RICHARD CRASHAW

UPON  
THE BODY OF OUR  
BLESSED LORD,  
NAKED  
AND  
BLOODY.

They 'have left thee naked, LORD, O that they had  
This garment too I would they had deny'd.

Thee with thy self they have too richly clad,  
Opening the purple wardrobe in thy side

O never could there be garment too good  
For thee to wear, But this, of thine own Blood.

THE  
HYMN  
OF  
SANITE THOMAS  
IN  
ADORATION OF  
THE  
BLESSED  
SACRAMENT

# RICHARD CRASHAW

## A D O R O

### T E

W Ith all the powres my poor Heart hath  
Of humble love & loyall Faith,  
Thus lowe (my hidden life!) I bow to thee  
Whom too much love hath bow'd more low for me.  
Down down, proud sense! Discourses dy.  
Keep close, my soul's inquiring ey!  
Nor touch nor tast must look for more  
But each sitt still in his own Dore

Your ports are all superfluous here,  
Save That which lets in faith, the eare  
Faith is my skill Faith can beleive  
As fast as love new lawes can give  
Faith is my force Faith strength affords  
To keep pace with those powfull words  
And words more sure, more sweet, then they  
Love could not think, truth could not say

O let thy wretch find that releife  
Thou didst afford the faithfull theife  
Plead for me, love! Alleage & show  
That faith has farther, here, to goe  
And lesse to lean on Because than  
Though hidd as GOD, wounds writt thee man,  
Thomas might touch, None but might see  
At least the suffering side of thee,  
And that too was thy self which thee did cover,  
But here ev'n That's hid too which hides the other.

Sweet, consider then, that I  
Though allow'd nor hand nor eye  
To reach at thy lov'd Face, nor can  
Tast thee GOD, or touch thee MAN  
Both yet beleive, And wittnesse thee  
My LORD too & my GOD, as lowd as He

## CARMEN DEO NOSTRO

Help, lord, my Hope increase,  
And fill my portion in thy peace  
Give love for life nor let my dayes  
Grow, but in new powres to thy name & praise

O dear memoriall of that Death  
Which lives still, & allowes us breath!  
Rich, Royall food! Bountyfull BREAD!  
Whose use denyes us to the dead,  
Whose vitall gust alone can give  
The same leave both to eat & live,  
Live ever Bread of loves, & be  
My life, my soul, my surer selfe to mee

O soft self wounding Pelican!  
Whose brest weepes Balm for wounded man  
Ah this way bend thy benign floud  
To a bleeding Heart that gaspes for blood  
That blood, whose least drops soveraign be  
To wash my worlds of sins from me  
Come love! Come LORD! & that long day  
For which I languish, come away  
When this dry soul those eyes shall see,  
And drink the unseald sourse of thee  
When Glory's sun faith's shades shall chase,  
And for thy veil give me thy FACE

A M E N



RICHARD CRASHAW  
LAUDA SION SALVATOREM.  
THE HYMN  
FOR  
T'HE BL.  
SACRAMEN'T.

I

Rise, Royall SION<sup>1</sup> rise & sing  
Thy soul's kind shepherd, thy hart's KING  
Stretch all thy powres, call if thou can  
Harpes of heavn to hands of man  
This sovereign subject sits above  
The best ambition of thy love.

II.

Lo the BREAD of LI[F]E, this day's  
Triumphant Text, provokes thy prayse  
The living & life-giving bread,  
To the great twelve distributed  
When LIFE, himself, at point to dy  
Of love, was his own LEGACY.

III

Come, love<sup>1</sup> & let us work a song  
Lowd & pleasant, sweet & long,  
Let lippes & Hearts lift high the noise  
Of so just & solemn joyes,  
Which on his white browes this bright day  
Shall hence for ever bear away.

IV

Lo the new LAW of a new LORD  
With a new Lamb blesses the Board  
The aged Pascha pleads not yeares  
But spyes love's dawn, & disappeares  
Types yeld to TRUTHES, shades shrink away,  
And their NIGHT dyes into our Day.

## CARMEN DEO NOSTRO

### V

But lest THAT dy too, we are bid  
Ever to doe what he once did  
And by a mindfull, mystick breath  
That we may live, revive his DEATH,  
With a well bles t bread & wine  
Transsum d, & taught to turn divine

### VI

The Heavn instructed house of FAITH  
Here a holy Dictate hath  
That they but lend their Form & face,  
Themselves with reverence leave their place  
Nature, & name, to be made good  
By a nobler Bread, more needfull BLOOD

### VII

Where nature s lawes no leave will give,  
Bold FAITH takes heart, & dares beleive  
In different species, name not things,  
Himself to me my SAVIOUR brings,  
As meat in That, as Drink in this,  
But still in Both one CHRIST he is

### VIII

The Receiving Mouth here makes  
Non wound nor breach in what he takes  
Let one, or one THOUSAND be  
Here Dividers, single he  
Beares home no lesse, all they no more,  
Nor leave they both lesse then before

### IX

Though in it self this SOVERAIN FEAST  
Be all the same to every Guest,  
Yet on the same (life meaning) Bread  
The child of Death eates himself Dead  
Nor is t love s fault, but sin s dire skill  
That thus from LIFE can DEATH distill

# RICHARD CRASHAW

## X.

When the blest signes thou broke shall see,  
Hold but thy Faith intire as he  
Who, howsoe'er clad, cannot come  
Lesse then whole CHRIST in every crumme.  
In broken formes à stable FAITH  
Untouch't her pretious TOTAIL hath.

## XI.

Lo the life-food of ANGELS then  
Bow'd to the lowly mouths of men!  
The children's BRAD, the Bridegroom's WINE.  
Not to be cast to dogges, or swine

## XII

Lo, the full, finall, SACRI[F]ICE  
On which all figures fix't their eyes  
The ransom'd ISACK, & his ramme,  
The MANNA, & the PASCHAL Lamb.

## XIII.

JESU MASTER, Just & true!  
Our Food, & faithfull SHEPHERD too!  
O by thy self vouchsafe to keep,  
As with thy selfe thou feed'st thy SHEEP.

## XIV.

O let that love which thus makes thee  
Mix with our low Mortality,  
Lift our lean Soules, & sett us up  
Convictors of thine own full cup,  
Coheirs of SAINTS That so all may  
Drink the same wine, and the same WAY  
Nor chang the PASTURE, but the PLACE,  
To feed of THEE in thine own FACE.

AMEN.

CARMEN DEO NOSTRO

THE  
HYMN  
OF THE  
CHURCH,  
IN MEDITATION OF  
THE DAY OF  
JUDGMENT

I

H Ears t thou, my soul, with serious things  
Both the Psalm and sybyll sings  
Of a sure judge, from whose sharp Ray  
The world in flames shall fly away

II

O that fire ! before whose face  
Heavn & earth shall find no place  
O those eyes ! whose angry light  
Must be the day of that dread Night

III

O that trump ! whose blast shall r[u]n  
An even round with the circling Sun  
And urge the murmuring graves to bring  
Pale mankind forth to meet his king

IV

Horror of nature, hell & Death !  
When a deep Groan from beneath  
Shall cry we come, we come & all  
The caves of night answer one call

# RICHARD CRASHAW

## V.

O that Book<sup>l</sup> whose leaves so bright  
Will sett the world in severe light  
O that Judge<sup>l</sup> whose hand, whose eye  
None can indure, yet none can fly

## VI.

Ah then, poor soul, what wilt thou say?  
And to what Patron chuse to pray?  
When starres themselves shall stagger, and  
The most firm foot no more then stand.

## VII

But thou giv'st leave (dread Lord) that we  
Take shelter from thy self, in thee,  
And with the wings of thine own dove  
Fly to thy scepter of soft love.

## VIII

Dear, remember in that Day  
Who was the cause thou cam'st this way  
Thy sheep was stray'd, And thou wouldst be  
Even lost thy self in seeking me.

## IX

Shall all that labour, all that cost  
Of love, and ev'n that losse, be lost?  
And this lov'd soul, judg'd worth no lesse  
Then all that way, and wearynesse?

## X.

Just mercy then, thy Reckning be  
With my price, & not with me  
'Twas pay'd at first with too much pain,  
To be pay'd twice, or once, in vain

## XI

Mercy (my judge) mercy I cry  
With blushing Cheek & bleeding ey,  
The conscious colors of my sin  
Are red without & pale within

## CARMEN DEO NOSTRO

### XII

O let thine own soft bowells pay  
Thy self, And so discharge that day  
If sin can sigh, love can forgive  
O say the word my Soul shall live

### XIII

Those mercyes which thy MARY found  
Or who thy crosse confest & crown d,  
Hope tells my heart, the same loves be  
Still alive, and still for me

### XIV

Though both my Prayres & teares combine,  
Both worthlesse are For they are mine  
But thou thy bounteous self still be  
And show thou art, by saving me

### XV

O when thy last Frown shall proclaim  
The flocks of goates to folds of flame,  
And all thy lost sheep found shall be,  
Let come ye blessed then call me

### XVI

When the dread ITE shall divide  
Those Limbs of death from thy left side,  
Let those life speaking lipps command  
That I inheritt thy right hand

### XVII

O hear a suppliant heart, all crush t  
And crumbled into contrite dust  
My hope, my fear! my Judge my Freind!  
Take charge of me, & of my END

# RICHARD CRASHAW

## THE

## HIMN

### *O GLORIOSA DOMINA.*

**I** Ail, most high, most humble one!  
Above the world, below thy Son  
Whose blush the moon beauteously marres  
And staines the timerous light of stares  
He that made all things, had not done  
Till he had made Himself thy son  
The whole world's host would be thy guest  
And board himself at thy rich BREST  
O boundles Hospitality!

The FEAST of all thing feeds on the[e]

The first Eve, mother of our FALL,  
E're she bore any one, slew all  
Of Her unkind gift might we have  
The inheritance of a hasty GRAVE,  
Quick burye'd in the wanton TOMB  
Of one forbidden bitt,

Had not à Better FRUIT forbidden it

Had not thy healthfull womb

The world's new eastern window bin  
And given us heav'n again, in giving HIM  
Thine was the Rosy DAWN that sprung the Day  
Which renders all the starres she stole away.

Let then the Aged world be wise, & all  
Prove nobly, here, unnaturall

'Tis gratitude to forgett that other  
And call the maiden Eve their mo[t]her.

Yee redeem'd Nations farr & near,  
Applaud your happy selves in her,  
(All you to whom this love belongs)  
And keep't alive with lasting songs.

## CARMEN DEO NOSTRO

Let hearts & lippes speak lowd, and say  
Hail, door of life & sourse of day!  
The door was shutt, the fountain seal d,  
Yet LIGHT was seen & LIFE reveald  
The fountain seald, yet life found way  
Glory to thee, great virgin's son  
In bosom of thy FATHER's blisse  
The same to thee, sweet SPIRIT be done,  
As ever shall be, was, & is

AMEN



RICHARD CRASHAW  
IN THE  
GLORIOUS  
ASSUMPTION  
OF  
OUR BLESSED  
LADY.  
THE HYMN

**I** Ark! she is call'd, the parting houre is come  
Take thy Farewell, poor world! heavn must goe home  
A peice of heav'nly earth, Purer & brighter  
Then the chast starres, whose choise lamps come to light her  
While through the crystall orbes, cleaier then they  
She climbs, and makes a farre more milkey way  
She's calld Hark, how the dear immortall dove  
Sighes to his sylver mate rise up, my love!  
Rise up, my fair, my spottlesse one!  
The winter's past, the rain is gone  
The spring is come, the flowrs appear  
No sweets, but thou, are wanting here  
Come away, my love!  
Come away, my dove! cast off delay,  
The court of heav'n is come  
To wait upon thee home, Come come away!  
The flowrs appear  
Or quickly would, wert thou once here  
The spring is come, or if it stay,  
'Tis to keep time with thy delay  
The rain is gone, except so much as we  
Detain in needfull teares to weep the want of thee  
The winter's past.  
or if he make lesse hast,  
His answer is, why she does so  
If sommer come not, how can winter goe.  
Come away, come away  
The shrill winds chide, the waters weep thy stay,

## CARMEN DEO NOSTRO

The fountains murmur & each loftyest [t]ree,  
Bowes low st his heavy top, to look for thee

Come away, my love

Come away, my dove &c

She s call d again And will she goe?

When heavn bids come, who can say no?

Heavn calls her, & she must away

Heavn will not, & she cannot stay

GOE then goe GLORIOUS

On the golden wings

Of the bright youth of heavn, that sings

Under so sweet a Burthen Goe,

Since thy dread son will have it so

And while thou goest, our song & we

Will, as we may, reach after thee

HAIL, holy Queen of humble hearts!

We in thy prayse will have our parts

Thy pretious name shall be

Thy self to us & we

With holy care will keep it by us

We to the last

Will hold it fast

And no ASSUMPTION shall deny us

All the sweetest showres

Of our fairest flowres

Will we strow upon it

Though our sweets cannot make

It sweeter, they can take

Themselves new sweetnes from it

MARIA men & Angels sing

MARIA, mother of our KING

LIVE rosy prnnesse, LIVE And may the bnght

Crown of a most incomparable light

Embrace thy radiant browes O may the best

Of everlasting joyes bath thy white brest

LIVE, our chast love the holy mirth

Of heavn the humble pride of earth

Live, c[r]own of woemen Queen of men

Live mistresse of our song And when

Our weak desires have done their [b]est,

Sweet Angels come, and sing the rest

RICHARD CRASHAW

S A N I T E  
M A R Y  
M A G D A L E N E  
O R  
T H E W E E P E R.

Loe where à WOUNDED HEART with Bleeding EYES conspire.  
Is she a FLAMING Fountain, or a Weeping fire!

# CARMEN DEO NOSTRO

## THE WEEPER

### I

Hail, sister springs!  
Parents of sylver footed rills!  
Ever bubling things!  
Thawing crystall' snowy hills,  
Still spending, never spent! I mean  
Thy fair eyes, sweet MAGDALENE!

### II

Heavens thy fair eyes be  
Heavens of ever falling starres  
Tis seed time still with thee  
And starres thou sow st, whose harvest dares  
Promise the earth to counter shine  
Whatever makes heavn s forehead fine

### III

But we are deceived all  
Starres indeed they are too true  
For they but seem to fall,  
As Heavn s other spangles doe  
It is not for our earth & us  
To shine in Things so pretious

### IV

Upwards thou dost weep  
Heavn s bosome drinks the gentle stream  
Where th milky rivers creep  
Thine floates above & is the cream  
Waters above th Heavns, what they be  
We are taught best by thy TEARES & thee

# RICHARD CRASHAW

## V

Every morn from hence  
A brisk Cherub something sippes  
Whose sacred influence  
Addes sweetnes to his sweetest Lippes.  
Then to his musick. And his song  
Tasts of this Breakfast all day long.

## VI.

Not in the evening's eyes  
When they Red with weeping are  
For the Sun that dyes,  
Sitts sorrow with a face so fair,  
No where but here did ever meet  
Sweetnesse so sad, sadnesse so sweet

## VII

When sorrow would be seen  
In her brightest majesty  
(For she is a Queen)  
Then is she drest by none but thee.  
Then, & only then, she weares  
Her proudest pearles, I mean, thy TEARES.

## VIII

The deaw no more will weep  
The prim rose's pale cheek to deck,  
The deaw no more will sleep  
Nuzzel'd in the lilly's neck,  
Much reather would it be thy TEAR,  
And leave them Both to tremble here

## IX.

There's no need at all  
That the balsom-sweating bough  
So coyly should let fall  
His med'cinable teares, for now  
Nature hath learn't to'extract a deaw  
More soveraign & sweet from you.

## CARMEN DEO NOSTRO

### X

Yet let the poore drops weep  
(Weeping is the ease of woe)  
Softly let them creep,  
Sad that they are vanquish't so  
They, though to others no reliefe,  
Balsom maybe, for their own greife

### XI

Such the maiden gemme  
By the purpling vine put on,  
Peeps from her parent stemme  
And blushes at the bridegroomes sun  
This watry Blossom of thy eyn,  
Ripe, will make the richer wine

### XII

When some new bright Guest  
Takes up among the starres a room,  
And Heavn will make a feast,  
Angels with crystall violls come  
And deaw from these full eyes of thine  
Their master's Water their own Wine

### XIII

Golden though he be,  
Golden Tagus murmures tho  
Were his way by thee,  
Content & quiet he would goe  
So much more rich would he esteem  
Thy sylver, then his golden stream

### XIV

Well does the May that lyes  
Smiling in thy cheeks, confesse  
The April in thine eyes  
Mutuall sweetnesse they expresse  
No April ere lent kinder showres,  
Nor May return'd more faithfull flowres

# RICHARD CRASHAW

## XV.

O c[h]eeke! Bedds of chaste loves  
By your own showres seasonably dash't  
Eyes! nests of milky doves  
In your own wells decently washt.  
O wit of love! that thus could place  
Fountain & Garden in one face.

## [XVI.]

O sweet Contest, of woes  
With loves, of teares with smiles disputing!  
O fair, & Freindly Foes,  
Each other kissing & confuting!  
While rain & sunshine, Cheekes & Eyes  
Close in kind contrarieties

## XVII.

But can these fair Flouds be  
Freinds with the bosom fires that fill you!  
Can so great flames agree  
Æternall Teares should thus distill thee!  
O flouds, o fires! o suns ô showres!  
Mixt & made freinds by love's sweet powres.

## XVIII

Twas his well-pointed dait  
That digg'd these wells, & drest this wine,  
And taught the wounded HEART  
The way into these weeping Eyn  
Vain loves avant! bold hands forbear!  
The lamb hath dipp't his white foot here

## XIX.

And now where're he strays,  
Among the Galilean mountaines,  
Or more unwellcome wayes,  
He's follow'd by two faithfull fountaines,  
Two walking baths, two weeping motions,  
Portable, & compendious oceans

## CARMEN DEO NOSTRO

### XX

O Thou, thy lord's fair store!  
In thy so rich & rare expenses,  
Even when he show'd most poor,  
He might provoke the wealth of Princes  
What Prince's wantonst pride ere could  
Wash with Sylver, wipe with Gold

### XXI

Who is that King, but he  
Who calls't his Crown to be call'd thine,  
That thus can boast to be  
Waited on by a wandering mine,  
A voluntary mint, that strowes  
Warm sylver shoures where re he goes!

### XXII

O pretious Prodigall!  
Fair spend thrift of thy self! thy measure  
(Merelesse love!) is all  
Even to the last Pearle in thy threasure  
All places, Times, & objects be  
Thy teares sweet opportunity

### XXIII

Does the day-starre rise?  
Still thy starres doe fall & fall,  
Does day close his eyes?  
Still the FOUNTAIN weeps for all  
Let night or day doe what they will,  
Thou hast thy task thou weepest still

### XXIV

Does thy song lull the air?  
Thy falling teares keep faithfull time  
Does thy sweet breath'd paire  
Up in clouds of incense climb?  
Still at each sigh, that is, each stop,  
A bead, that is, A TEAR, does drop,



## RICHARD CRASHAW

### XXV.

At these thy weeping gates,  
(Watching their watry motion)  
Each winged moment waits,  
Takes his TRAR, & gets him gone  
By thine Ey's tinct enobled thus  
Time layes him up, he's prctious

### XXVI

Not, so long she lived,  
Shall thy tomb report of thee,  
But, so long she greived,  
Thus must we date thy memory  
Others by moments, months, & yeares  
Measure their ages, thou, by TEARES

### XXVII.

So doe perfumes expire  
So sigh tormented sweets, opprest  
With proud unpittying fires.  
Such Teares the suffering Rose that's vexed  
With ungentle flames does shed,  
Sweating in a too warm bed

### XXVIII

Say, the bright brothers,  
The fugitive sons of those fair Eyes  
Your fruitfull mothers!  
What make you here? what hopes can tice  
You to be born? what cause can borrow  
You from Those nests of noble sorrow?

### XXIX

Whither away so fast?  
For sure the sordid earth  
Your Sweetnes cannot tast  
Nor does the dust deserve their birth.  
Sweet, whither hast you then? o say  
Why you trip so fast away?

## CARMEN DEO NOSTRO

### XXX

We goe not to seek,  
The darlings of Auroras bed,  
The rose s modest Cheek  
Nor the violet s humble head  
Though the Feild s eyes too WEEPERS be  
Because they want such TEARES as we

### XXXI

Much lesse mean we to trace  
The Fortune of inferior gemmes,  
Preferr d to some proud face  
Or percht upon fear d Diadems  
Crown d Heads are toyes We goe to meet  
A worthy object, our lord s FEET

A HYMN  
TO  
THE NAME AND HONOR  
OF  
THE ADMIRABLE  
SANTIE  
TERESA,  
FOUNDRESSE  
of the Reformation of the Discalced  
CARMELITES, both  
men & Women;

A  
WOMAN  
for Angelicall heig[ht] of speculation, for  
Masculine courage of performance,  
more then a woman.

WHO  
Yet a child, out ran maturity, and  
durst plott a Martyrdome;

# CARMEN DEO NOSTRO

## THE HYMNE

LOVE, thou art Absolute sole lord  
OF LIFE & DEATH To prove the word,  
Wee'l now appeal to none of all  
Those thy old Souldiers, Great & tall,  
Ripe Men of Martyrdom, that could reach down  
With strong armies, their triumphant crown,  
Such as could with lusty breath  
Speak lowd into the face of death  
Their Great LORDS glorious name, to none  
Of those whose spacious Bosomes spread a throne  
For LOVE at larg to fill, spare blood & sweat,  
And see him take a private seat,  
Making his mansion in the mild  
And milky soul of a soft child

Scarse has she learn't to lisp the name  
Of Martyr yet she thinks it shame  
Life should so long play with that breath  
Which spent can buy so brave a death  
She never undertook to know  
What death with love should have to doe,  
Nor has she ere yet understood  
Why to show love she should shed blood  
Yet though she cannot tell you why,  
She can LOVE, & she can DY

Scarse has she Blood enough to make  
A guilty sword blush for her sake  
Yet has she a HEART dures hope to prove  
How much lesse strong is DEATH then LOVE

Be love but there let poor six yeares  
Be pos'd with the maturest Feares  
Man trembles at, you st[r]aight shall find  
LOVE knowes no nonage, nor the MIND  
'Tis LOVE, not YEARES or LIMBS that can  
Make the Martyr, or the man

## RICHARD CRASHAW

LOVE touch't her HEART, & lo it beates  
High, & burnes with such brave heates,  
Such thirsts to dy, as dares drink up,  
A thousand cold deaths in one cup  
Good reason For she breathes All fire  
Her [weake] brest heaves with strong desire  
Of what she may with fruitles wishes  
Seek for amongst her MOTHER's [Kisses]

Since 'tis not to be had at home

She'l travail to à Mar[t]ydom

No home for hers confesses she

But where she may à Martyr be

She'l to the Moores, And trade with them,  
For this unvalued Diadem

She'l offer them her dearest Breath,

With CHRIST's Name in't, in change for death

She'l bargain with them, & will give

Them GOD, teach them how to live

In him or, if they this deny,

For him she'l teach them how to DY

So shall she leave amongst them sown

Her LORD's Blood, or at lest her own

FAREWEL then, all the world! Adieu

TERESA is no more for you

Farewell, all pleasures, sports, & joyes,

(Never till now esteemed toyes)

[Farewell what ever deare may be,]

MOTHER's armes or FATHER's knee

Farewell house, & farewell home!

SHE's for the Moores, & MARTYRDOM

SWEET, not so fast! lo thy fair Spouse

Whom thou seekst with so swift vowes,

Calls thee back, & bids thee come

T'embrace a milder MARTYRDOM

Blest powres forbid, Thy tender life

Should bleed upon a barborous knife,

Or some base hand have power to race

Thy Brest's chast cabinet, & uncase

A soul kept there so sweet, ô no,

Wise heavn will never have it so

## CARMEN DEO NOSTRO

THOU art love's victime & must dy  
A death more mysticall & high  
Into love's armes thou shalt let fall  
A till surviving funerall  
His is the DART must make the DEATH  
Whose stroke shall tast thy hallow'd breath  
A Dart thrice dipt in that rich flame  
Which writes thy spouse's radiant Name  
Upon the roof of Heav'n where ay  
It shines, & with a sovereign ray  
Beates bright upon the burning faces  
Of soules which in that name's sweet graces  
Find everlasting smiles So rare,  
So spirituall, pure, & fair  
Must be th'immortall instrument  
Upon whose choice point shall be sent  
A life so lov'd And that there be  
Fitt executioners for Thee,  
The fairest & first born sons of fire  
Blest SERAPHIM, shall leave their quire  
And turn love's souldiers, upon THEE  
To exercise their archerie

O how oft shalt thou complain  
Of a sweet & subtle PAIN  
Of intolerable JOYES  
Of a DEATH, in which who dyes  
Loves his death, and dyes again  
And would for ever so be slain  
And lives & dyes and knowes not why  
To live, But that he thus may never leave to DY

How kindly will thy gentle HEART  
Kisse the sweetly killing DART!  
And close in his embraces keep  
Those delicious Wounds, that weep  
Balsom to heal themselves with Thus  
When These thy DEATHS so numerous,  
Shall all at last dy into one,  
And melt thy Soules sweet mansion  
Like a soft lump of incense, hasted  
By too hott a fire, & wasted

## RICHARD CRASHAW

Into perfuming clouds, so fast  
 Shalt thou exhale to Heaven at last  
 In a resolving SIGH, and then  
 O what? Ask not the Tongues of men.  
 Angells cannot tell, suffice,  
 Thy self shall feel thine own full joyes  
 And hold them fast for ever there  
 So soon as you first appear,  
 The MOON of maiden stars, thy white  
 MISERABLE, attended by such bright  
 Soules as thy shining self, shall come  
 And in her first ranks make thee room,  
 Where 'mongst her snowy family  
 Immortall well comes wait for thee

O what delight, when revel'd Light shall stand  
 And teach thy lipps heav'n with his hand,  
 On which thou now maist to thy wishes  
 Heap up thy consecrated kisses  
 What joyes shall seize thy soul, when she  
 Bending her blessed eyes on thee  
 (Those second Smiles of Heav'n) shall dart  
 Her mild rayes through thy melting heart!

Angels, thy old freinds, there shall greet thee  
 Glad at their own home now to meet thee

All thy good WORKES which went before  
 And waited for thee, at the door,  
 Shall own thee there, and all in one  
 Weave a constellation  
 Of CROWNS, with which the KING thy spouse  
 Shall build up thy triumphant browes.

All thy old woes shall now smile on thee  
 And thy paines sitt bright upon thee  
 All thy SUFFERINGS be divine  
 TEARLS shall take comfort, & turn gemms  
 And WRONGS repent to Diademms  
 Ev'n thy Death shall live, & new  
 Dresse the soul that erst they slew  
 Thy wounds shall blush to such bright scarres  
 As keep account of the LAMB's warres

Those rare WORKES where thou shalt leave writt

## CARMEN DEO NOSTRO

Love s noble history, with witt  
Taught thee by none but him, while here  
They feed our soules, shall cloth THINE there  
Each heavnly word by whose hid flame  
Our hard Hearts shall strike fire, the same  
Shall flourish on thy browes, & be  
Both fire to us & flame to thee  
Whose light shall live bright in thy FACE  
By glory, in our hearts by grace  
Thou shalt look round about, & see  
Thousands of crown d Soules throng to be  
Themselves thy crown Sons of thy vowes  
The virgin-births with which thy soveraign spouse  
Made fruitfull thy fair soul, goe now  
And with them all about thee bow  
To Him, put on (hee l say) put on  
(My rosy love) That thy rich zone  
Sparkling with the sacred flames  
Of thousand soules, whose happy names  
Heav n keep upon thy score (Thy bright  
Life brought them first to kisse the light  
That kindled them to starrs ) and so  
Thou with the LAMB, thy lord, shalt goe ,  
And whereso ere he setts his white  
Stepps walk with HIM those wayes of light  
Which who in death would live to see,  
Must learn in life to dy like thee



RICHARD CRASHAW

A N

A P O L O G I E

F O R

T H E F O R E - G O I N G H Y M [N E]

as having been writt when the au-  
thor was yet among the  
protestantes.

Thus have I back again to thy bright name  
(Fair flood of holy fires!) transfus'd the flame  
I took from reading thee, tis to thy wrong  
I know, that in my weak & worthlesse song  
Thou here art sett to shine where thy full day  
Scarse dawnes O pardon if I dare to say  
Thine own dear bookes are guilty For from thence  
I learn't to know that love is eloquence  
That hopefull maxime gave me hart to try  
If, what to other tongues is tun'd so high,  
Thy praise might not speak English too, forbid  
(By all thy mysteryes that here ly hidde)  
Forbid it, mighty Love! let no fond Hate  
Of names & wordes, so farr præjudicate.  
Soules are not SPANIARDS too, one freindly flood  
Of BAPTISM blends them all into a blood  
CHRIST's faith makes but one body of all soules  
A[n]d love's that body's soul, no law controwlls  
Our free traffique for heav'n we may maintaine  
Peace, sure, with piety, though it come from SPAIN  
What soul so e're, in any language, can  
Speak heav'n like her's is my souls country-man.

## CARMEN DEO NOSTRO

O tis not spanish, but tis heav'n she speaks !  
Tis heav'n that lyes in ambush there, & breaks  
From thence into the wondring reader's brest  
Who feels his warm HEART into a nest  
Of little EAGLES & young loves, whose high  
Flights scorn the lazy dust, & things that dy  
There are now, whose draughts (as deep as hell)  
Drink up al SPAIN in sack Let my soul swell  
With thee, strong wine of love ! let others swimme  
In puddles, we will pledge this SERAPHIM  
Bowles full of richer blood then blush of grape  
Was ever guilty of, Change we too our shape  
(My soul,) Some drink from men to beasts, o then  
Drink we till we prove more, not lesse, then men,  
And turn not beasts, but Angels Let the king  
Me ever into these his cellars bring  
Where flowes such wine as we can have of none  
But HIM who trod the wine presse all alone  
Wine of youth, life, & the sweet Deaths of love,  
Wine of immortall mixture which can prove  
Its Tincture from the rosy nectar wine  
That can exalt weak EARTH & so refine  
Our dust, that at one draught, mortality  
May drink it self up, and forget to dy

RICHARD CRASHAW

THE

FLAMING HEART

UPON THE BOOK AND

Picture of the seraphicall saint

TERESA,

(AS SHE IS USUALLY EX-  
pressed with a SERAPHIM  
beside her.)

WELL meaning readers! you that come as freinds  
 And catch the pretious name this peice pretends,  
 Make not too much hast to' admire  
 That fair-cheek't fallacy of fire  
 That is a SERAPHIM, they say  
 And this the great TERESIA  
 Readers, be rul'd by me, & make  
 Here a well-plac't & wise mistake  
 You must transpose the picture quite,  
 And spell it wrong to read it right,  
 Read HIM for her, & her for him,  
 And call the SAINT the SERAPHIM  
 Painter, what didst thou understand  
 To put her dart into his hand!  
 See, even the yeares & size of him  
 Showes this the mother SERAPHIM  
 This is the mistresse flame, & duteous he  
 Her happy fire-works, here, comes down to see  
 O most poor-spirited of men!  
 Had thy cold Pencil kist her PEN

## CARMEN DEO NOSTRO

Thou couldst not so unkindly err  
 To show us This faint shade for HER  
 Why man, this speakes pure mortall frame,  
 And mockes with female FROST loves manly flame  
 One would suspect thou meantst to print  
 Some weak, inferiour, woman saint  
 But had thy pale-fact purple took  
 Fire from the burning cheeks of that bright Booke  
 Thou wouldst on her have heapt up all  
 That could be found SERAPHICALL,  
 What ere this youth of fire weares fair,  
 Rosy fingers, radiant hair,  
 Glowing cheek, & glistering wings,  
 All those fair & flagrant things,  
 But before all, that fiery DART  
 Had fill'd the Hand of this great HEART

Doe then as equall right requires,  
 Since HIS the blushes be & hers the fires,  
 Resume & rectify thy rude design  
 Undresse thy Seraphim into MINE  
 Redeem this injury of thy art  
 Give HIM the vail, give her the dart

Give Him the vail that he may cover  
 The Red cheeks of a rivall'd lover  
 Asham'd that our world, now, can show  
 Nests of new Seraphims here below

Give her the DART for it is she  
 (Fair youth) shootes both thy shaft & THEE  
 Say, all ye wise & well peirc'd hearts  
 That live & dy amidst her darts  
 What is't your tastfull spirits doe prove  
 In that rare life of Her, and love?  
 Say & bear wittnes Sends she not  
 A SERAPHIM at every shott?

What magazins of immortall ARMES there shine!  
 Heav'n's great artillery in each love spun line  
 Give then the dart to her who gives the flame  
 Give him the veil, who gives the shame

But if it be the frequent fate  
 Of worst faults to be fortunate

## RICHARD CRASHAW

If all's præscription, & proud wrong  
Hearkens not to an humble song,  
For all the gallantry of him,  
Give me the suff[r]ing SERAPHIM.  
His be the bravery of all those Bright things  
The glowing cheekes, the glistening wings,  
The Rosy hand, the radiant DART,  
Leave HER alone THE FLAMING HEART

Leave her that, and thou shalt leave her  
Not one loose shaft but love's whole quiver  
For in love's feild was never found  
A nobler weapon then a WOUND  
Love's passives are his activ'st part,  
The wounded is the wounding heart  
O HEART! the æquall poise of love's both parts  
Bigge alike with wound & darts  
Live in these conquering leaves, live all the same,  
And walk through all tongues one triumphant FLAME.  
Live here, great HEART, & love and dy & kill,  
And bleed & wound, and yeild & conquer still  
Let this immortall life whereere it comes  
Walk in a crowd of loves & MARTYRDOMES  
Let mystick DEATHS wait on't, & wise soules be  
The love-slain wittnesses of this life of thee  
O sweet incendiary! shew here thy art,  
Upon this carcasse of a hard, cold, hart,  
Let all thy scatter'd shafts of light, that play  
Among the leaves of thy larg Books of day,  
Combin'd against this BREST at once break in  
And take away from me my self & sin,  
This gracious Robbery shall thy bounty be,  
And my best fortunes such fair spoiles of me.  
O thou undanted daughter of desires!  
By all thy dower of LIGHTS & FIRES,  
By all the eagle in thee, all the dove,  
By all thy lives & deaths of love,  
By thy larg draughts of intellectuall day,  
And by thy th[ir]sts of love more large then they,  
By all thy brim-fill'd Bowles of feirce desire  
By thy last Morning's draught of liquid fire,

## CARMEN DEO NOSTRO

By the full kingdome of that finall kisse  
That seiz'd thy parting Soul, & seal'd thee his,  
By all the heav'ns thou hast in him  
(Fair sister of the SERAPHIM<sup>1</sup>)  
By all of HIM we have in THEE,  
Leave nothing of my SELF in me  
Let me so read thy life, that I  
Unto all life of mine may dy

## A S O N G

L ORD, when the sense of thy sweet g[r]ace  
Sends up my soul to seek thy face  
Thy blessed eyes breed such desire,  
I dy in love's delicious Fire

O love, I am thy SACRIFICE  
Be still triumphant, blessed eyes  
Still shine on me, fair suns<sup>1</sup> that I  
Still may behold, though still I dy

### Second part

Though still I dy, I live again,  
Still longing so to be still slain,  
So gainfull is such losse of breath  
I dy even in desire of death

Still live in me this loving strife  
Of living DEATH & dying LIFE  
For while thou sweetly slayest me  
Dead to my selfe, I live in Thee

RICHARD CRASHAW

P R A Y E R.

AN ODE, WHICH WAS

Præfix'd to a little Prayer-book

giv[e]n to a young

GENT'LE-WOMAN.

Here a little volume, but great Book !  
A nest of new-born sweets,  
Whose native fires disdaining  
To ly thus folded, & complaining  
Of these ignoble sheets,  
Affect more comly bands  
(Fair one) from the kind hands  
And confidently look  
To find the rest  
Of a rich binding in your BREST  
It is, in one choise handfull, heavenn, & all  
Heavn's Royall host, incamp't thus small  
To prove that true schooles use to tell,  
Ten thousand Angels in one point can dwell  
It is love's great artillery  
Which here contracts i[t] self, & comes to ly  
Close couch't in their white bosom & from thence  
As from a snowy fortresse of defence,  
Against their ghostly foes to take their part,  
And fortify the hold of their chast heart.  
It is an armory of light  
Let constant use but keep it bright,  
You'l find it yeilds  
To holy hands & humble hearts  
More swords & sheilds  
Then sin hath snares, or Hell hath darts.  
Only be sure  
The hands be pure

## CARMEN DEO NOSTRO

That hold these weapons, & the eyes  
Those of turtles chaste & true,  
Wakefull & wise  
Here is a freind shall fight for you,  
Hold but this book before their heart,  
Let prayer alone to play his part,  
But o the heart  
That studyes this high ART  
Must be a sure house keeper,  
And yet no sleeper  
Dear soul, be strong  
MERCY will come ere long  
And bring his besom fraught with blessings,  
Flowers of never fading graces  
To make immortall dressings  
For worthy soules, whose wise embraces  
Store up themselves for HIM, who is alone  
The SPOUSE of Virgins & the Virgins son  
But if the noble BRIDEGROOM, when he come,  
Shall find the loytering HEART from home  
Leaving her chaste abroad  
To gadde abroad  
Among the gay mates of the god of flies  
To take her pleasure & to play  
And keep the devill's holyday  
To dance th' sunshine of some smiling  
But beguiling  
Spheares of sweet & sugred Lyes,  
Some slippery Pair  
Of false perhaps as fair,  
Flattering but forswearing eyes  
Doubtlesse some other heart  
Will gett the start  
Mean while, & stepping in before  
Will take possession of that sacred store  
Of hidden sweets & holy joyes  
WORDS which are not heard with EARES  
(Those tumultuous shops of noise)  
Effectuall wispers, whose still voice  
The soul it selfe more feelles then heares



## RICHARD CRASHAW

Amorous languishments, luminous trances,  
SIGHTS which are not seen with eyes,  
Spirituell & soul-peircing glances  
Whose pure & subtil lightning flyes  
Home to the heart, & setts the house on fire  
And melts it down in sweet desire

Yet does not stay  
To ask the windows leave to passe that way,  
Delicious DEATHS, soft exalations  
Of soul, dear & divine annihilations,  
A thousand unknown rites  
Of joyes & rarefy'd delights,  
A hundred thousand goods, glories, & graces,  
And many a mystick thing  
Which the divine embraces  
Of the deare spouse of spirits with them will bring  
For which it is no shame  
That dull mortality must not know a name  
Of all this store

Of blessings & ten thousand more  
(If when he come  
He find the Heart from home)  
Doubtlesse he will unload  
Himself some other where,  
And poure abroad  
His pretious sweets

On the fair soul whom first he meets  
O fair, ô fortunate! O riche, ô dear!  
O happy & thrice happy she

Selected dove  
Who ere she be,  
Whose early love  
With winged vowes  
Makes hast to meet her morning spouse  
And close with his immortall kisses  
Happy indeed, who never misses  
To improve that pretious hour,  
And every day  
Seize her sweet prey  
All fresh & fragrant as he rises

## CARMEN DEO NOSTRO

Dropping with a baulmy Showr  
A delicious dew of spices ,  
O let the blissfull heart hold fast  
Her heavnly arm full she shall tast  
At once ten thousand paradises ,  
    She shall have power  
    To rife & deflour  
The rich & roseall spring of those rare sweets  
Which with a swelling bosome there she meets  
    Boundles & infinite  
    Bottomles treasures  
Of pure inebriating pleasures  
Happy proof! she shal discover  
    What joy, what blisse,  
How many Heav ns at once it is  
To have her GOD become her LOVER

RICHARD CRASHAW

TO  
THE SAME PARTY  
COUNCIL  
CONCERNING HER  
CHOISE

**D**ear, heavn-designed SOUL!  
 Amongst the rest  
 Of suters that beseige your Maiden brest,  
     Why m[a]y not I  
     My fortune try  
 And venture to speak one good word  
 Not for my self alas, but for my dearer LORD?  
 You've seen allready, in this lower sphear  
 Of froth & bubbles, what to look for here.  
 Say, gentle soul, what can you find  
     But painted shapes,  
     Peacocks & Apes,  
     Illustrious flyes,  
 Guilded dunghills, glorious LYES,  
     Goodly surmises  
     And deep disguises,  
 Oathes of water, words of wind?  
 TRUTH biddes me say, 'tis time you cease to trust  
 Your soul to any son of dust  
 'Tis time you listen to a braver love,  
     Which from above  
     Calls you up higher  
     And biddes you come  
     And choose your roome  
 Among his own fair sonnes of fire,  
     Where you among  
     The golden throng  
 That watches at his palace doores  
     May passe along

## CARMEN DEO NOSTRO

And follow those fair starres of yours,  
Starrs much too fair & pure to wait upon  
The false smiles of a sublunary sun  
Sweet let me prophesy that at last t will prove

    Your wary love

Layes up his purer & more pretious vowes,  
And meanes them for a farre more worthy SPOUSE  
Then this world of Lyes can give ye  
Ev n for Him with whom nor cost,  
Nor love, nor labour can be lost  
Him who never will deceive ye  
Let not my lord, the Mighty lover  
Of soules, disdain that I discover

    The hidden art

Of his high stratagem to win your heart,

    It was his heavnly art

    Kindly to crosse you

    In your mistaken love,

    That, at the next remove

    Thence he might tosse you

    And strike your troubled heart

Home to himself to hide it in his brest

    The bright ambrosiall nest,

Of love, of life, & everlasting rest

    Happy Mystake!

    That thus shall wake

Your wise soul, never to be wonne

Now with a love below the sun

Your first choyce failes, o when you choose agen

May it not be amongst the sonnes of Men

RICHARD CRASHAW

ALEXIAS.

THE

COMPLAIN'T

OF

THE FORSAKEN WIFE

OF SANITE ALEXIS

THE FIRST ELEGIE

I Late the roman youth's lov'd prayse & pride,  
Whom long none could obtain, though thousands try'd,  
Lo here am left (alas), For my lost mate  
T'embrace my teares, & kisse an unkind FATE  
Sure in my early woes starres were at strife,  
And try'd to make a WIDOW ere a WIFE  
Nor can I tell (and this new teares doth breed)  
In what strange path my lord's fair footsteppes bleed  
O knew I where he wander'd, I should see  
Some solace in my sorrow's certainty  
I'd send my woes in words should weep for me  
(Who knowes how powerfull well-writt praires would be?)  
Sending's too slow a word, my selfe would fly  
Who knowes my own heart's woes so well as I?  
But how shall I steal hence? ALEXIS thou  
Ah thou thy self, alas, hast taught me how  
Love too, that leads the, would lend the wings  
To bear me harmlesse through the hardest things  
And where love lends the wing, & leads the way,  
What dangers can there be dare say me nay?  
If I be shipwrack't Love shall teach to swimme  
If drown'd, sweet is the death indur'd for HIM,  
The noted sea shall change his name with me,  
I, 'mongst the blest STARRES a new name shall be.

## CARMEN DEO NOSTRO

And sure where lovers make their watry graves  
The weeping mariner will augment the waves  
For who so hard, but passing by that way  
Will take acquaintance of my woes, & say  
Here t was the roman MAID found a hard fate  
While through the world she sought her wandring mate  
Here perish t she, poor heart, heavns, be my vowes  
As true to me, as she was to her spouse  
O live, so rare a love! live! & in thee  
The too frail life of femal constancy  
Farewell, & shine, fair soul, shine there above  
Firm in thy crown, as here fast in thy love  
There thy lost fugitive thou hast found at last  
Be happy and for ever hold him fast

# RICHARD CRASHAW

## THE SECONDE ELEGIE.

‘T’Hough All the joyes I had fled hence with Thee,  
Unkind! yet are my TEARES still true to me.  
I’am wedded ore again since thou art gone,  
Nor couldst thou, cruell, leave me quite alone.  
ALEXIS’ widdow now is sorrow’s wife  
With him shall I weep out my weary life.  
Wellcome, my sad sweet Mate! Now have I gott  
At last a constant love that leaves me not  
Firm he, as thou art false, Nor need my cryes  
Thus vex the earth & teare the skyes  
For him, alas, n’ere shall I need to be  
Troublesom to the world, thus, as for thee  
For thee I talk to trees, with silent groves  
Expostulate my woes & much-wrong’d loves  
Hills & relentlesse rockes, or if there be  
Things that in hardnesse more allude to thee,  
To these I talk in teares, & tell my pain,  
And answer too for them in teares again  
How oft have I wept out the weary sun!  
My watry hour-glasse hath old time outrunne  
O I am learned grown, Poor love & I  
Have study’d over all astrology  
I’am perfect in heavn’s state, with every starr  
My skillfull greife is grown familiar  
Rise, fairest of those fires, whate’re thou be  
Whose rosy beam shall point my sun to me.  
Such as the sacred light that erst did bring  
The EASTERN princes to their infant king  
O rise, pure lamp! & lend thy golden ray  
That weary love at last may find his way.

# CARMEN DEO NOSTRO

## THE THIRD ELEGIE

**R**Ich, churlish LAND! that hidst so long in thee,  
 My treasures, rich, alas, by robbing mee  
 Needs must my miseries owe that min a spite  
 Who ere he be was the first wandring knight  
 O had he nere been at that cruell [e]lost  
 NATURE's virginity had nere been lost  
 Seas had not bin rebuk't by sawcy oares  
 But ly n lock't up safe in their sacred shores  
 Men had not spurn'd at mountaines, nor made warrs  
 With rocks nor bold hands struck the world's strong barres  
 Nor lost in too larg bounds, our little Rome  
 Full sweetly with it selfe had dwell't at home  
 My poor ALEXIS, then in peacefull life,  
 Had under some low rooffe lov'd his plain wife  
 But now, ah me, from where he has no foes  
 He flies & into willfull exile goes  
 Cruell return Or tell the reason why  
 Thy dearest parents have deserv'd to dy  
 And I, what is my crime I cannot tell,  
 Unlesse it be a crime to have lov'd too well  
 If Heates of holyer love & high desire  
 Make bigge thy fair brest with immortall fire,  
 What needes my virgin lord fly thus from me,  
 Who only wish his virgin wife to be?  
 Wittnesse, chast heavns! no happier voves I know  
 Then to a virgin GRAVE untouch't to goe  
 Love's truest Knott by venus is not ty'd,  
 Nor doe embraces onely make a bride  
 The QUEEN of angels, (and men chast as You)  
 Was MAIDEN WIFE & MAIDEN MOTHER too  
 CECILIA, Glory of her name & blood  
 With happy gain her maiden voves made good  
 The lusty bridegrooni made approach young man  
 Take heed (said she) take heed, VALERIAN!



## RICHARD CRASHAW

My bosome's guard, a SPIRIT great & strong,  
Stands arm'd, to sheild me from all wanton wrong  
My Chastity is sacred, & my sleep  
Wakefull, her dear vowes undefil'd to keep  
PALLAS beares armes, forsooth, and should there be  
No fortresse built for true VIRGINITY?  
No gaping gorgon, this None, like the rest  
Of your learn'd lyes Here you'll find no such jest  
I'am yours, O were my GOD, my CHRIST so too,  
I'd know no name of love on earth but you  
He yeilds, and straight Baptis'd, obtains the grace  
To gaze on the fair souldier's glorious face  
Both mixt at last their blood in one rich bed  
Of rosy MARRYRDOME, twice Married  
O burn our hy-men bright in such high Flame  
Thy torch, terrestriall love, have here no name  
How sweet the mutuall yoke of man & wife,  
When holy fires maintain love's Heav'nly life!  
But I, (so help me heav'n my hopes to see)  
When thousand sought my love, lov'd none but Thee  
Still, as their vain teares my firm vowes did try,  
ALEXIS, he alone is mine (said I)  
Half true, alas, half false, proves that poor line  
ALEXIS is alone, But is not mine.

CARMEN DEO NOSTRO

DESCRIPTION

OF

A RELIGIOUS HOUSE

AND CONDITION

OF LIFE

(OUT OF BARCLAY)

NO roofes of gold o re riotous tables shining  
 Whole dayes & suns devour d with endlesse dining  
 No sailes of tyrian sylk proud pavements sweeping,  
 Nor ivory couches costlier slumbers keeping  
 False lights of flaring gemmes, tumultuous joyes,  
 Halls full of flattering men & fris[k]ing boyes  
 Whate re false showes of short & slippery good  
 Mix the mad sons of men in mutuall blood  
 But WALKES & unshorn woods and soules, just so  
 Unforc t & genuine, but not shady tho  
 Our lodgings hard & homely as our fare  
 That chast & cheap, as the few clothes we weare  
 Those, course & negligent, As the naturall lockes  
 Of these loose groves, rough as th unpolish t rockes  
 A hasty Portion of præscribed sleep  
 Obedient slumbers that can wake & weep,  
 And sing, [&] sigh, & work, and sleep again  
 Still rowling a round spear of still returning pain  
 Hands full of harty labours doe much, that more they may,  
 And work for work, not wages let to morrow s  
 New drops wash off the sweat of this dayes sorrows  
 A long & dayly d[y]ing life, which breaths  
 A respiration of reviving deaths  
 But neither are there those ignoble stings  
 That nip the bosome of the world s best things,

## RICHARD CRASHAW

And lash Earth-laboring souls  
No cruell guard of diligent cares, that keep  
Crown'd woes awake, as things too wise for sleep  
But reverent discipline, & religious fear,  
And soft obedience, find sweet biding here,  
Silence, & sacred rest, peace, & pure joyes,  
Kind loves keep house, ly close, make no noise,  
And room enough for Monarchs, while none swells  
Beyond the kingdomes of contentfull Cells  
The self-remembring SOUL sweetly recovers  
Her kindred with the starrs, not basely hovers  
Below, But meditates her immortall way  
Home to the originall source of LIGHT & intellectuall Day

CARMEN DEO NOSTRO  
AN  
EPITAPH  
UPON  
A YOUNG MARRIED COUPLE  
DEAD AND BURYED  
TOGETHER

TO these, whom DEATH again did wed,  
This GRAVE s their second Marriage bed  
For though the hand of fate could force  
Twixt SOUL & BODY à Divorce,  
It could not sunder man & Wi[fe],  
Cause They Both lived but one life  
Peace, good Reader Doe not weep  
Peace, The Lovers are asleep  
They, sweet Turtles, folded ly  
In the last knott love could ty  
And though they ly as they were dead,  
Their Pillow stone, their sheetes of lead,  
(Pillow hard, & sheetes not warm)  
Love made the bed They! take no harm  
Let them sleep let them sleep on  
Till this stormy night be gone,  
Till the 'Æternall morrow dawn,  
Then the curtaines will be drawn  
And they wake into a light  
Whose day shall never dy in Night

RICHARD CRASHAW  
 DEATH'S LECTURE  
 AND THE  
 FUNERAL  
 OF

A YOUNG GENTLEMAN,

**I** Dear Reliques of a dislodg'd SOUL, whose lack  
 Makes many a mourning paper put on black!  
 O stay a while, ere thou draw in thy head  
 And wind thy self up close in thy cold bed.  
 Stay but à little while, untill I call  
 A summons worthy of thy funerall  
 Come then, YOUTH, BEAUTY, & blood!  
     All the soft powres  
 Whose sylken flatteryes swell a few fond howres  
 Into a false æternity   Come man,  
 Hyperbolized NOTHING! know thy span,  
 Take thine own measure here down, down, & bow  
 Before thy self in thine idæa, thou  
 Huge emptynes! contract thy self, & shrinke  
 All thy Wild circle to a Point. O sink  
 Lower & lower yet, till thy leane size  
 Call heavn to look on thee with n[a]rrow eyes  
 Lesser & lesser yet, till thou begin  
 To show a face, fitt to confesse thy Kin,  
 Thy neig[h]bourhood to NOTHING  
 Proud lookes, & lofty eyliddes, here putt on  
 Your selves in your unfain'd reflexion,  
 Here, gallant ladies! this unpartiall glasse  
 (Though you be painted) shoves you your true face.  
 These death-seal'd lippes are they dare give the ly  
 To the lowd Boasts of poor Mortality  
 These curtain'd windows, this retired eye  
 Outstares the liddes of larg-look't tyranny.  
 This posture is the brave one this that lyes  
 Thus low, stands up (me thinkes,) thus & defies  
 The world   All-daring dust & ashes! only you  
 Of all interpreters read Nature True.

CARMEN DEO NOSTRO

TEMPERANCE

OF THE

CHEAP PHYSITIAN

UPON

THE TRANSLATION OF

LESSIUS

Goe now and with some daring drugg  
 Bait thy disease And whilst they tugge,  
 Thou to maintain their pretious strife  
 Spend the dear treasures of thy life  
 Goe, take physick Doat upon  
 Some big nam'd composition  
 Th' Oraculous DOCTOR's mystick bills  
 Certain hard WORDS made into pills,  
 And what at last shalt gain by these?  
 Only a costlier disease  
 That which makes us have no need  
 Of physick, that's PHYSICK indeed  
 Hark hither, Reader! wilt thou see  
 Nature her own physitian be?  
 Wilt' see a man, all his own wealth,  
 His own musick, his own health,  
 A man whose sober soul can tell  
 How to wear her garments well  
 Her garments, that upon her sitt  
 As garments should doe, close & fitt,  
 A well cloth'd soul that's not opp[r]est  
 Nor choak'd with what she should be drest  
 A soul sheath'd in a christall shrine  
 Through which all her bright features shine,  
 As when a peice of wanton lawn  
 A thinne, aeriall veil, is drawn

## RICHARD CRASHAW

Or'e beauty's face seeming to hide  
More sweetly shoves the blushing bride  
A soul, whose intellectuall beames  
No mists doe mask, no lazy steames.  
A happy soul, that all the way,  
To HEAVN rides in a summer's day  
Wouldst' see a man, whose well-warm'd blood  
Bathes him in a genuine flood!  
A man, whose tuned humours be  
A seat of rarest harmony?  
Wouldst' see blith lookes, fresh cheekes beguil  
Age? wouldst see december smile?  
Wouldst' see nests of new roses grow  
In a bed [o]f re[v]erend snow?  
Warm thoughts, free spirits flattering  
Winter's selfe into a S[P]RING  
In summe, wouldst see a man that can  
Live to be old, and still a man?  
Whose latest & most leaden houres  
Fall with soft wings, stuck with soft flowres,  
And when life's sweet fable ends,  
Soul & body part like freinds,  
No quarrells, murmurs, no delay,  
A KISSE, a SIGH, and so away  
This rare one, reader, wouldst thou see?  
Hark hither, and thy self be HE

## CARMEN DEO NOSTRO

### H O P E

H Ope whose weak being ruin'd is  
Alike if it succeed or if it misse!  
Whom ill or good does equally confound  
And both the hornes of fate's dilemma wound  
    Vain shadow, that dost vanish quite  
    Both at full noon & perfect night!  
The starres have not a possibility  
    Of blessing Thee  
If things then from their end we happy call,  
'Tis hope is the most hopelesse thing of all  
    Hope, thou bold Taster of delight!  
Who in stead of doing so, devourst it quite  
Thou bringst us an estate, yet leavst us poor  
By clogging it with legacies before  
    The joyes which we intire should wed  
    Come deflour'd virgins to our bed  
Good fortunes without gain imported be  
    Such mighty custom's paid to Thee  
For joy like wine kept close, does better tast,  
If it take air before his spirits wast  
    Hope fortune's cheating lottery  
Where for one prize, an hundred blankes there be  
*Fond archer, hope   Who takst thine aime so farr*  
That still or short or wide thine arrowes are,  
    Thinne empty cloud which th ey deceives  
    With shapes that our own fancy gives  
A cloud which gilt & painted now appears  
    But must drop presently in teares  
When thy false beames ore reason's light prevail,  
By *IGNES FATUI* for north starres we sail  
    Brother of fear more gayly clad  
The merryer fool oth two, yet quite as mad  
Sire of repen[t]ance, child of fond desire  
That blowst the chymick & the lover's fire



## RICHARD CRASHAW

Still leading them insensibly'on  
With the strong witchcraft of Anon  
By thee the one does changing nature through  
Her endlesse labyrinth's pursue,  
And th'other chases woman, while she goes  
More wayes & turnes then hunted nature knowes.

*M. COWLEY.*

# CARMEN DEO NOSTRO

M CRASHAWS

ANSWER

FOR HOPE

DEar hope! earth's dowry, & heavn's debt!  
The entity of those that are not yet  
Subtlest, but surest being! Thou by whom  
Our nothing has a definition!  
    Substantiall shade! whose sweet allay  
    Blends both the noones of night & day  
Fates cannot find out a capacity  
    Of hurting thee  
From Thee their lean dilemma, with blunt horn,  
Shrinkes as the sick moon from the wholesome morn  
    Rich hope! love's legacy, under lock  
Of faith! still spending, & still growing stock!  
Our crown land lyes above yet each meal brings  
A seemly portion for the sonnes of kings  
    Nor will the virgin joyes we wed  
    Come lesse unbroken to our bed,  
Because that from the bridall c[h]eck of blisse  
    Thou stealst us down a distant kisse  
Hope's chast stealth harmes no more joyes maidenhead  
Then spousall rites prejudge the marriage bed  
    Fair hope! our earlyer heav'n by thee  
Young time is taster to eternity  
Thy generous wine with age growes strong not sowre  
Nor does it kill thy fruit, to smell thy flowre  
    Thy golden, growing, head never hangs down  
    Till in the lappe of loves full noone  
It falls and dyes! o no it melts away  
    As does the dawn into the day  
As lumps of sugar loose themselves and twine  
Their supple essence with the soul of wine

## RICHARD CRASHAW

Fortune? alas, above the world's low warres  
Hope walks, & kickes the curld heads of conspiring starres  
Her keel cutts not the waves where These winds stirr,  
Fortune's whole lottery is one blank to her

Sweet hope! kind cheat! fair fallacy by thee

We are not *WHERE* nor *What* we be,  
But *WHAT* & *WHERE* we would be Thus art thou  
Our absent *PRESENCE*, and our future *Now*  
Faith's sister! nurse of fair desire!

Fear's anti[dot]e! a wise & well-stay'd fire!

Temper twixt chill despair, & torrid joy!

Queen Regent in yonge love's minority!

Though the vext chymick vainly chases

His fugitive gold through all her faces,

Though love's more feirce, more fruitlesse, fires assay

One face more fugitive then all they,

True hope's a glorious hunter & her chase,

The *GOD* of nature in the fields of grace

*V I V E J E S U*

*Richardi Crashaw*

POEMA' I A

ET

EPIGRAMMATA,

Quæ scripsit Latina & Græca,

Dum *Aulæ Pemb* Alumnus fuit,

Et

Collegii *Petrensis* Socius

Editio Secunda, Auctior & emendatior

Εἵνεκεν ευμαθίης πιυτοφρονος ηι ο Μελιχρος  
Ἡσκησεν Μουσῳι αμμιγα και Ἰαριτωι

Λιβδλ.



CANTABRIGIÆ,

Ex Officina *Joan Hayes*, Celeberrimæ Academix

Typographi 1670



LUC 18

Pharisæus & Publicanus

**Α**Νδρες ιδου (ετεροισι νοοις) δυω ιρον εσηλθον  
Τηλοθεν ορρωδει κεινος ο φρικαλεος

Αλλ ο μεν ως σοβαρος ιηου μυχον ἐγγυς ικανει  
Πλειον ο μεν νηου τλειον ο δ' ειχε θεου

MARC 12 44

Obolum viduæ

**Κ**ερματιοιο βραχεια ρανις βιοτοιο τ αφαυρης  
Ερκος αποσταζει χειρος απο τρομερας

Τοις δε ανασκιρτα πολυς αφρος αναιδεος δλβου  
Οι μεν απορριπτον κεινα δεδωκε μονον

ΜΑΤΤΗ 28

Ecce locus ubi jacuit Dominus

**Φ**Αιδιμε μοι αυτοι μαλλον μοι δεικνυθι αυτον  
Αυτος μου δεομαι αυτος εχη δακρυα

Ει δε τοπον μοι δεικνυναι αλις εστὶ καλ ειπειν  
Ωδε τεος Μαριαμ (ἡνιδε) κειτο αναξ

Αγκοίνας μου δεικνυναι δυναμαι γε καλ ειπειν  
Ωδε τεος Μαριαμ (ἡνιδε) κειτο ἀναξ

# RICHARD CRASHAW

In descensum Spiritûs sancti

Ὁ Τρανοῦ ἐκτύπησε βρόμος πόλεμον καὶ ἀπειλὰς  
Ἦγε τρέχων ἄνεμος σὺν φλογὶ σμιρδαλεῇ.

Αὖεν Ἰουδαῖος μιὰρὰ στυγερῶν τὰ κάρηνα  
Ἐφθασε τῆς ὀργῆς τὸ πρέπον οὐρανίης

Ἀλλὰ γαληναίῳ ὅτε κείται ἡσυχον ἄστρῳ  
Φλέγμα, καὶ ἀβλήτους λείχε φιλὸν πλοκαμούς,

Ἐκθαμβεῖ ὅτι γὰρ κείνοις οὐκ ἦεν ἀληθής,  
Νυνὶ ἐτεὸν διότι τῷδε κεραυνὸς ἔη

In S Columbam ad Christi caput sedentem

Ἦ ταχυεργὸς ἄγει πτέρυν' ἀστερόεσσιν ἐρετμὸς;  
Ἦ τινὶ κείνα φέρει τὴν πόδα χιονέτην;

Χριστὲ τεῇ κεφαλῇ πάσαις πτερύγεσσιν ἐπείγει  
Πῇ σκιά τοι δασιόις παίζει μάλα πλοκάμοις

Ποῖά σοι ἀρρήτῳ ψιθυρίσματι κεῖν' ἀγορεύει,  
Ἀρρητ', οὐκ ἡχῆς ἴσα μὲν ἀνδρομέης

Μοῦνα μὲν ἡδ' ὄρνις καλιᾶς ἐς' ἄξια ταύτης.  
Ἀξια δ' ὄρνιθος μοῦνα μὲν ἡ καλιά

Ad D Lucam medicum

Ὅτδ' ἐγὼ, Λουκᾶ, παρὰ σου μοι φάρμακον αἰτῶ,  
Κὰν σὺ δ' ἰατρὸς ἔης, κἂν μὲν ἐγὼ νοσερός

Ἀλλ' ἐν ὅσῳ παράδειγμα πέλεις μοι πίστιος, αὐτὸς,  
Αὐτὸς ἰατρὸς, ἐμοὶ γ' ἐσσι ἀκεστορίῃ

## EPIGRAMMATA SACRA

In stabulum ubi natus est Dominus

**Ο**ΙΚΟΣ οδ' ες αὐλὴν οὐ μὴ [τ]εὸς οἶκος Ἰησοῦ  
 Ἐν θ' ὧ τιν' τικτὴ αὐλὶον οὐ πέλεται

Οἰκῶν μὲν παντῶν μάλα δὴ καλλίστος ἐκεῖνος  
 Οὐρανοῦ οὐδὲ τεοῦ μικρότερος πέλεται

Ἦνιδε κεινοῦ νεῶν δῶμα εμπνυρίζετο χρυσοῦ  
 Ἦνιδε κεινοῦ νεοῖς δῶμα ῥοδοῖσι γέλα

Ἦν ῥόδον οὐχὶ γέλα ἦν οὐδὲ τε χρυσοῦ ἐκείθεν  
 Ἐκ σοῦ δ' ὀφθαλμῶν ἐστὶν ἐλεγχέμεναι

### ΜΑΤΤΗ 4

Hic lapis fiat panis

**Ἄ**ΡΤΟΣ ἦν τοι δὴτ' (εἰπὲν θεμὶς ἐστὶν) ἐκεῖνος  
 Χρίστε τοι ἄρτος ἦν καὶ λίθος ἀλλὰ τεός

Ἡ[ν] οὕτως τὸν πατρός ἐν μεγάλῳ τὸ θέλημα  
 Ἄρτος οὐ τοι ἦν τοι Χρίστε τοι ἄρτος ἦν

In die Ascensionis Dominicæ

**Ν**Τ' ν' ἔτι ἡμετέρον σε Χρίστε ἐχομεν τὸν ἐρωτᾶ  
 Οὐρανοῦ οὐν ὅσον τὸν φθονόν ὡς ἐχομεν

Ἀλλὰ ἐχομεν ἐχει εἰς μὲν τὰ δ' ἀγαλματα αἰθέρῃ  
 Ἀστράτε καὶ φοῖβον καὶ καλά τῶν νεφέλων

Ὅσον ἦν ἡμῖν ὁφείλει ἐν τοδεῖς ἀστροῦ  
 Ἀστροῦ ἐν ἡμῖν ἡ εἰσι τοι ἀστρ' ἑκατόν

Πάντα ματῆν ὅτι Χρίστε σὺ οὐκ ἀναβαίνεις ἐς αὐτόν  
 Αὐτός μὲν κατεβή ουρανὸς εἰς σε τεός



## RICHARD CRASHAW

LUC 18.

Cæcus implorat Christum.

**I** Mproba turba tace    Mibi tam mea vota propinquant,  
Et linguam de me vis tacuisse meam?

Tunc ego tunc taceam, mibi cùm meus ille loquetur  
Si nescis, oculos vox habet ista meos

O noëtis miserere meæ, miserere, per illam  
In te quæ primo riserit ore, diem.

O noëtis miserere meæ, miserere, per illam  
Quæ, nisi te videat, nox velit esse, diem

O noëtis miserere meæ, miserere, per illam  
In te quam fidei nox habet ipsa, diem

Hæc animi tam clara dies rogat illam oculorum.  
Illam, oro, dederis, hanc mibi nè rapias

**N** Τκτ' ἐλέησον ἐμήν ἐλέησον ναί τοι ἐκείνο  
Χριστὲ ἐμοῦ ἡμαρ, νῦξ ὁδ' ἐμεῖο ἔχει.

Ὅφθαλμῶν μὲν ἐκείνο, Θεὸς, δέεται τόδε γνώμης  
Μή μοι τοῦτ' αἴρης, δός μοι ἐκείνο φάος

# EPIGRAMMATA SACRA

LUC 15 4

Quis ex vobis si habeat centum oves, & perdiderit  
unam ex illis-----&c

**O** Ut ego angelicus fiam bona gaudia turmus,  
Me quoq, sollicito quære per arva gradu

Mille tibi tutis ludunt in montibus agni,  
Quos potes haud dubiâ dicere voce tuos

Unus ego erravi quò me meus error agebat,  
Unus ego fuerim gaudia plura tibi

Gaudia non faciunt, quæ nec fecere timorem  
Et plus, quæ donant ipsa pericula, placent

Horum, quos retines, fuerit tibi latior usus  
De me, quem recipis, dulcior usus erit

**E**Ις μὲν ἐγὼ ἡ μὸν πλάνη περιήγεν ἀλημί  
Εἰς δὲ τοι σὺς εἶσομαι γηθοσύναι πλεονες  
Ἀμνος ὁ μὴ ποιῶν φόβον οὐ ποιεῖ δὲ τε χάρμα  
Μεῖζων τῶν μὲν ἐμὸν χρεῖα δὲ ὑλκυτέρη

Herodi D Jacobum obtruncanti

**N**escis Jacobus quantum hunc tibi debeat iētum,  
Quæq, tua in sacrum sævit ira caput

Scilicet ipso illi donasti hoc ense coronam,  
Quo sacrum abscideras scilicet ense caput

Abscissum pensare caput quæ possit abunde,  
Sola hæc tam sæva & sacra corona fuit

**Ε**Ν μὲν Ἰακώβῃ κεφαλὴν τοι ξίφος ἀπῆρεν  
Εν τοδὲ καὶ στέφανον ξίφος ἐδῶκε τεον

Μουνοῦ ἀμειβεσθαι κεφαλὴν Ἰακώβῃ δύναιτο  
Κεῖνος οὐδ' ὡς καλὸς μαρτυρίου στέφανος

# RICHARD CRASHAW

MARTH. 20. 34

Cæci receptis oculis Christum sequuntur.

**I** Cce manu impositâ Christus nova sidera prout  
Sistantur patriam sidera fidæ manum.

Hæc manus his, credo, calum est Hæc saluet astra  
Suspicioni esse, olim quæ geret ille \* manu

\* Revel 1 16

**X**Εἰρ ἐπιβαλλομένη Χριστοῦ ἐπίβαλλεν ὁπωπῶν  
Ἄστρα ὀπηδεύει κείνᾳ γε χειρὶ Θεοῦ

Χεὶρ αὕτη τούτοις πέλεν οὐρανός ἄστρα γὰρ ὀίμαι,  
Ἐν χειρὶ ταύτ᾽ ὕσσει Χριστὸς ἐπιτα ἔη

LUC 19 4

Zachæus in Sycomoro

**Q**uid te, quid jactas alienis fructibus, arbor?  
Quid tibi cum foliis non (Sycomori) tuis?

Quippe iste ramos qui jam tibi mutat ab alto,  
Mox è divinâ vite iacemus erit

**I**᾿πτ' ἐπικομπάζεις κενεόν, ξεινῶ δὲ τε καρπῶ,  
Καὶ φύλλοις σεμνῇ μῇ, συγκόμωρε, τεοῖς,

Καὶ γαρ ὁδ' ἐκκρημνῆς σοῦ νῦν μετέωρος ἀπ' ἔρηνους,  
Ἀμπέλου ὁ κλαδὼν ἔσσεται οὐρανίου

FINIS

## MR CRASHAW'S POEMS

transcrib'd from his own copie,  
before they were printed, among  
w<sup>ch</sup> are some not printed

From ARCHBISHOP SANCROFT's Copy,  
Vol 465, Tanner MSS,  
Bodleian Library, Oxford

# RICHARD CRASHAW

## Ps. 1.

O Te te nimis, & nimis beatum !  
 Quem non lubricus implicavit error,  
 Nec risu misero procax tumultus.  
 Tu cūm grex sacer undiq̃ exacerandis  
 Strident consiliis, nec aure (felix !)  
 (Felix !) non animo, vel ore mixtus,  
 Haud intelligis impios susurros.  
 Sed tu delicias ferox repōstis  
 Cultu simplice, sobriāq̃ curā  
 Legem numinis usq̃, & usq̃ volvis  
 Læta sic fidas colit arbor undas  
 Quem nec inimiti violentus aurā  
 Seirius frangit, neq̃ contumacis  
 Ira procellæ

At tu, profane pulvis, & lusus sacer  
 Cujusvis auræ, fronte quā tandem feres  
 Vindex tribunal ? quanta tum, & qualis tuæ  
 Moles procellæ stabit ? ô quā ferreo  
 Frangēte nutu, præda frontis asperæ,  
 Sacriq̃ fulminandus ah procul, procul  
 A luce vultūs, aureis procul à locis,  
 Ubi longa gremio mulcet æterno pios  
 Sincera semper pax, & umbrosâ super  
 Insurgit alā, vividiq̃ nectaris  
 Imbres beatos rore perpetuo pluit.  
 Sic ille sic ô vindice stat vigil,  
 Et stabit irā torvus in impios,  
 Seseq̃ sub mentes bonorum  
 Insinuat facili favore

## Acts 28 3.

PAule, nihil metuas non fert hæc vipera virus  
 Virtutem vestræ vult didicisse manūs  
 Oscula, non morsus, supplex, non applicat hostis  
 Nec metuenda venit, sed miseranda magis

## FROM SANCROFT MS

JOH 6 14 26

J Am credunt Deus es (Deus est, qui teste palato,  
Quiq; ipso demum est judice dente Deus )  
Scilicet hæc sapiunt miracula de quibus alvus  
Proficere, & possit pingue latus fluere  
Hæc sua fecisti populo miracula credunt  
Gens pia! & in ventrem relligiosa suum!

*In lacrymas Christi patientis*

SÆve dolor! potes hoc? oculos quoq; perpluis istos?  
O quàm non meritas hæc arat unda genas!  
O lacrymas ego flere tuas, ego dignior istud,  
Quod tibi cunq; cadit roris, habere meum  
Siccine? me tibi flere tuas? ah, mi bone Jesu,  
Si possem lacrymas vel mihi flere meas!  
Flere meas? immò immò tuas hoc si modò possem  
Non possem lacrymas non ego flere meas  
Flere tuas est flere meas tua lacryma Christe,  
Est mea vel lacryma est si tua, causa mea est

JOH 19 *In Sepulchrum Domini*

J Am cedant veteris cedant miracula saxi,  
Unde novus subito fluxerat amne latex  
Tu felix rupes, ubi se lux tertia tollet,  
Flammarum sacro fonte superba flues

JOH 13 14 *ubi amorem præcipit*

S Ic magis in numeros, morituraq; carmina vivit  
Dulcior extremâ voce caducus olor,  
Ut tu inter strepitus odi, & tua funera, Jesu,  
Totus amor liquido totus amore sonas

# RICHARD CRASHAW

ACT 12 23

**I**UGE Deus! (pleno populus fremit undiq̄ plausu )  
Certè non hominem vox sonat. euge Deus!  
Sed tamen iste Deus qui sit, vos dicite, vermes,  
Intima turba illi, vos foveat ille sinu

*Bonum est nobis esse hîc.*

**C**UR cupis hîc adeo, dormitor Petre, manere?  
Somnia non alibi tam bona, Petre, vides

MAT 6 29 *Videte lilia agrorum nec Solomon &c.*

**C**ANDIDE rex campi, cui floris eburnea pompa est,  
Deq̄ nivis fragili vellere longa toga,  
Purpureus Solomon impar tibi dicitur esto  
Nempe (quod est melius) par fuit ille rosis

MARC 7 33 & 36

**V**OCE, manuq̄ simul linguæ tu, Christe, ciendæ  
Sistendæ nudis vocibus usus eras  
Sanè at lingua equus est pronis effusus habenis  
Vox ciet, at sistit non nisi tota manus

*In Beatæ Virginis verecundiam*

**N**ON est hoc matris, sed (crede) modestia nati,  
Quòd virgo in gremium dejicit ora suum  
Illîc jam Deus est oculus jam Virginis ergò,  
Ut cælum videat, dejiciendus erit

*Mitto vos, sicut agnos in medio luporum*

**I**I OS quoq̄, an hos igitur sævi lacerabitis agnos?  
Hîc saltem, hîc vobis non licet esse lupis  
At sceleris nulla est clementia at ergò scietis,  
Agnus qui nunc est, est aliquando leo.

## FROM SANCROFT MS

MAT 4 *Christus à dæmone vexatus*

ERGò ille, Angelicis ò sarcina dignior alis,  
Præpete sic Stygio sic volet ille vehi?  
Pessime! nec lætare tamen tu scilicet inde  
Non minus es Dæmon, non minus ille Deus

JOH 1 23

VOX ego sum, dicis tu vox es, sancte Johannes?  
Si vox es, sterilis cur tibi mater erat?  
Quàm fuit ista tur mira infœcundia matris!  
In vocem sterilis rarior esse solet

*Vox Joannis Christus Verbum*

MONstrat Joannes Christum haud res mira videtur  
Vox unus, verbum scilicet alter erat  
Christus Joanne est prior hæc res mira videtur  
Voce suâ verbum non solet esse prius

*In natales Domsns Pastoribus nuntiatus*

AD te sydereis, ad te, Bone Tityre, pennis  
Purpureus juvenis gaudia tanta vehit  
O bene te vigilem, cui gaudia tanta feruntur,  
Ut neq, dum vigilas, te vigilare putes  
Quem sic monstrari voluit pastoribus æther,  
Pastor, an Agnus erat? Pastor, & Agnus erat  
Ipse Deus cum Pastor erit, quis non erit agnus?  
Quis non pastor erit, cum Deus Agnus erit?



# RICHARD CRASHAW

APOCAL. XII 7.

Arma, viri! (ætheriam quocunq; sub ordine pubem  
Siderei proceres ducitis) Arma viri!  
Quæq; suis, (nec quæis solita est) stet dextra sagittis,  
Stet gladii sævâ luce corusca sui.  
Totus adest, totisq; movet se major in iris,  
Fertq; Draco, quicquid vel Draco ferre potest  
Quas secum facies (imæ mala pignora noctis)!  
Quot secum nigros ducit in arma Deos!  
Jam pugnas parat (heu sævus!) jam pugnat & ecce  
Vix potui, Pugnat, dicere jam cecidit  
His tamen ah nimium est quod frontibus addidit iras,  
Quod potuit rugas his posuisse genis  
Hoc torvum decus est, tumidiq; ferocia fati,  
Quod magni sceleris mors quoq; magna fuit  
Quod neq;, si victus, jaceat victoria vilis  
Quod meruit multi fulminis esse labor  
Quod queat ille suas hoc inter dicere flammæ,  
Arma tuli frustra sed tamen arma tuli.

ACT 17. *In Atheniensem merum*

Psos naturæ thalamos sapis, imaq; rerum  
Concilia, & primæ quicquid agunt tenebræ  
Quid dubitet refluxum mare quid vaga sydera volvant  
Christus et est studii res aliena tuis  
Sic scire, est tantum nescire loquaciùs illa  
Qui nempe illa sapit sola, nec illa sapit

JOH 14 *Ego vitis vera.*

Redo quidem sed & hoc hostis te credidit ipse  
Caïaphas, & Judas credidit ipse, reor  
Unde illis, Jesu, vitis nisi vera fuisses,  
Tanta tui potuit sanguinis esse sitis?

*Abscessum Christi queruntur discipuli*

Ille abiit jamq; ô quæ nos mala cunq; manetis,  
Sistite jam in nostras tela parata neces  
Sistite nam quibus hæc vos olim tela paratis,  
Abscessu Domini jam periêre sui

## FROM SANCROFT MS

### *In descensum Spiritus Sancti*

Quæ vehit auratos nubes dulcissima nimbos?  
Quis mitem pluviam lucidus imber agit?  
Agnosco nostros hæc nubes abstulit ignes  
Hæc nubes in nos jam redit igne pari  
O nubem gratam, & memorem! quæ noluit ultra  
Tam sævè de se nos potuisse queri!  
O bene! namq; alio non posset rore rependi,  
Cælo exhalatum quod modò terra dedit

### ACT x 39

Quis malus appendit de mortis stipite vitam?  
O malus Agricola! hoc inseruisse fuit?  
Immo quis appendit vita hac ex arbore mortem?  
O bonus Agricola! hoc inseruisse fuit

### JOH 10 *Ego sum ostium*

JAmq; pates cordisq; seram gravis hasta reclusit,  
Et clavi claves undiq; te reserant  
Ah vereor, sibi ne manus impia clausurit illas,  
Quæ cæli has ausa est sic aperire fores

### *In spinas dentas e Christi capite cruentatas*

A Ccipe (an ignoscis?) de te sata germina, miles  
Quàm segeti est messis discolor illa suæ!  
O quæ tam duro glebi est tum grata colono?  
Insert hic spinas reddit & illa rosas

# RICHARD CRASHAW

## JOH. III.

**N**Ox erat, & Christum (Doct̃or mal̃i doct̃e) petebas,  
In Christo tenebras deposite tuas  
Ille autem multo dum te bonus irrigat ore,  
Atq; per arcanas ducit in alta vias,  
Sol venit, & primo pandit se flore diei,  
Ludit et in dubiis aureus horror aquis  
Sol oritur sed adhuc, & adhuc tamen (ô bone) nescis  
Sol oritur tecum nox tamen est & adhuc  
Non cæli illa fuit, nox fuit illa tua

### *In Baptistam Vocem.*

**I**antum habuit Baptista loqui, tot flumina rerum,  
Ut bene Vox fuerit, prætereaq; nihil  
Ecce autem Verbum est unum tantum ille loquutus  
Uno sed Verbo cuncta loquutus erat

Act. [3 XII] 6, 7 *In D Petrum ab Angelo solutum*

**M**Ors tibi, & Herodes instant cùm nuncius ales  
Gaudia fert, quæ tu somnia ferre putas  
Quid tantum dedit ille (rogo) tibi? Vincula solvit  
Mors tibi, & Herodes nonne dedisset idem?

Luc 5 *Relictis omnibus sequuti sunt eum*

**A**D nutum Domini abjecisti retia, Petre  
Tam bene non unquam jacta fuisse prius  
Scilicet hoc rectè jacere est tua retia, Petre,  
Nimirum, Christus cùm jubet, abjicere

JOH I *Agnus Dei, qui tollit peccata mundi*

**I**rgò tot heu (torvas facies) tot in ora leonum,  
In tot castra lupum qui meat, Agnus erit?  
Hic tot in horribiles, quot sunt mea crimina, pardos?  
Hic tot in audaces ungue, vel oie feras?  
Ah melius! pugiles quis enim commiserit istos?  
Quos sua non faciunt arma, vel ira pares

MARC 8 *Pisces multiplicati*

Q<sup>U</sup>æ secreta meant taciti tibi retia verbi,  
Queis non tam pisces, quàm capis Oceanum?

JOH 13 *Domine, non solum pedes, sed & caput &c*

E<sup>N</sup> caput! atq; suis quæ plus satis ora laborant  
Sordibus! huc fluvios [*blurred*] (ais) adde tuos  
Nil opus est namq; hæc (modo tertius occinat ales)  
E fluvius fuerint, Petre, lavanda suis

JOH 12 19 *Cum tot signa edidisset, non credebant*

Q<sup>U</sup>anta amor ille tuus se cunq; levaverit ala,  
Quo tua cunq; opere effloruit alta manus  
Mundus adest, contrâq; tonat signisq; reponit  
Signa (adeo sua sunt numina vel sceleri)  
Imo (ô nec nimis vis sit temeraria verbi)  
Ille uno sensu vel tua cuncta premit  
Tot, tantisq; tuis miraculum hoc objicit unum,  
Tot tantisq; tuis non adhibere fidem

ACT 1 *In nubem, quæ Dominum abstulit*

O Nigra hæc! Quid enim mihi candida pectora monstrat?  
Pectora Cygnis candidiora genis  
Sit verò magis alba suo magis aurea Phœbo,  
Quantumcunq; sibi candida nigra mihi est  
Nigra mihi nubes! et quâ neq; nigrior Austros,  
Vel tulit irati nuncia tela Dei  
Nigra! licet nimbos, noctem neq; detulit ullam  
Si noctem non fert, at rapit, ecce, diem

LUC 19 *Vidit urbem, & flevit super eam*

E<sup>R</sup>gò meas spernis lacrymas, urbs perfida? Sperne  
Sperne meas quas o sic facis esse tuas  
Tempus erit, lacrymas poterit cum lacryma demum  
Nostra (nec immeritò) spernere spreta tuas

# RICHARD CRASHAW

LUC. 18 *Nec sicut iste Publicanus.*

**T**'U quoq; dum istius miseri peccata fateris,  
Quæ nec is irato mitius ungue notat,  
Hic satis est gemino bonus in sua crimina telo  
Interea quid erit, mi Pharisæe, tuis?

MAT. 8. *Et accedentes discipuli excitaverunt eum.*

**A**H, quis erat furor hos (tam raros) solvere somnos?  
O vos, quævis Christi vel sopor invigilat!  
Illum si somnus tenuit, vos somnia terrent,  
Somnia tam vanos ingeminata metus  
Nil Christi nocuit somnus (mihi credite) Somnus,  
Qui nocuit, vestræ somnus erat fidei

MAT 15. *In mulierem Canaanæam cum Dnº decertantem*

**C**EDIT 10. jam, jamq; cadet modò fortiter urge  
Jam, tua nî desit dextera, jamq; cadet.  
Nimirum hoc velit ipse tuo favet ipse triumpho  
Ipse tuas tacitus res tuus hostis agit  
Quas patitur, facit ille manus ictu ille sub omni est,  
Atq; in te vires sentit, amatq; suas,  
Usq; adeò haud tuus hic ferus est, neq; ferreus hostis!  
Usq; adeò est miles non truculentus Amor!  
Illo quàm facilis victoria surgit ab hoste,  
Qui, tantum ut vinci possit, in arma venit!

MAT 9 *Quare comedit Magister vester cum peccatoribus Et*

**S**ICCINE fraternos fastidis, improbe, morbos,  
Cum tuus, (& gravior) te quoq; morbus habet?  
Tantum ausus medicum morbus sibi quærere, magnus,  
Tantum ausus medicum spernere, major erat

# FROM SANCROFT MS

MARC I & LUC 14 In  $\left\{ \begin{array}{c} febricitantem \\ \& \\ hydropicum \end{array} \right\}$  sanatos

NUPER lecta gravem extinxit pia pagina febrem  
Hydropi siccos dat modò lecta sinus  
Hæc vice fraterna quàm se miracula tangunt,  
Atq; per alternum fida juvamen amant!  
Quippe ignes istos his quam bene mersit in undis!  
Ignibus his illas quam bene vicit aquas!

## *In S. Lucam Medicum*

HANC, mihi quam miseram faciunt mea crimina vitam,  
Hanc, medici, longam vestra medela facit  
Hocné diu est vixisse? diu (mihi credite) non est  
Hoc vixisse diu sed timuisse mori  
Tu folius, Medice alme, tuis medicamina præbes,  
Et medicaminibus (quæ mala summa) malis  
Hoc mortem bene vitare est vitare ferendo  
Et vixisse diu est hoc citò posse mori

## *Tollat crucem suam—&c*

ERGò tuam pone ut nobis sit sumere nostram  
Si nostram vis nos sumere pone tuam  
Illa illa, ingenti quæ te trabe duplicat, illa  
Vel nostra est, nostras vel tulit illa cruces

## *In (Joh 17) Cygnæam D. Jesu cantionem*

QUÆ mella, o quot, Christe, favos in carmina fundis!  
Dulcis, & (ah furias!) ah moribundus olor!  
Parce tamen minus hæc si sunt mea gaudia voces  
Voce quidem dulci, sed moriente canis

## *Et conspuebant illum*

QUID non tam fœdè sævi maris audeat ira!  
Conspuit ecce oculos (sydera nostra) tuos  
Forsan & hic aliquis sputo te excæcat, Jesu,  
Qui debet sputo, quòd videt ipse, tuo

# RICHARD CRASHAW

JOH. 4 *Rogavit eum, ut descenderet, & sanaret filium suum.*

**I**lle vt eat tecum, in natiq̃, tuiq̃ salutem ?  
 Qui petis, ah nescis (credo) quòd Ales Amor.  
 Ille ut eat tecum ? quàm se tua vota morantur !  
 Ille ut eat ? tantò seriùs esset ibi  
 Ne tardus veniat, Christus tecum ire recusat.  
 Christi nempe ipsum hoc ire moratur iter.  
 Christi nempe viis perit hoc quodcunq̃ meatur  
 Christi nempe viis vel properare mora est  
 Hic est, cui tu vota facis tua, Christus at idem  
 (Crede mihi) dabit hæc qui rata, Christus ibi est

LUC 5 9 *Pavor enim occupaverat eum super  
 capturam piscium*

**D**um nimium in captis per te, Petre, piscibus hæres,  
 Piscibus (ut video) captus es ipse tuis  
 Rem scio te prædam Christus sibi cepit & illi  
 Una in te ex istis omnibus esca fuit

JOH *vidérunt, & odérunt me*

**V**idit ? & odit adhuc ? Ah, te non vidit, Jesu  
 Non vidit te, qui vidit, & odit adhuc  
 Non vidit, te non vidit (dulcissime rerum)  
 In te qui vidit quid, quod amare neget.

LUC 18 39

**T**U mala turba tace, mihi tam mea vota propinquant,  
 Tuq̃ in me linguam vis tacuisse meam ?  
 Tunc ego, tunc taceam, mihi cùm meus Ille loquetur.  
 Si nescis, oculos vox habet ista meos  
 O noctis miserere meæ miserere, per illam,  
 Quæ tam læta tuo ridet in ore diem  
 O noctis miserere meæ. miserere, per illam  
 Quæ, nisi te videat, nox velit esse, diem  
 O noctis miserere meæ. miserere, per illam,  
 Hæc mea quam (fidei) nox habet ipsa, diem  
 Illa dies animi (Jesu) rogat hanc oculorum  
 Illam (oro) dederis, hanc mihi ne rapias

# FROM SANCROFT MS

MAT 22 *In Phariseos Christi verbis insidiantes*

O Quam te miseri ludunt vaga tædia voti,  
 Ex ore hoc speras qui, Pharisæe, malum !  
 Sic quis ab Auroræ noctem speraverit ulnis,  
 Unde solet primis Sol tener ire rosis ?  
 Sic Acheronta petas illinc unde amne corusco  
 Lactea sydereos Cynthia lavit equos  
 Sic violas aconita roges sic toxica nympham,  
 Garrula quæ vitreo gurgite vexat humum  
 Deniq (ut exemplo res hæc propiore pateat)  
 A te sic speret quis (Pharisæe) bonum

MAT 9

FAlleris & nudum malè ponis (Pictor) Amorem  
 Non nudum facis hunc cum sine veste facis  
 Nonne hic est (dum sic digito patet ille fidei)  
 Tunc, cum vestitus, tunc quoq, nudus amor ?

Tolle oculos, tolle o tecum (tua sydera) nostros  
 Ah quid enim, quid agant hic sine sole suo ?  
 Id, quod agant sine sole suo tua sydera, cœlum  
 Id terræ hæc agerent hic sine sole suo  
 Illa suo sine sole suis cæca imbribus essent  
 Cæca suis lacrymis hæc sine sole suo

ACT 21 *Nam ego non solum vinciri—&c*

Quid mortem objicitis nostro, quid vincla timori ?  
 Non timor est illinc, non timor inde meus  
 Vincula, quæ timeam, sunt vincula sola timoris  
 Sola timenda mihi est mors, timuisse mori



## MAT. II    *Legatio Baptistæ ad Christum*

O Ro, quis es? legat ista suo Baptista Magistro.  
 Illi quæ referant, talia Christus habet.  
 Cui cæcus cernit, mutus se in verba resolvit,  
 It claudus, vivit mortuus, Oro, quis est?

I

 Rgò veni, quicunq, ferant tua signa timores.  
 Quæ nos cunq, vocant tristia, Christe, veni  
 Christe, veni    suus avulsum rapiat labor axem,  
 Nec sinat implicitas ire redire vias  
 Mutuus attonito titubet sub fœdere mundus,  
 Nec Natura vagum dissona volvat opus  
 Christe, veni    roseos ultrà remeare per ortus  
 Nolit, & ambiguos Sol trahat æger equos  
 Christe, veni    ipsa suas patiat Cynthia noctes,  
 Plus quàm Thessalico tincta tremore genas  
 Astrorum mala cæsaries per inane dolendum  
 Gaudeat, horribili flore repexa caput  
 Sole sub invito subitæ vis improba noctis  
 Corripiat solitam, non sua jura, diem  
 Importuna dies, nec Eoi conscia pacti,  
 Per desolatæ murmura noctis eat  
 Christe, veni    tonet Oceanus pater, & sua nolit  
 Claustra    vagi montes sub nova sceptrâ meent  
 Christe, veni    quodcunq, audet metus, audeat ultrà  
 Fata id agant, quod agent    tu modò, Christe, veni  
 Christe, veni    quâcunq, venis mercede malorum  
 Quanti hoc constiterit cunq, venire, veni  
 Teq, tuosq, oculos tanti est potuisse videre!  
 Oh tanti est te vel sic potuisse frui!  
 Quicquid id est, Pater, omne tuo pensabitur ore,  
 Quicquid id est, veniat    Tu modò, Christe, veni

# FROM SANCROFT MS

**F**elices! properastis io, properastis & altam  
 Vicistis gyro sub breviorē viam  
 Vos per non magnum vestri mare sanguinis illuc  
 Cymba tulit nimis non operosa notis,  
 Quo nos tam lento sub remigio luctantes  
 Ducit inexhausti vis malè fida freti  
 Nos mora, nos longi consumit inertia lethi  
 In ludum mortis, luxuriemq; sumus  
 Nos ævo, & senio, & latis permittimur undis  
 Spargimur in casus,—porrigimur furis  
 Nos miseri sumus ex amplo, spatioq; perimus  
 In nos inquirunt fata, probantq; manus  
 Ingenium fati sumus, ambitioq; malorum,  
 Conatus mortis, consiliūq; sumus  
 In vitæ multo multæ patet area mortis  
 Non vitam nobis numerant, quot viximus, anni  
 Vita brevis nostra est sit licet acta diu  
 Vivere non longum est, quod longam ducere vitam  
 Res longa vitâ sæpe peracta brevi est  
 Nec vos tam vitæ Deus in compendia misit,  
 Quam vetuit vestræ plus licuisse neci  
 Accedit vitæ quicquid decerpitur ævo  
 Atq; illo brevius, quò citius morimur

*Domitiano De S Johanne ad portam Lat*

**E**Rgo ut inultus eas? Sed nec tamen ibis inultus,  
 Sic violare ausus meq; meosq; Deos  
 Ure oleo, Lic̃tor Oleo parat urere Lic̃tor  
 Sed quem uri Lic̃tor credidit, unctus erat  
 Te quoq; sic olei virtus malefida fefellit?  
 Sic tua te Pallas, Domitiane, juvat?

*Εἰς τὸν τοῦ Στεφάνου σέφανοι*

**E**Cce tuos lapides! nihil est pretiosius illis  
 Seu pretium capiti dent, capiantve tuo  
 Scilicet hæc ratio vestri diadematis hoc est,  
 Unde coronatis nos decet ire comis  
 Quisq; lapis quantò magis in se vilis habetur,  
 Ditior hoc capiti est gemma futura tuo

# RICHARD CRASHAW

**A**H ferus, ah culter! qui tam bona lilia primus  
 In tam crudeles jussit abire rosas  
 Virgineum hoc qui primus ebur violavit ab ostro,  
 Inq̃ sui instituit muricis ingenium  
 Scilicet hinc olim quicumq̃ cucurrerit amnis,  
 Ex hoc purpurei germine fontis erit  
 Scilicet hunc mortis primum puer accipit unguem  
 Inijciunt hodie fata, furorq̃ manus  
 Ecce illi sanguis fundi jam cæpit, & ecce,  
 Qui fundi possit, vix bene sanguis erat  
 Excitat è dolio vix dum bene musta recentī,  
 Atq̃ rudes furias in nova membra vocat  
 Improbus! ut nimias jam nunc accingitur iras!  
 Armaq̃ non molli sollicitanda manu!  
 Improbus! ut teneras audet jam ludere mortes!  
 Et vitæ ad modulum, quid puerile mori!  
 Improbus! ut tragici impatiens præludia fati  
 Ornat, & in socco jam negat ire suo!  
 Scilicet his pedibus manus hæc meditata cothurnos!  
 Hæc cum blanditis mens meditata minas?  
 Hæc tam dura brevem decuere crepundia dextram?  
 Dextra Gigantæis hæc satis apta genis?  
 Sic cunis miscere cruces? cumq̃ ubere matris  
 Commisisse neces, & scelus, & furias?  
 Quo ridet patri, hoc tacite quoq̃ respicit hastam,  
 Quoq̃ oculo matrem mulcet, in arma redit  
 Dii Superi! furit his oculis! hoc asper in ore est!  
 Dat Marti vultus, quos sibi mallet Amor  
 Deliciæ irarum! torvi, tenera agmina, risus!  
 Blande furor! terror dulcis! amande metus!  
 Præcoci in pœnas pueri lascivia tristis!  
 Cruda rudimenta! & torva tyrocinia!  
 Jam parcum, breviusq̃ brevi pro corpore vulnus,  
 Proq̃ brevi brevior vulnere sanguis eat  
 Olim, cum nervi, vitæq̃ ferocior haustus  
 Materiam morti, luxuriemq̃ dabunt,  
 Olim maturos ultrò conabitur imbres,  
 Robustum audebit tunc, solidumq̃ mori  
 Ergò illi, nisi qui in sævos concreverit usus,  
 Nec nisi quem possit fundere, sanguis erit?

# FROM SANCROFT MS

Euge puer trux! Euge tamen mitissime rerum!  
 Quis tibi tantum trux potes esse, puer!  
 Euge tibi trux! Euge mihi mitissime rerum!  
 Euge Leo mitis! trux sed & Agne tamen!  
 Maeste puer! maeste hoc tam dure laudis honore!  
 Maeste o pœnarum hæc indole, & ingenio!  
 At ferus ah culter! sub quo, tam docte dolorum,  
 In tristem properas sic, puer, ire virum  
 Ah ferus, ah culter! sub quo, puer auree, crescis  
 Mortis proficiens hæc quasi sub scrull!

**N**E, pia, ne nimium, Virgo, permittite querelis  
 Haud volet, haud poterit natus abesse diu  
 Nam quid eum teneat? vel quæ magis oscula vellet?  
 Vestri illum indigenam quid vetet esse sinûs?  
 Quippe illis quæ labra genis magis apta putentur?  
 Quæve per id collum dignior ire manus?  
 His sibi quid speret puer ambitiosius ulnis?  
 Quove sub amplexu dulcius esse queat?  
 O quæ tam teneram sibi vitis amecior ulmum  
 Implicet, alternis nexibus immoriens?  
 Cui circum subitis eat impatientior ulnis?  
 Aut quæ tam nimis vultibus ora notet?  
 Quæ tam prompta puer toties super oscula surgat?  
 Quis signet gemmâ nobiliore genam?  
 Illa ubi tam vernis adolescat mitius annis,  
 Tamve sub apricis pendeat ivera jugis?  
 Illi quis veniat languor tam gratus in umbrâ?  
 Commodius sub quo murmure somnus agat?  
 O ubi tam charo, tam casto in carcere regnat,  
 Maternoq; simul, virgineoq; sinu?  
 Ille ut ab his fugiat? nec tam bona gaudia vellet?  
 Ille ut in hos possit non properare sinus?  
 Ille sui tam blanda sinûs patrimonia spernet?  
 Hæres tot factus tam bene deliciis?  
 Ne tantum, ne, Diva, tuis permittite querelis  
 Quid dubites? Non est hic fugitivus Amor

Accipe dona, Puer, parvæ libamina laudis.  
 Accipe, non meritis accipienda suis  
 Accipe dona, Puer dulcis. dumq̃ accipis illa,  
 Digna quoq̃ efficies, quæ, puer, accipies.  
 Sive oculo, sive illa tuâ dignabere dextrâ,  
 Dextram, oculumq̃ dabis posse decere tuum  
 Non modò es in dantes, sed & ipsa in dona benignus,  
 Nec tantùm donans das, sed & accipiens

*In partum B Virg̃ non difficilem.*

Nec facta est tamen illa Parens impunè, quòd almi  
 Tam parcens uteri venerit ille Puer  
 Una hæc nascentis quodcunq̃ pepercerit hora,  
 Toto illum vitæ tempore parturit  
 Gaudia parturientis erat semel ille parenti,  
 Quotidie gemitus parturientis erat.

Circulus hic similem quàm pai sibi pergit in orbem!  
 Principiumq̃ suum quàm bene finis amat!  
 Virgineo thalamo quàm pulchrè convenit ille  
 (Quo nemo jacuit) virgineus tumulus!  
 Undiq̃ ut hæc æquo passu res iret, & ille  
 Josepho desponsatus, & ille fuit.

*In Sanctum igneis linguis descendentem Spiritum.*

Ab sint, qui fido simulant pia pectora vultu,  
 Ignea quos luteo pectore lingua beat  
 Hoc potius mea vota rogant, mea thura petessunt,  
 Ut mihi sit mea mens ignea, lingua luti

# FROM SANCROFT MS

*Cum horum aliqua dedicāram  
Præceptori meo colendissimo,  
Amico amicissimo, R Brooke*

**E**N tibi Musam, (Præceptor colendissime) quas ex tuis modò scholis, quasi ex Apollinis officinâ, accepit, alas timidè adhuc, nec aliter quàm sub oculis tuis jactitantem

Qualiter è nido multâ jam floridus alâ  
Astra sibi meditatur avis, pulchrosq; meatus  
Aërios inter procures licèt æthera nunquam  
Expertus, rudibusq; illi sit in ardua pennis  
Prima fides micat ire tamen, quatiensq; decorâ  
Veste leves humeros, querulumq; per aëra ludens  
Nil dubitat vel in astra vagos suspendere risus  
At verò simul immensum per inane profundis  
Exhaustus spatius, vacuoq; sub æthere pendens,  
Arva procul, sylvasq; suas, procul omnia cernit,  
Cernere quæ solitus, tum verò victa cadit mens,  
Spesq; suas & tanta timens conamina, totus  
Respicit ad matrem, pronisq; revertitur auris

Quòd tibi enim hæc feram (Vir ornatissime) non ambitio dantis est, sed justitia reddentis neq; te libelli mei tam elegi patronum, quàm dominum agnosco Tua sanè sunt hæc, et mea neq; tamen ita mea sunt, quin si quid in illis boni est, tuum hoc sit totum neq; interim in tantum tua, ut quantum cunq; est in illis mali illud non sit ex integro meum ita medio quodam, & misto jure utriusq; sunt ne vel mihi, dum me in societatem tuarum laudum elevarem, invidiam facerem, vel injuriam tibi, ut qui te in tenuitatis mea consortium deducere conarer Ego enim de meo nihil ausim boni mecum agnoscere nedum profiteri palàm, præter hoc unum (quo tamen nihil melius) ~~amantissimo nempe non ingratis tuorumq; beneficiorum~~ historiam religiosissimâ fide in se reponentem hoc quibuscunq; testibus coram, hoc palàm in os cœli, meæq; conscientiæ meum jactò effero me in hoc ultra æmuli patientiam Enim vero elegantiore obsequio venerentur te (& venerantur, scio) tuorum alii nemo me sincero magis, vel ingenuo poterit Horum deniq; rivulorum, tenuium utcunq;, nulliusq; nominis, hæc saltem laus erit propria, quòd suum nempe nôrint Oceanum

# RICHARD CRASHAW

## *Hymnus Veneri*

*dum in illius tutelam transiunt virgines.*

**I**U tuis adsis, Venus alma, sacris  
Rideas blandum, Venus, & benignum,  
Quale cum Martem premis, aureoq;  
Frangis oculo

Rideas ô tum neq; flamma Phœbum,  
Nec juvent Phœben sua tela. gestat  
Te satis contra tuus ille tantum  
Tela Cupido

Sæpe in ipsius pharetrâ Dianæ  
Hic suas ridens posuit sagittas  
Ausus et flammæ Dominum magistris  
Urere flammis

Virginum te orat chorus (esse longum  
Virgines nollent) modò servientum  
Tot columbarum tibi, passerumq; au-  
gere catervam

Dedicant quicquid labra vel rosarum,  
Colla vel servant tibi liliorum  
Dedicant totum tibi ver genarum,  
Ver oculorum

Hinc tuo sumas licet arma nato,  
Seu novas his ex oculis sagittas,  
Seu faces flamma velit acriori  
Flave comatas

Sume et ô discant, quid amica, quid nox,  
Quid bene, & blandè vigilata nox sit,  
Quid sibi dulcis furor, & protervus  
Poscat amator

Sume per quæ tot tibi corda flagrant  
Per quod arcanum tua cestus halat  
Per tuus quicquid tibi dixit olim, aut  
Fecit Adonis

FROM SANCROFT MS

S Pes Diva salve Diva avidam tuo  
Necessitatem numine prorogans,  
Vindicta fortunæ furentis,  
Una salus mediis ruinis

Reginæ quamvis, tu solium facis  
Depressa parvi tecta tugurii  
Surgunt jacentes inter, illic  
Firma magis tua regna constant

Cantus catenis, carmina carcere,  
Dolore ab ipso gaudiaq; exprimis  
Scintilla tu vivis sub imo  
Pectoris, haud metuens procellas

Tu regna servis copia pauperi  
Victis triumphus littora naufrago  
Ipsiq; damnatis patrona  
Anchora sub medio profundo

Quin ipse alumnus sum tuus ubere  
Pendemus isto, & hinc animam traho  
O, Diva nutrix, ô foventes  
Pande sinus sitiens laboro



*Non accipimus brevem vitam, sed facimus.*

|    Rgò tu luges nimiùm citatam  
 |    Circulo vitam properante volvi?  
 Tu Deos parcos gemis, ipse cùm sis  
       Prodigus ævi?

Ipse quod perdis, quereris perire?  
 Ipse tu pellis, sed et ire ploras?  
 Vita num servit tibi? servus ipse  
       Cedet abactus

Est fugax vitæ (fateor) fluentum  
 Prona sed clivum modò det voluptas,  
 Amne proclivi magis, & fugace  
       Labitur undâ

Fur Sopor magnam hinc (oculos recludens)  
 Surripit partem    ruit inde partem  
 Temporis magnam spolium reportans  
       Latro voluptas

Tu creas mortes tibi mille    & æva  
 Plura quò perdas, tibi plura poscis

# FROM SANCROFT MS

## *Pulchra non diuturna*

**E**Heu ver breve, & invidum!  
 Eheu floriduli dies!

Ergò curritis improbâ  
 Et quæ nunc face fulgurat,  
 Dulcis forma tenacibus  
 Immiscebitur infimæ  
 Heu! noctis nebulis, amor  
 Fallax, umbraq; somni  
 Quin incumbitis (invida  
 Sic dictat colus, & rota  
 Cani temporis incito  
 Currens orbe volubilis)  
 O deprendite lubricos  
 Annos et liquidum jubar  
 Verni syderis, ac novi  
 Floris fulgura, mollibus  
 Quæ debetis amoribus,  
 Non impendite luridos  
 In manes, avidum & chaos

Quanquam sydereis genis,  
 Quæ semper nive sobriâ  
 Synceris spatius vigent  
 Floris germine simplicis,  
 Flagrant ingenure rosæ

Quanquam perpetuâ fide  
 Illic mille Cupidines,  
 Centum mille Cupidines,  
 Pastos nectareâ dape  
 Blandis sumptibus educas  
 Istis qui spatius vagi,  
 Plemis lusibus ebrii,  
 Udo rore beatuli,  
 Uno plus decies die  
 Istis ex oculis tuis  
 Istis ex oculis suas  
 Sopitas animant faces,  
 Et languentia recreant  
 Succo spicula melleo

## RICHARD CRASHAW

Tum flammis agiles novis  
Lascivâ volitant face,  
Tum plenis tumidi minis,  
Tum vel sydera territant,  
Et cælum, & fragilem Jovem  
    Quanquam fronte sub arduâ  
Majestas gravi excubans,  
Dulces fortiter improbis  
Leges dictat amoribus  
    Quanquam tota, per omnia,  
Cælum machina præferat,  
Tanquam pagina multiplex  
Vivo scripta volumine  
Terris indigitans polos,  
Et compendia syderum  
    Istis heu tamen heu genis,  
Istis purpureis genis,  
Oris sydere florido,  
Regno frontis amabili,  
Mors heu crastina forsitan  
Crudeles faciet notas,  
Naturæq; superbiam  
Damnabit tumuli specu.

# FROM SANCROFT MS

## *Verus descriptio*

**T**Empus adest, placidis quo Sol novus auctior horis  
 Purpureos mulcere dies, & sydere verno  
 Floridus, augusto solet ire per æthera vultu,  
 Naturæ communis amor spes aurea mundi  
 Virginæum decus & dulcis lascivia rerum  
 Ver tenerum, ver molle subit jam pulchrior annus  
 Pube nova, roseæq; recens in flore juventæ  
 Felici fragrat gremio, & laxatur odorâ  
 Prole parens per aquas, perq; arva per omnia latè  
 Ipse suas miratur opes, miratur honores  
 Jam Zephyro resoluta suo tumet ebria tellus,  
 Et crebro bibit imbre Jovem Sub frondibus altis  
 Flora sedens, audit (fælix!) quo murmure lapsis  
 Fons patrius minitetur aquis, quæ vertice crispo  
 Respiciunt tantum, & strepero procul agmine pergunt  
 Audit & arboreis siquid gemebunda recurrens  
 Garriat aura comis audit quibus ipsa susurris  
 Annuit, & facili cervice remurmurat arbor  
 Quin audit querulas audit quodcunq; per umbras  
 Flebilibus Philomela modis miserabile narrat  
 Tum quoq; præcipuè blandis Cytheræa per orbem  
 Spargitur imperiis molles tum major habenas  
 Incutit increpitans, cestus magis ignea rores  
 Ingeminat, tumidosq; sinus flagrantior ambit  
 Nympharum incedit latè, charitumq; coronâ  
 Amplior, & plures curru jam nectit olores  
 Quin ipsos quoq; tum campis emitit apricis  
 Læta parens, gremioq; omnes effundit Amores  
 Mille ruunt equites blandi, peditumq; protervæ  
 Mille ruunt acies levium pars terga ferarum  
 Insilunt, gaudentq; suis stimulare sagittis  
 Pars optans gemino multum properare volatu  
 Aërios conscendit equos hic passere blando  
 Subsiliens lene ludit iter micat huc, micat illuc  
 Hospitio levis incerto, & vagus omnibus umbris  
 Verum alter gravidis insurgens major habenis  
 Maternas molitur aves ille improbus acrem  
 Versat apem similis, seseq; agnoscit in illo

## RICHARD CRASHAW

Et brevibus miscere vias, ac frangere gyris  
 Pars leviter per prata vagi sua lilia dignis  
 Contendunt sociare rosis, tum florum ordo  
 Consilio fragrante venit lascivit in omni  
 Germine læta manus nitidis nova gloria pennis  
 Additur, illustri gremio sedet aurea messis,  
 Gaudet odoratas coma blandior ire sub umbras.  
 Excutiunt solitas (immitia tela) sagittas,  
 Ridentesq̃ aliis pharetræ spectantur in armis.  
 Flore manus, & flore sinus, flore omnia lucent  
 Undiq̃ jam flos est vitreas hic pronus ad undas  
 Ingenium illudentis aquæ, fluitantiaq̃ ora,  
 Et vaga miratur tremulæ mendacia formæ  
 Inde suos probat explorans, & judice nymphâ  
 Informat radios, ne non satis igne protervo  
 Ora tremant, agilesq̃ docet nova fulgura vultus,  
 Atq̃ suo vibrare jubet petulantius astro

**I I** Æc est, quæ sacrâ didicit florere figurâ,  
 Non nisi per lachrymas charta videnda tuas.  
 Scilicet ah dices, hæc cùm spectaveris ora,  
 Ora sacer sic, ô sic tulit ille pater  
 Sperabis solitas illinc, pia fulmina, voces,  
 Sanctaq̃, tam dulci mella venire viâ  
 Sic erat illa, suas Famæ cùm traderet alas,  
 Ad calamum (dices) sic erat illa manus  
 Tale erat & pectus, celsæ domus ardua mentis,  
 Tale suo plenum sydere pectus erat  
 O bene fallacis mendacia pulchra tabellæ!  
 Et, qui tam simili vivit in ære, labor!  
 Cùm tu tot chartis vitam, Pater alme, dedisti,  
 Hæc meritò vitam charta dat una tibi

*Melius purgatur stomachus per vomitum, quam per secessum*

DUm vires refero vomitûs, & nobile munus,  
 Da mihi de vomitu, grandis Homere, tuo  
 Nempe olim, multi cum carminis anxia moles  
 Vexabat stomachum, magne Poëta, tuum  
 Ægrâq; jejuno tenuabat pectora morsu,  
 Jussit & in crudam semper hiare famem  
 Phœbus (ut est medicus) vomitoria pocula præbens  
 Morbum omnem longos expulit in vomitus  
 Protinus & centum incumbunt toto ore Poëtæ,  
 Certantes sacras lambere reliquias  
 Quod vix fecissent, (scio) si medicamen ineptum  
 Venisset miserè posteriore vi  
 Quippe per amfractus, cæciq; volumina ventris  
 Sacra (putas) hostem vult medicina sequi?  
 Tam turpes tenebras hæc non dignatur at ipsum  
 Sedibus ex imis imperiosa trahit  
 Ergò  
 Per vomitum stomachus melius purgabitur alvus  
 Quàm quâ secretis exit opaca viis

# RICHARD CRASHAW

## *In Natales Mariæ Principis*

PARce tuo jam, bruma ferox, ô parce furori  
Pone animos ô pacatæ da spiritus auræ  
Afflatu leniore gravem demulceat annum  
Res certè, & tempus meruit. Licèt improbus Auster.  
Sæviat, & rabido multùm se murmure volvat,  
Imbriferis licèt impatiens Notus ardeat alis,  
Hïc tamen, hïc certè, modò tu non (sæva) negares,  
Nec Notus impatiens jam, nec foret improbus Auster.  
Scilicet hoc decuit? dum nos tam lucida rerum  
Attollit series, adeò commune serenum  
Lætitiæ, vernisq; animis micat alta voluptas,  
Jam torvas acies, jam squalida bella per auras  
Volvere? & hybernis annum corrumpere nimbis?  
Ah melius! quin luce novæ reparata juventæ  
Ipsa hodie vernaret hyems, pulchroq; tumultu  
Purpureas properaret opes, effunderet omnes  
Læta sinus, nitidumq; diem fragrantibus horis  
Æternùm migrare velit, florumq; beatâ  
Luxurie tanta ô circum cunabula surgat,  
Excipiatq; novos, & molliter ambiat artus

Quippe venit sacris iterum vagitibus ingens  
Aula sonat venit en roseo decus addita fratri  
Blanda soror. tibi se brevibus, tibi porrigit ulnis,  
Magne puer! facili tibi torquet hiantia risu  
Ora, tibi molles, lacrymas, & nobile murmur  
Temperat, inq; tuo ponit se pendula collo  
Tale decus, juncto veluti sub stemmate cùm quis  
Dat sociis lucere rosis sua lilia talis  
Fulget honos, medio cùm se duo sydera mundo  
Dulcibus intexunt radius nec dignior olim  
Flagrabat nitidæ felix consortio formæ,  
Tunc cùm sydereos inter pulcherrima fratres  
Erubuit primùm, & Ledæo cortice rupto  
Tyndarida explicuit teneræ nova gaudia frontis

Sic socium ô miscete jubar, tu, candide frater,  
Tuq; serena soror sic ô date gaudia patri,  
Sic matri cùmq; ille olim, subeuntibus annis,

# FROM SANCROFT MS

Ire inter proprios magnâ cervice triumphos  
 Lgregius volet, atq; suâ se discere dextrâ  
 Te quoq; tum pleno mulcebit sydere & alto  
 Flore tui, dulcesq; oculos maturior ignis  
 Indole divinâ, & radius intinget honoris  
 Tunc o te quoties (nisi quôd tu pulchrior illi)  
 Esse suam Phœben falsus jurabit Apollo!  
 Tunc ô te quoties (nisi quôd tu castior illi)  
 Esse suam Venerem Mavors jurabit inanis!  
 Felix ah! et cui se non Mars, non aureus ipse  
 Credet Apollo parem! tantî cui conjugi celsus  
 In pulchros properare sinus, & carpere sacras  
 Delicias, oculosq; tuos, tua basia solus  
 Tum poterit dixisse sua, & se necesse tanto  
 Dum probat esse Deum, superas contemnere mensas



## RICHARD CRASHAW

*Honoratiss<sup>o</sup> D<sup>o</sup> Rob<sup>o</sup> Heath, summo Justit  
de com. Banco. Gratulatio.*

I Gnitum latus, & sacrum tibi gratulor ostrum,  
O amor, atq; tuæ gloria magna togæ!  
Nam video Themis ecce humeris, Themis ardet in istis,  
Inq; tuos gaudet tota venire sinus  
O ibi purpureo quàm se bene porrigit astro!  
Et docet hîc radios luxuriare suos!  
Imò eat æternâ sic ô Themis aurea pompâ!  
Hîc velit ô sydus semper habere suum!  
Sic flagret, & nunquam tua purpura palleat intus.  
O nunquam in vultus digna sit ire tuos  
Sanguine ab innocuo nullos bibat illa rubores  
Nec tam crudeli murice proficiat  
Quæq; tibi est (nam quæ non est tibi?) candida virtus  
Fortunam placidè ducat in alta tuam  
Nullius viduæ lacrymas tua marmora sudent  
Nec sit, quæ inclamet te, tibi facta domus  
Non gemat ulla suam pinus tibi scissa ruinam,  
Ceui cadat in domini murmure mæsta sui  
Fama suas subter pennas tibi sternat eunti,  
Illa tubæ faciat te melioris opus  
Thura tuo (quacunq; meat) cum nomine migrent,  
Quæq; vehit felix te, vehat aura rosas  
Vive tuis (nec enim non sunt æquissima) votis  
Æqualis, quæ te sydera cunq; vocant  
Hæc donec niveæ cedat tua purpura pallæ,  
Lilium ubi fuerit, quæ rosa vestis erat

*Serenissimæ Reginæ librum suum commendat Academia*

II Unc quoq; maternâ (nimium nisi magna rogamus)  
Aut aviæ saltem sume, Maria, manu  
Est Musâ de matre recens rubicundulus infans,  
Cui pater est partus (quis putet?) ille tuus  
Usq; adeo impatiens amor est in virgine Musâ  
Jam nunc ex illo non negat esse parens  
De nato quot habes olim sperare nepotes,  
Qui simul & pater est, & facit esse patrem!

# FROM SANCROFT MS

*Priscianus verberans, & vapulans*

**Q**uid facis? ah! tam perversâ quid voluitur iri?  
 Quid parat iste tuus, posterus iste furor?  
 Ah, truculente puer! tam sædo parce furori  
 Nec rapiat tragicas tam gravis ira nates  
 Ecce fremit, fremit ecce indignabundus Apollo  
 Castalides fugiunt, & procul ora tegunt  
 Sic igitur sacrum, sic insedissee caballum  
 Queris? & (ah) fieri tam malè notus eques?  
 Ille igitur phaleris nitidus lucebit in istis?  
 Hæc erit ad solidum turpis habena latus?  
 His ille (haud nimium rigidis) dabit ora lupatis?  
 Hæc fluet in miseris sordida vitta jubis?  
 Sic erit ista tui, sic aurea pompa triumphî?  
 Ille sub imperiis ibit olentis heri?  
 Ille tamen neq; terribili stat spumæus irâ,  
 Ungula nec celso fervida calce tonat  
 O meritò spectatur equi patientia nostri!  
 Dicite Iô tantum quis toleravit equus?  
 Pegasus iste ferox, mortales spretus habenas,  
 Bellerophontæâ non tulit ire manu  
 Noster equus tamen exemplo non turget in isto  
 Stat bonus, & solito se pede certus habet  
 Imò licet tantos de te tulit ille pudores,  
 Te tulit ille iterum sed meliore modo  
 Tunc rubor in scapulas ô quàm bene transiit iste,  
 Qui satis in vultus noluit ire tuos!  
 At mater centum in furias abit, & vomit iram  
 Mille modis rabidam jura, forumq; fremit  
 Quin fera tu, taceas aut jura, forumq; tacebunt  
 Tu legi vocem non sinis esse suam  
 O malè vibratæ rixosa volumina linguæ!  
 Et satis in nullo verba tonanda foro!  
 Causidicos (vesana!) tuos tua fulmina terrent  
 Ecce stupent miseri ah! nec meminere loqui  
 Hinc tua, (sæde puer) sædati hinc terga caballi  
 Exercent querulo jurgia lenta foro  
 Obscænas lites, & olentia jurgia ridet  
 Turpiter in causam sollicitata Themis

# RICHARD CRASHAW

Juridicus lites quisquis tractaverit istas,  
 Oh satis emunctâ nare sit ille, precor.  
 At tu de misero quid vis, truculente, caballo?  
 Cur premis insultans, sæve! tyranne puer!  
 Tené igitur fugiet? fugiet sacer iste caballus?  
 Non fugiet. sed (si vis) tibi terga dabit

*Ad librum super hac re ab ipso* } *Priscianus* { *verberans,*  
*ludi magistro editum, qui dr* } { *&*  
 { *vapulans*

Ordes ô tibi gratulamur istas,  
 O Musa aurea, blanda, delicata!  
 Sordes ô tibi candidas, suoq;  
 Jam nec nomine, jam nec ore notas!  
 Sacro carmine quippe delinitæ  
 Se nunc ô bene nesciunt, novâq;  
 Mirantur facie novum nitorem  
 Ipsas tu facis ô nitere sordes  
 Sordes ô tibi gratulamur ipsas!  
 Si non hic natibus procax malignis  
 Fœdo fulmine turpis intonâsset  
 Unde insurgeret hæc querela vindex,  
 Docto & murmure carminis severi  
 Dulces fortiter aggregaret iras?  
 Ipsæ ô te faciunt nitere sordes  
 Sordes ô tibi gratulamur ipsas  
 Quàm pulchrè tua migrat Hippocrene!  
 Turpi quàm bene degener parenti!  
 Fœdi filia tam serena fontis  
 Has de stercore quis putaret undas?  
 Sic ô lactea surge, Musa, surge  
 Surge inter medias serena sordes  
 Spumis qualiter in suis Dione,  
 Cùm prompsit latus aureum, atq; primas  
 Ortu purpureo movebat undas  
 Sic ô lactea surge, Musa, surge.  
 Enni stercus erit Maronis aurum.

# FROM SANCROFT MS

## Horatii Ode

*Ille ʼ nefasto te posuit die ʼ*

### Ελληνισι

“Ωρα σε κεινος θηκεν αποφραδι  
Ο πρωτος ʼς τις χειρι τε βωμακι  
Εθρεψε δενδρον της τε κωμης  
Αιτιον εσσομενων τ ελεγχος

Κεινος τοκης θρυψε και αυχενα  
Κεινος γε (φαίνη) αιματι ξεινίῳ  
Μυχωτατον κοιτωνα ρῆινε  
Νυκτιος αμφαφασε κεινος

Τα δητα κολχων φαρμακα και κακου  
Παν χρημα δωσας μοι επιχωριον  
Σε συγνον ερνος δεσποτου σε  
Εμπεσον ες κεφαλην αιικως

Ποσης μεν ωρης παν επικινδυνον  
Τις οιδε φευγειν δειδιε βοσφορον  
Λιβυς ο πλωτηρ ουδ ανα[γ]κην  
Ιηι κρυφην ετερωθεν οκνει

Παρθων μαχημον Ρωμαιοκς φυγην  
Και τοξα Παρθος Ρωμαικην βιαν  
Και δεσμα λαους αλλα μοιρας  
Βαλλε βαλει τ υδοκτητος ορμη

Σχεδον σχεδον πως Περσεφονης ιδον  
Αυλην μελαινην και κρίσιν Αιακου  
Καλην τ αποσασιν μακαίρων  
Αιολλαις κινυρην τε χορδαις

Σαπφω πατριδος μεμφομένην κοραις  
Ηχουντα και σε πλειον επιχρυσῳ  
Αλκαιε πληκτρῳ σκληρὰ νηος,  
Σκληρα φυγης πολεμου τε σκληρα

# RICHARD CRASHAW

Ευφημέουσai δ' ἀμφοτέρων σκιαλ  
 Κλύουσi θάμβει, τὰς δὲ μαχὰς πλεόν,  
 Ἀνασάτους τε μὲν τυράννους  
 Ὠμιάς ἔκπιεν ὥσι λαός.

Τί θαῦμ', ἐκείναιρ θῆς ὅτε τρίκρανος  
 Ἀκην ἀοιδαῖς, οὔατα κάββαλε,  
 Ἐρινύων τ' ἡδυπαθοῦσι  
 Βόσρυχες, ἡσυχίων ἐχιδνῶν.

Καὶ δὴ Προμηθεύς, καὶ Πέλοπος πατήρ  
 Εὐδουσιν ἡχέι τῷ λαθικήδεϊ  
 Ἀγειν λεόντας Ωρίων δὲ  
 Οὐ φιλέει, φοβεράς τε λύγκας.

## *In Rev<sup>d</sup> Dre Brooke Epitaphium*

POsuit sub istâ (non gravi) caput terrâ  
 Ille, ipsa quem mors arrogare vix ausa  
 Didicit vereri, plurimumque suspenso  
 Dubitavit ictu, lucidos procul vultus,  
 Et sydus oris acre procul prospectans  
 Cui literarum fama cùm dedit lumen,  
 Accepit, atque est ditior suis donis  
 Cujus serena gravitas faciles mores  
 Mulhere novit, cujus in senectute  
 Famaeque riguit, & juventa fortunæ  
 Ita brevis ævi, ut nec videri festinus,  
 Ita longus, ut nec fessus Et hunc mori credis?

## FROM SANCROFT MS

*In obitum Rev V D<sup>r</sup> Mansell,  
Coll Regiæ M<sup>re</sup> qui ven D Brooke,  
interitum proxime secutus est*

**E**Rgo iterum in lacrymas, & sævi murmura planctûs  
Ire jubet tragicâ mors iterata manu?  
Scilicet illa novas quæ jam fert dextra sagittas,  
Dextra priore recens sanguine stillat adhuc  
Vos o, quos sociâ Lachesis propè miscuit urnâ,  
Et vicina colus vix sinit esse duos,  
Ite o, quos nostri jungunt consortia damni  
Per nostras lacrymas ô nimis ite pares!  
Ite per Elysias felici tramite valles  
Et sociis animos conciliate vias  
Illic ingentes ultrò confundite manes,  
Noscat & æternam mutua dextra fidem  
Communes eadem spargantur in otia curæ,  
Atque idem felix poscat utrumque labor  
Nectaræ simul ite vagis sermonibus horæ  
Nox trahat alternas continuata vices  
Una cibos ferat, una suas vocet arbor in umbras  
Ambobus faciles herba det una toros  
Certum erit interea quanto sit major habenda,  
Quàm quæ per vitam est, mortis amicitia

# RICHARD CRASHAW

LUKE 2    *Querit Jesum suum Maria, &c*

**A**ND is he gone, whom these armes held but now?  
                                  Their hope, their vow?  
 Did ever greife, & joy in one poore heart  
                                  Soe soone change part?  
 Hee's gone    the fair'st flower, that e're bosome drest,  
                                  My soules sweet rest  
 My wombes chaste pride is gone, my heaven-borne boy,  
                                  And where is joy?  
 Hee's gone    & his lov'd steppes to wait upon,  
                                  My joy is gone  
 My joyes, & hee are gone, my greife, & I  
                                  Alone must ly  
 Hee's gone    not leaving with me, till he come,  
                                  One smile at home  
 Oh come then    bring Thy mother her lost joy  
                                  Oh come, sweet boy  
 Make hast, & come, or e're my greife, & I  
                                  Make hast, & dy  
 Peace, heart! the heavens are angry    all their spheres  
                                  Rivall thy teares  
 I was mistaken    some faire sphære, or other  
                                  Was thy blest mother  
 What, but the fairest heaven, could owne the birth  
                                  Of soe faire earth?  
 Yet sure thou did'st lodge heere    this wombe of mine  
                                  Was once call'd thine  
 Oft have these armes thy cradle envied,  
                                  Beguil'd thy bed  
 Oft to thy easy eares hath this shrill tongue  
                                  Trembled, & sung  
 Oft have I wrapt thy slumbers in soft aires,  
                                  And stroak't thy cares  
 Oft hath this hand those silken casements kept,  
                                  While their sunnes slept  
 Oft have my hungry kisses made thine eyes  
                                  Too early rise

## FROM SANCROFT MS

Oft have I spoild my kisses daintiest diet,  
                     To spare thy quiet  
 Oft from this breast to thine my love tost heart  
                     Hath leapt, to part  
 Oft my lost soule have I bin glad to seeke  
                     On thy soft cheek  
 Oft have these armes alas! shew'd to these eyes  
                     Their now lost joyes  
 Dawne then to me, thou morne of mine owne day,  
                     And lett heaven stay  
 Oh, would st thou heere still fixe thy faire abode,  
                     My bosome God  
 What hinders, but my bosome still might be  
                     Thy heaven to Thee?

*Whosoever shall loose his life &c*    MATH 16 25

**S**Oe I may gaine thy death, my life I le give  
 (My life s thy death, & in thy death I live )  
 Or else, my life, I le hide thee in his grave,  
 By three daies losse æternally to save



# RICHARD CRASHAW

*In cicatrices Domini Jesu.*

Come, brave soldjers, come, & see  
Mighty love's Artillery  
This was the conquering dart, & loe  
There shines his quiver, there his bow.  
These the passive weapons are,  
That made great Love, a man of warre.  
The quiver, that he bore, did bide  
Soe neare, it prov'd his very side  
In it there sate but one sole dart,  
A peircing one his peirc'd heart  
His weapons were nor steele, nor brasse  
The weapon, that he wore, he was  
For bow his unbent hand did serve,  
Well strung with many a broken nerve.  
Strange the quiver, bow, & dart!  
A bloody side, & hand, & heart!  
But now the feild is wonne & they  
(The dust of Warfe cleane wip'd away)  
The weapons now of triumph be,  
That were before of Victorie

*In amorem divinum (Hermannus Hugo)*

A Eternall love! what 'tis to love thee well,  
None, but himselfe, who feesles it, none can tell  
But oh, what to be lov'd of thee as well,  
None, not himselfe, who feesles it, none can tell

# FROM SANCROFT MS

*Upon a Gnatt burnt in a candle*

Little—buzzing—wanton elfe,  
 L Perish there, & thanke thy selfe  
 Thou deservst thy life to loose,  
 For distracting such a Muse  
 Was it thy ambitious aime  
 By thy death to purchase fame?  
 Didst thou hope he would in pittie  
 Have bestow d a funerall ditty  
 On thy ghoast? & thou in that  
 To have outlived Virgills gnatt?  
 No the treason, thou hast wrought,  
 Might forbid the[e] such a thought  
 If that night's worke doe miscarry,  
 Or a syllable but vary,  
 A greater foe thou shalt me find,  
 The destruction of thy kind  
 Phœbus, to revenge thy fault,  
 In a fiery trapp thee caught  
 That thy winged mates might know it,  
 And not dare disturbe a Poet  
 Deare, & wretched was thy sport,  
 Since thyselfe was crushed for t  
 Scarcely had that life a breath,  
 Yet it found a double death,  
 Playing in the golden flames,  
 Thou fellst into an inky Thames  
 Scorch d, & drown d That petty sunne  
 A pretty Icarus hath undone

# RICHARD CRASHAW

*Petronius.*

*Ales Phasiacis petita Colchis &c.*

THE bird, that's fetch't from Phasis floud,  
Or choicest hennes of Africk-brood,  
These please our palates. & why these?  
'Cause they can but seldome please  
Whil'st the goose soe goodly white,  
And the drake yeeld noe delight,  
Though his wings conceited hewe  
Paint each feather, as if new  
These for vulgar stomacks be,  
And rellish not of rarity.  
But the dainty Scarus, sought  
In farthest clime, what e're is bought  
With shipwracks toile, oh, that is sweet,  
'Cause the quicksands hansell'd it  
The pretious Barbill, now groune rife,  
Is cloying meat How stale is Wife?  
Deare wife hath ne're a handsome letter,  
Sweet mistris sounds a great deale better  
Rose quakes at name of Cinnamon  
Unlesse't be rare, what's thought upon?

# FROM SANCROFT MS

*Horatius*

*Ille & ne fasto te posuit die &c*

SHame of thy mother soyle ! ill nurtur d tree !  
 Sett to the mischeife, of postertie !  
 That hand, (what ere it wer) that was thy nurse,  
 Was sacrilegious, (sure) or somewhat worse  
 Black, as the day was dismall, in whose sight  
 Thy rising topp first stand the bashfull light  
 That man (I thinke) wrested the feeble life  
 From his old father that mans barbarous knife  
 Conspird with darknes gainst the strangers throate  
 (Whereof the blushing walles tooke bloody note)  
 Huge high floune poysons, ev n of Colchos breed,  
 And whatsoere wild sinnes black thoughts doe feed,  
 His hands have padled in his hands, that found  
 Thy traiterous root a dwelling in my ground  
 Perfidious totterer ! longing for the staines  
 Of thy kind Master s well deserving braines  
 Mans daintiest care, & caution cannot spy  
 The subtile point of his coy destiny,  
 Wh way it threats with feare the merchant s mind  
 Is plough d as deepe, as is the sea with wind,  
 (Rowz d in an angry tempest), Oh the sea !  
 Oh ! that s his feare there flotes his destiny  
 While from another (unseene) corner blowes  
 The storme of fate, to w<sup>ch</sup> his life he owes  
 By Parthians bow the soldier lookes to die,  
 (Whose hands are fighting, while their feet doe flie )  
 The Parthian starts at Rome s imperiall name,  
 Fledg d with her eagles wing, the very chaine  
 Of his captivity rings in his eares  
 Thus, & thus fondly doe wee pitch our feares  
 Farre distant from our fates our fates, that mocke  
 Our giddy feares with an unlook t for shocke  
 A little more & I had surely seene  
 Thy greisly Majesty, Hell s blackest Queene,  
 And Cæacus on his Tribunall too,

## RICHARD CRASHAW

### *Petronius*

#### *Alis Phasiacis petita Colchis &c*

'**T**He bird, that's fetch't from Phasis floud,  
Or choicest hennes of Africk-brood,  
These please our palates. & why these?  
'Cause they can but seldome please  
Whil'st the goose soe goodly white,  
And the drake yeeld noe delight,  
Though his wings conceited hewe  
Paint each feather, as if new  
These for vulgar stomacks be,  
And rellish not of rarity  
But the dainty Scarus, sought  
In farthest clime, what e're is bought  
With shipwracks toile, oh, that is sweet,  
'Cause the quicksands hansell'd it  
The pretious Barbill, now groune rife,  
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*Ille & ne facto te posuit die &c*

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 That hand, (what ere it wer) that was thy nurse,  
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 And Cæacus on his Tribunall too,

## RICHARD CRASHAW

Sifting the soules of guilt, & you, (oh you !)  
You ever-blushing meads, where doe the Blest  
Farre from darke horrors home appeale to rest.  
There amorous Sappho plaines upon her Lute  
Her loves crosse fortune, that the sad dispute  
Runnes murmuring on the stings Alcæus there  
In high-built numbers wakes his golden lyre,  
To tell the world, how hard the matter went,  
How hard by sea, by warre, by banishment  
There these brave soules deale to each wondring eare,  
Such words, soe precious, as they may not weare  
Without religious silence, above all  
Warres ratling tumults, or some tyrants fall  
The thronging clotted multitude doth feast.  
What wonder? when the hundred-headed beast  
Hangs his black lugges, stroakt with those heavenly  
lines,  
The Furies curl'd snakes meet in gentle twines,  
And stretch their cold limbes in a pleasing fire  
Prometheus selfe, & Pelops sterved sire  
Are cheated of their paines, Orion thinkes  
Of Lions now noe more, or spotted Linx.

# FROM SANCROFT MS

## *On y Gunpowder Treason*

**I** Sing Impiety beyond a name  
 Who stiles it any thinge, knowes not the same  
 Dull, sluggish Ile! what more than lethargy  
 Gripes thy cold limbes soe fast, thou canst not fly,  
 And start from of[f] thy center? hath heave'n s love  
 Stuft thee soe full with blisse, thou canst not move?  
 If soe, oh Neptune, may she farre be throwne  
 By thy kind armes to a kind world unknowne  
 Lett her survive this day, once mock her fate,  
 And shee s an Island truely fortunate  
 Lett not my suppliant breath raise a rude storme  
 To wrack my suite oh keepe pittie warme  
 In thy cold breast, & yearly on this day  
 Mine eyes a tributary streame shall pay  
 Dost thou not see an exhalation  
 Belch'd from the sulph ry lungs of Phlegeton?  
 A living Comet, whose pestiferous breath  
 Adulterates the Virgin aire? with death  
 It labours stif'led nature s in a swoond,  
 Ready to dropp into a chaos round  
 About horrors displaid It doth portend,  
 That earth a shoure of stones to heaven shall send,  
 And crack the Christall globe the milky streame  
 Shall in a silver rain runne out, whose creame  
 Shall choake the gaping earth, w<sup>h</sup> then shall fry  
 In flames, & of a burning fever dy  
 That wonders may in fashion be, not rare,  
 A winters thunder with a groane shall scare,  
 And rouze the sleepy ashes of the dead,  
 Making them skip out of their dusty bed  
 Those twinckling eyes of heaven, w<sup>h</sup> ev'n now shind,  
 Shall with one flash of lightning be struck blind  
 The sea shall change his youthfull greene, & slide  
 Along the shore in a grave purple tide  
 It does præsage, that a great Prince shall climbe,  
 And gett a starry throne before his time



## RICHARD CRASHAW

To usher in this shoale of Prodigies,  
Thy infants, Æolus, will not suffice.  
Noe, noe, a giant wind, that will not spare  
To tosse poore men like dust into the aire,  
Justle downe mountaines Kings courts shall be sent,  
Like bandied balles, into the firmament  
Atlas shall be tript upp, Jove's gate shall feele  
The weighty rudenes of his boysterous heele  
All this it threats, & more Horro<sup>r</sup>, that flies  
To th' Empyræum of all miseries.  
Most tall Hyperbole's cannot descry it,  
Mischeife, that scornes expression should come nigh it  
All this it only threatens the Meteor ly'd,  
It was exhal'd, a while it hung, & dy'd  
Heaven kickt the Monster downe downe it was throwne,  
The fall of all things it præsa<sup>g</sup>'d, its owne  
It quite forgott the fearfull earth gave way,  
And durst not touch it, heere it made noe stay  
At last it stopt at Pluto's gloomy porch,  
He streightway lighted upp his pitchy torch.  
Now to those toiling soules it gives its light,  
W<sup>ch</sup> had the happines to worke i'th' night  
They banne the blaze, & curse its curtesy,  
For lighting them unto their misery  
Till now hell was imperfect, it did need  
Some rare choice torture, now 'tis hell indeed  
Then glutt thy dire lampe with the warmest blood,  
That runnes in violett pipes none other food  
It can digest then watch the wildfire well,  
Least it breake forth, & burne thy sooty cell

## FROM SANCROFT MS

### *Upon the Gunpowder-Treason*

REach me a quill, pluckt from the flaming wing  
Of Pluto's Mercury, that I may sing  
Death to the life My inke shall be the blood  
Of Cerberus, or Alecto's viperous brood  
Unmated malice! Oh unpeer'd despight!  
Such as the sable pinions of the night  
Never durst hatch before extracted see  
The very Quintessence of villanie  
I feare to name it, least that he, w<sup>ch</sup> heares,  
Should have his soule frighted beyond the spheres  
Heaven was asham'd, to see our mother Earth  
Engender with the Night, & teeme a birth  
Soe foule, one minutes light had it but seene,  
The fresh face of the morne had blasted beene  
Her rosy cheekes you should have seene noe more  
Dy'd in vermillion blushes, as before  
But in a vaile of clouds musing her head  
A solitary life she would have led  
Affrighted Phœbus would have lost his way,  
Giving his wanton palfreys leave to play  
Olympick games in the Olympian plaines,  
His trembling hands loosing the golden rames  
The Queene of night gott the greene sicknes then,  
Sitting soe long at ease in her darke denne,  
Not daring to peepe forth, least that a stone  
Should beate her headlong from her jetty throne  
Jove's twinckling tapers, that doe light the world,  
Had beene pufte out, & from their stations hurl'd  
Æol kept in his wrangling sonnes, least they  
With this grand blast should have bin bloune away  
Amazed Triton with his shrill alarmes  
Bad sporting Neptune to pluck in his armes,  
And leave embracing of the Isles, least hee  
Might be an actor in this Tragœdy  
Nor should wee need thy crisped waves, for wee  
An Ocean could have made t have drowned thee  
Torrents of salt teares from our eyes should runne,

## RICHARD CRASHAW

And raise a deluge, where the flaming sunne  
Should coole his fiery wheelles, & never sinke  
Soe low to give his thirsty stallions drinke.  
Each soule in sighes had spent its dearest breath,  
As glad to waite upon their King in death  
Each winged Chorister would swan-like sing  
A mournfull Dirge to their deceased King.  
The painted meddowes would have laught no more  
For joye of their neate coates, but would have tore  
Their shaggy locks, their flowry mantles turn'd  
Into dire sable weedes, & sate, & mourn'd  
Each stone had streight a Niobe become,  
And wept amaine, then rear'd a costly tombe,  
T' entombe the lab'ring earth for surely shee  
Had died just in her delivery.  
But when Jove's winged Heralds this espied,  
Upp to th' Almighty thunderer they hied,  
Relating this sad story streight way hee  
The monster crusht, maugre their midwiferie.  
And may such Pythons never live to see  
The Light's faire face, but still abortive bee

## FROM SANCROFT MS

### *Upon the Gunpowder Treason*

Row plumpe, leane Death his Holinesse a feast  
G Hath now præpard, & you must be his guest  
Come grimme destruction, & in purple gore  
Dye sev n times deeper than they were before  
Thy scarlet robes for heere you must not share  
A common banquet noe, heere s princely fare  
And least thy bloodshott eyes should lead aside  
This masse of cruelty, to be thy guide  
Three coleblack sisters, (whose long suttly haire,  
And greisly visages doe fright the aire  
When Night beheld them, shame did almost turne  
Her sable cheekes into a blushing morne,  
To see some fowler than herselfe) these stand,  
Each holding forth to light the aery brand,  
Whose purer flames tremble to be soe nigh,  
And in fell hatred burning, angry dy,  
Sly, lurking treason is his bosome freind,  
Whom faint, & palefact feare doth still attend  
These need noe invitation onely thou  
Black dismall horro, come make perfect now  
Th Epitome of hell oh lett thy pinions  
Be a gloomy Canopy to Pluto s minions  
In this infernall Majesty close shrowd  
Your selves, your Stygian states, a pitchy clowd  
Shall hang the roome, & for your tapers bright,  
Sulphureous flames snatch d from æternall night  
But rest, affrighted Muse thy silver wings  
May not row neerer to these dusky Kings  
Cast back some amorous glances on the cates,  
That heere are dressing by the hasty fates,  
Nay stopp thy clowdy eyes it is not good,  
To droune thy selfe in this pure pearly flood  
But since they are for fire workes, rather prove  
A Phenix, & in chastest flames of love  
Offer thy selfe a Virgin sacrifice  
To quench the rage of hellish deities

## RICHARD CRASHAW

But dares destruction cate these candid breasts,  
The Muses, & the Graces sugred neasts?  
Dares hungry death snatch of one cheery lipp?  
Or thirsty treason offer once to sippe  
One dropp of this pure Nectar, w<sup>ch</sup> doth flow  
In azure channells warme through mounts of snow?  
The roses fresh, conserved from the rage,  
And cruell ravishing of frosty age,  
Feare is afraid to tast of only this,  
He humbly crav'd to banquet on a kisse  
Poore meagre horro<sup>r</sup> streightwaies was amaz'd,  
And in the stead of feeding stood, & gaz'd  
Their appetites were gone at th' very sight,  
But yet their eyes surfett with sweet delight  
Only the Pope a stomach still could find,  
But yett they were not powder'd to his mind  
Forthwith each God stept from his starry throne,  
And snatch'd away the banquet every one  
Convey'd his sweet delicious treasury  
To the close closet of æternity  
Where they will safely keepe it, from the rude,  
And rugged touch of Pluto's multitude

## FROM SANCROFT MS

### *Upon the Kings Coronation*

**S**ound forth, cœlestiall Organs, lett heavens quire  
 Ravish the dancing orbes, make them mount higher  
 With nimble capers, & force Atlas tread  
 Upon his tiptoes, ere his silver head  
 Shall kisse his golden burthen Thou, glad Isle,  
 That swimst as deepe in joy, as Seas, now smile  
 Lett not thy weighty glories, this full tide  
 Of blisse, debase thee, but with a just pride  
 Swell swell to such an height, that thou maist vye  
 With heaven itselfe for stately Majesty  
 Doe not deceive mee, cyes doe I not see  
 In this blest earth heavens bright Epitome,  
 Circled with pure refined glory? heere  
 I view a rising sunne in this our sphere,  
 Whose blazing beames, maugre the blackest night,  
 And mists of greife, dare force a joyfull light  
 The gold, in w<sup>ch</sup> he flames, does well præsaige  
 A precious season, & a golden age  
 Doe I not see joy keepe his revels now,  
 And sitt triumphing in each cheerfull brow?  
 Unmixt felicity with silver wings  
 Broodeth this sacred place hither peace brings  
 The choicest of her olive crownes, & praises  
 To have them gilded with his courteous raies  
 Doe I not see a Cynthia, who may  
 Abash the purest beauties of the day?  
 To whom heavens lampes often in silent night  
 Steale from their stations to repaire their light  
 Doe I not see a constellation,  
 Each little beame of w<sup>ch</sup> would make a sunne?  
 I meane those threc great starres, who well may scorn  
 Acquaintance with the Usher of the morne  
 To gaze upon such starres each humble eye  
 Would be ambitious of Astronomie  
 Who would not be a Phœnix, & aspire  
 To sacrifice himselfe in such sweet fire?  
 Shine forth, ye flaming sparkes of Deity,  
 Yee perfect emblemes of divinity  
 Fixt in your spheres of glory, shed from thence,  
 The treasures of our lives, your influence  
 For if you sett, who may not justly feare,  
 The world will be one Ocean, one great teare

## RICHARD CRASHAW

### *Upon the King's Coronation.*

Strange metamorphosis! It was but now  
The sullen heaven had vail'd its mournfull brow  
With a black maske the clouds with child by greife  
Travel'd th' Olympian plaines to find releife.  
But at the last (having not soe much power  
As to refraine) brought forth a costly shower  
Of pearly drops, & sent her numerous birth  
(As tokens of her greife) unto the earth  
Alas, the earth, quick drunke with teares, had reel'd  
From off[f] her center, had not Jove upheld  
The staggering lump each eye spent all its store,  
As if heereafter they would weepe noe more  
Streight from this sea of teares there does appeare  
Full glory flaming in her owne free sphere  
Amazed Sol throwes off[f] his mournfull weeds,  
Speedily harnessing his fiery steeds,  
Up to Olympus stately topp he hies,  
From whence his glorious rivall hee espies.  
Then wondring starts, & had the curteous night  
With held her vaile, h' had forfeited his sight  
The joyfull sphæres with a delicious sound  
Afright th' amazed aire, & dance a round  
To their owne Musick, nor (untill they see  
This glorious Phœbus sett) will quiet bee.  
Each aery Siren now hath gott her song,  
To whom the merry lambes doe tripp along  
The laughing meades, as joyfull to behold  
Their winter coates cover'd with flaming gold  
Such was the brightnesse of this Northerne starre,  
It made the Virgin Phœnix come from farre  
To be repair'd hither she did resort,  
Thinking her father had remov'd his court  
The lustre of his face did shine soe bright,  
That Rome's bold Eagles now were blinded quite,  
The radiant darts, shott from his sparkling eyes,  
Made every mortall gladly sacrifice  
A heart burning in love, all did adore  
This rising sunne, their faces nothing woie,  
But smiles, & ruddy joyes, & at this day  
All melancholy cloudes vanisht away.

## FROM SANCROFT MS

*Upon the birth of the Princesse Elizabeth*

**B** Right starre of Majesty, oh shedd on mee,  
 A precious influence, is sweet as thee  
 That with each word, my loaden pen letts fall,  
 The fragrant spring may be perfum'd withall  
 That Sol from them may suck an homied shower,  
 To glutt the stomack of his darling flower  
 With such a sugred livery made fine,  
 They shall proclaime to all, that they are thine  
 Lett none dare speake of thee, but such as thence  
 Extracted have a balmy eloquence  
 But then, alas, my heart! oh how shall I  
 Cure thee of thy delightfull tympanie?  
 I cannot hold, such a springtide of joy  
 Must have a passage, or twill force a way  
 Yet shall my loyall tongue keepe this command  
 But give me leave to ease it with my hand  
 And though these humble lines soare not soe high,  
 As is thy birth, yet from thy flaming eye  
 Drop downe one sparke of glory, & theyl prove  
 A præsent worthy of Apollo's love  
 My quill to thee may not præsume to sing  
 Lett th' hallowed plume of a seraphick wing  
 Bee consecrated to this worke, while I  
 Chant to my selfe with rustick melodie  
 Rich, liberall heaven, what, hath yo<sup>r</sup> treasure store  
 Of such bright Angells, that you give us more?  
 Had you, like our great Sunne, stamped but one  
 For earth, t' had beene an ample portion  
 Had you but drawne one lively coppy forth,  
 That might interpret our faire Cynthia's worth,  
 Y had done enough to make the lazy ground  
 Dance, like the nimble spheres, a joyfull round  
 But such is the cœlestiall Excellence,  
 That in the princely patterne shines, from whence  
 The rest pourtraicted are, that tis noe paine  
 To ravish heaven to limbe them o're againe  
 Wittnesse this mapp of beauty, every part  
 Of w<sup>h</sup> doth show the Quintessence of art



## RICHARD CRASHAW

See ! nothing's vulgar, every atome heere  
Speakes the great wisdom of th' artificer  
Poore Earth hath not enough perfection,  
To shaddow forth th' admir'd paragon  
Those sparkling twinnes of light should I now stile  
Rich diamonds, sett in a pure silver foyle,  
O! call her cheeke a bed of new-blowne roses,  
And say that Ivory her front composes,  
Or should I say, that with a scarlet wave  
Those plumpe soft rubies had bin drest soe brave,  
Or that the dying lilly did bestow  
Upon her neck the whitest of his snow,  
Or that the purple violets did lace  
That hand of milky downe all these are base,  
Her glories I should dimme with things soe grosse,  
And foule the cleare text with a muddy glosse  
Goe on then, Heaven, & limbe forth such another,  
Draw to this sister miracle a brother,  
Compile a first glorious Epitome  
Of heaven, & earth, & of all rartie,  
And sett it forth in the same happy place,  
And I'le not blunne it with my Paraphrase.

FROM SANCROFT MS

EX FUPHORMION

*O Dea speres tu tu stirps alra Terantis &c*

**B** Right Goddess, (whether Jove thy father be  
 Or Jove a father will be made by thee)  
 Oh crowne these praies (mov'd in a happy hower)  
 But with one cordiall smile for Cloe that power  
 Of Ioues all-daring hand, that makes me burne,  
 Makes me confesse t Oh, doe not thou with scorne,  
 Great Nymph, o relooke my lownesse heaue n you know  
 And all their fellow Denties will bow  
 Even to the naked st voves thou art my fate  
 To thee the Parce have given up of late  
 My threds of life if then I shall not live  
 By thee, by thee yet lett me die this give,  
 High beauties soveraigne, that my funerall flames  
 May draw their first breath from thy starry beames  
 The Phoenix selfe shall not more proudly burne,  
 That fetcheth fresh life from her fruitfull urne

# RICHARD CRASHAW

*An Elegy upon the Death of Mr Stanninow,  
Fellow of Queenes Colledge*

**I**I Ath aged winter, fledg'd with feathered raine,  
To frozen Caucasus his flight now tane?  
Doth hee in downy snow there closely shrowd  
His bedrid limmes, wrapt in a fleecy clowd?  
Is th' earth disrobed of her apron white,  
Kind winter's guift, & in a greene one dight?  
Doth she beginne to dandle in her lappe  
Her painted infants, fedd with pleasant pappe,  
W<sup>ch</sup> their bright father in a pretious showre  
From heavens sweet milky streame doth gently powre?  
Doth blith Apollo cloath the heavens with joye,  
And with a golden wave wash cleane away  
Those durty smutches, w<sup>ch</sup> their faire fronts wore,  
And make them laugh, w<sup>ch</sup> frown'd, & wept before?  
If heaven hath now forgot to weepe, ô then  
W<sup>t</sup> meane these showres of teares amongst us men?  
These Cataracts of griefe, that dare ev'n vie  
With th' richest clowds their pearly treasure?  
If winters gone, whence this untimely cold,  
That on these snowy limmes hath laid such hold?  
What more than winter hath that dire art found,  
These purple currents hedg'd with violets round  
To corallize, w<sup>ch</sup> softly wont to slide  
In crimson waveletts, & in scarlet tide?  
If Flora's darlings now awake from sleepe,  
And out of their greene mantletts dare to peepe  
O tell me then, what rude outrageous blast  
Forc't this prime flowre of youth to make such hast  
To hide his blooming glories, & bequeath  
His balmy treasure to the bedd of death?  
'Twas not the frozen zone, One spaike of fire,  
Shott from his flaming eye, had thaw'd it's ire,  
And made it burne in love 'Twas not the rage,  
And too ungentle nippe of frosty age  
'Twas not the chaste, & purer snow, whose nest  
Was in the modest Nunnery of his brest

## FROM SANCROFT MS

Noe none of these ravish t those virgin roses,  
 The Muses, & the Graces fragrant posies  
 W<sup>ch</sup>, while they smiling sate upon his face,  
 They often kist, & in the sugred place  
 Left many a starry teare, to thinke how soone  
 The golden harvest of our joyes, the noone  
 Of all our glorious hopes should fade,  
 And be eclipsed with in envious shade  
 Noe twas old doting Death, who stealing by,  
 Dragging his crooked burthen, look t awry  
 And streight his amorous syth (greedy of blisse)  
 Murdred the earth's just pride with a rude kisse  
 A winged Herald, gladd of soe sweet a prey,  
 Snatch t upp the falling starre, soe richly gay,  
 And plants it in a precious perfum'd bedd,  
 Amongst those Lillies, w<sup>ch</sup> his bosome bredd  
 Where round about hovers with silver wing  
 A golden summer, an eternall spring  
 Now that his root such fruit againe may beare,  
 Let each eye water t with a courteous teare

# RICHARD CRASHAW

## *An Elegie on the death of Dr. Porter*

S Tay, silver-footed Came, stive not to wed  
Thy maiden steames soe soone to Neptunes bed  
Fixe heere thy wat'ry eyes upon these towers,  
Unto whose feet in ieverence of the powers,  
That there inhabite, thou on every day  
With trembling lippes an humble kisse do'st pay.  
See all in mourning now, the walles are jett,  
With pearly papers carelesly besett  
Whose snowy cheekes, least joy should be exprest,  
The weeping pen with sable teares hath drest  
Their wronged beauties speake a Tragœdy,  
Somewhat more horrid than an Elegy  
Pure, & unmixed cruelty they tell,  
W<sup>ch</sup> poseth mischeife's selfe to Parallel  
Justice hath lost her hand, the law her head,  
Peace is an Orphan now, hei father's dead  
Honesties nurse, Vertues blest Guaidian,  
That heavenly mortall, that Seraphick man  
Enough is said, now, if thou canst crowd on  
Thy lazy crawling streames, pri'thee be gone,  
And muimur forth thy woes to every flower,  
That on thy bankes sits in a verdant bower,  
And is instructed by thy glassy wave  
To paint its perfum'd face w<sup>th</sup> colours brave  
In vailes of dust their silken heads they'le hide,  
As if the oft departing sunne had dy'd  
Goe learne that fatall Quire, soe sprucely dight  
In downy surplisses, & vestments white,  
To sing their saddest Dirges, such as may  
Make then scar'd soules take wing, & fly away  
Lett thy swolne breast discharge thy strugling groanes  
To th' churlish rocks, & teach the stubborne stones  
To melt in gentle drops, lett them be heard  
Of all proud Neptunes silver-sheilded guard,  
That greife may crack that string, & now untie  
Their shackled tongues to chant an Elegie  
Whisper thy plants to th' Oceans curteous eares,  
Then weepe thyselfe into a sea of teares

## FROM SANCROFT MS

A thousand Helicons the Muses send  
In a bright Christall tide, to thee they tend,  
Leaving those mines of Nectar, their sweet fountaines,  
They force a lilly path through rosy mountaines  
Feare not to dy with greife, all bubling eyes  
Are teeming now with store of fresh supplies

RICHARD CRASHAW  
FROM BRITISH MUSEUM  
ADDITIONAL MS. 33,219.

AT th' Ivory Tribunall of your hand  
(Faure one) these tender leaves doe trembling stand  
Knowing 'tis in the doome of your sweet Eye  
Whether the Muse they cloth shall live or die  
Live shee, or dye to Fame, each Leafe you meet  
Is hei Lifes wing, or her death's winding-sheet

I 'Hough now 'tis neither May nor June  
And Nightingales are out of tune,  
Yet in these leaves (Faure one) there lyes  
(Swoine servant to your sweetest Eyes)  
A Nightingale, who may shee spread  
In your white bosome her chast bed,  
Spite of all the Maiden snow  
Those pure untroden pathes can show,  
You streight shall see her wake and rise  
Taking fresh Life from your fayre Eyes  
And with clasp't winges proclayme a Spring  
Where Love and shee shall sit and sing  
For lodg'd so ne're your sweetest throte  
What Nightingale can loose her noate?  
Nor lett hei kinred birds complayne  
Because shee breakes the yeares old raigne  
For lett them know shee's none of those  
Hedge-Quiristers whose Musicke owes  
Onely such straynes as serve to keepe  
Sad shades and sing dull Night asleepe  
No shee's a Priestesse of that Grove  
The holy chappell of chast Love  
Your Virgin bosome Then what e're  
Poore Lawes divide the publicke yeare,  
Whose revolutions wait upon  
The wild turnes of the wanton Sun,  
Bee you the Lady of Loves Yeere  
Where your Eyes shine his Suns appeare  
There all the yeare is Loves long Spring  
There all the year Loves Nightingales  
shall sitt and sing

# FROM BRITISH MUSEUM MS

## *Out of Grotius his Tragedy of Christes sufferinges*

O Thou the Span of whose Omnipotence  
 Doth graspe the fate of thinges, and share th events  
 Of future chance! the world's grand Sire and mine  
 Before the world Obedient lo! I joyne  
 An æquall pace thus farre, thy word my deedes  
 Have flow'd together if ought further needes  
 I shrinke not but thus ready stand to beare  
 (ffor else why came I?) ev'n what ere I feare  
 Yett o what end? where does the period dwell  
 Of my sad labours? no day yett could tell  
 My soule shee was secure Still have I borne  
 A still increasing burden, worse hath torne  
 His way through bad, to my successive hurt  
 I left my glorious Fathers star pav'd Court  
 Ere borne was banish't, borne was glad t embrace  
 A poore (yea scarce a) rooffe whose narrow place  
 Was not so much as cleane, a stable kind  
 The best my cradle and my birth could find  
 Then was I knowne, and knowne unluckily  
 A weake a wretched child, ev'n then was I  
 For Juryes king an enemy, even worth  
 His feare, the circle of a yeares round growth  
 Was not yett full, (a time that to my age  
 Made litle, not a litle to his rage)  
 When a wild sword ev'n from their brests, did lop  
 The Mothers Joyes in an untimely crop  
 The search of one child (cruell industry!)  
 Was losse of multitudes, and missing mee  
 A bloud drunke errour spilt the costly ayme  
 Of their mad sin (how great! and yett how vayne!)  
 I cal'd a hundred miracles to tell  
 The world my father, then does envy swell  
 And breake upon mee my owne virtues height  
 Hurtes mee far worse then Herods highest spite  
 A riddle! (father) still acknowledg'd thine  
 Am still refus'd before the Infant Shrine  
 Of my weake feet the Persian Magi lay  
 And left their Mithra for my star this they



# RICHARD CRASHAW

But Isaacks issue the peculiar heyies,  
 Of thy old goodnesse, know thee not for theires,  
 Basely degenerous    Against mee flocke  
 The stiffe neck'd Pharisees that use to mocke  
 Sound goodnesse with her shadow which they weare,  
 And 'gainst religion her owne colours beare  
 The bloud hound brood of Priests against mee draw  
 Those Lawlesse tyrant masters of the Law  
 Profane Sadocus too does fiercely lead  
 His court-fed impes against this hated head  
 What would they more? th' ave seene when at my nod  
 Great Natures selfe hath shrunk and spoke mee god  
 Drinke fayling there where I a guest did shine  
 The water blush'd, and started into wine.  
 Full of high sparkeling vigour    taught by mee  
 A sweet inebriated extasy  
 And streight of all this approbation gate  
 Good wine in all poynts but the easy rate,  
 Other mens hunger with strange feasts I quell'd  
 Mine owne with stranger fastings, when I held  
 Twice twenty dayes pure abstinence, To feed  
 My minds devotion in my bodyes need  
 A subtle inundation of quicke food  
 Sprang in the spending fingers, and o'reflow'd  
 The peoples hunger, and when all were full  
 The broken meate was much more then the whole  
 The Wind in all his roaring brags stood still  
 And listned to the whisper of my will,  
 The wild waves couch'd, the sea forgott to sweat  
 Under my feet, the waters to bee wett  
 In death-full desperate ills where art and all  
 Was nothing, there my voyce was med'cinall.  
 Old clouds of thickest blindness fled my sight  
 And to my touch darke Eyes did owe the light  
 Hee that ne're heard now speakes, and finds a tongue  
 To chaunt my prayes in a new-strung song  
 Even hee that belches out a foaming flood  
 Of hot defiance 'gainst what e're is good  
 Father and Heyre of darkenesse, when I chide  
 Sinks into Horrors bosome, glad to hide





## APPENDIX

*In the following references the lines are numbered from  
the top of the page including titles*

A=1646 B=1648 C=1652 D=British Museum Addit MS 33 219  
E=Sancroft MS F=B M Addit MS 34 692 G=Harl MS 6 917 and 18

**EPIGRAMMATA SACRA** p 25 l 5 Printed *est* but altered to *sit* in  
ink in copies seen The original editions have been followed in printing the  
second letter of each initial word as a capital and for the sake of uniformity  
the same style has been adopted in printing from MSS

**STEPS TO THE TEMPLE and DELIGHTS OF THE MUSES**  
p 65 l 6 A] With other Delights ll 11 12 1] Printed and Published  
according to Order l 14 A] Printed by T W for

p 67 l 20 A] fancied their dearest

p 70 Behind the page containing *The Authors Motto* A prints] Reader  
there was a sudden mistake ( 'tis too late to recover it) thou wilt quickly find it  
out and I hope as soone passe it over some of the humane Poems are mis-  
placed amongst the Divine

p 71 l 4 E] eye expends l 27 E] that's next

p 72 l 5 D and E] manly sun l 29 D and F] in a too warm bed

p 73 l 2 Title in E] Upon the Water wch baptiz'd Christ l 8  
Title in E] Upon the Ethiopian l 15 E gives the ref] John 6 l 17  
A D and E] be sound l 20 Title in E] On our Saviour's Sepulcher  
This epigram and one or two others were selected by Cramshaw to form part  
of *Carmen Deo Aostro* As the Divine Epigrams form a series by themselves  
I thought it better to print twice the very few so chosen instead of omitting  
them here and giving only the later forms as in the longer and separate poems  
(see pp 230 79 and 233 83 and 243 85 and 244) l 23 E] widows two  
mites Last line E] other threw

p 74 l 1 Title in F] Upon the rich young man Luke 15 13 A also  
gives the ref] Luke 15 l 7 Title in E] The sick craves the shadow of Peter  
l 12 Title in E] Upon the print of Christ's wounds Joh 20 20 l 24  
Title in E] Upon the tongue E also adds as lines 5 and 6 of the epigram]  
Oh wild fire ' oh rude tongue ' if nought will shame thee  
Hell hath a wilder fire and that shall tame thee

p 75 l 2 Title in E] Mary to the Angell shewing her the place where  
Jesus lay l 9 Title in E] Pilate washes his hands l 13 D and E]  
his fountaine in thy l 17 E] milkie founts l 21 Title in E] On  
Christ's Miracle at the Supper

# APPENDIX

p 76, l 19 Title in E] Upon the Virgins looking on our Saviour l 29  
E] those teares

p 78, l 3 E] (Lord) hath l 10 B] wor'ds A] word's l 17 Title in  
E] Christ accused answered nothing l 20 D and E] spake when first he  
l 24 Title in E] Christ turnes water into wine l 26 D and E] sweet  
acts

p 79, l 18 D] Had not l 29 D] never was man Title in E] In  
Sepulchrum Domini Luke 23 where was never man laid, see also p 233  
Last line] A full stop has been supplied here, and elsewhere at the end of  
a poem, where it is left out in the original by a printer's error

p 80, l 1 Title in E] It is better to enter into the Kingdome of God with  
one eye, &c l 5 E] Or if l 7 E] of thee ll 9, 10 Title in E]  
Christ casteth out two diuells at once l 12 A] on B] one l 14 A] is B] his  
ll 16, 17 Title in E] To them yt passed by at o<sup>r</sup> Saviou<sup>r</sup> passion l 24  
Title in E] Blessed is—& the pyp<sup>s</sup>, w<sup>ch</sup> thou hast suckt &c

p 81, l 1 Title in E] On Pilate washing his hands B] blood stained  
l 12 E] its own l 15 E] sad murmur that strines l 16 E] Oh  
leave, for shame l 23 E] of him that Last line L] Roses heere

p 82, l 7 D and E] Oh thou alone l 8 E] thou giv'st us none

p 83, l 1 D and E add] Joh l 6 A reads]

*Upon the Thornes taken downe from our Lords head bloody*

Know'st thou this Souldier? 'tis a much chang'd plant, which yet  
Thy selfe did'st set,  
'Tis chang'd indeed, did Autumn e're such beauties bring  
To shame his Spring?  
O' who so hard an husbandman could ever find  
A soyle so kind?  
Is not the soile a kind one (think ye) that returnes  
*Roses for Thornes?*

See also p 243 ll 16, 17 Title in E] Upon Mary Magdalene l 17  
D] hayre l 28 Title in E] Joh 3 19 Light is come into the world  
l 30 D and E] his darknesse l 31 B] Worl'ds A] World's B] Hell  
A] Hell, l 32 D and E] Hee will not love his

p 84, l 2 Title in E] Pauls resolution l 3 E] Come bonds, come  
death l 4 E] hard names l 5 E] other bonds l 6 A] Nor other  
death E] than that l 7 Title in E] On Peter's casting the nett l 12  
A, D and E] Our Lord In E the poem is arranged in couplets l 14  
B] life? A] life?) l 18 E] floodgates l 19 E] Then shall hee drinke  
and drinke shall doe his worst l 21 E] My paines are in their Nonage  
my young feares l 22 D] yet but l 23 D, E] darke woes l 24  
E] are tender l 25 B] unfleg'd A] unfledg'd l 26 E] a towardnesse  
l 30 E] The knife

p 85, l 22 See also p 244 l 27 A] O never could bee found  
Garments too [B to] good l 28 A] but these

p 86, l 5 E] these paths l 6 A] One whose l 17 E] Makes  
high noon l 22 D] And when simple l 28 E] weary wonder  
l 29 E] giddy steps l 30 A and E] Spreads a Path cleare as the Day  
l 34 E] learne new l 35 B] Sepheards A] Shepheards

# APPENDIX

p 87 l 1 D] and covers l 4 E] that shade l 19 E] his brims  
l 23 E] about my l 29 A] eternity B] eternity

p 88 l 1 E adds after title] Paraphrasi Poetica l 5 E] On the  
willowes nodding l 28 E] that cryd'st l 29 D] and never never  
rise

p 89 l 1 Title in A] Easter Day E] Upon Christ's Resurrection l 13  
A and L] annalls live.

p 90 l 1 E indexes this poem but the leaves are missing in the MS

p 91 l 27 A full stop replaces a comma at the end of the line

p 97 l 4 The full stop in B has been changed to a comma at the end of  
the line l 16 A full stop has been added at the end of the line

p 98 l 8 A semicolon has been added at the end of the line

p 101 l 6 A colon has been added at the end of the line

p 103 l 27 A parenthesis has been taken away before said

p 105 l 2 A omits] snake l 24 B] murmurs A] murmurs

p 106 l 36 B] Breasts A] Beasts

p 107 l 21 E] ut tenerae l 30 B misprints] *taquam*

p 108 l 9 E] volvit opes l 19 E] Divitisque

p 109 l 6 B misprints] *quæ*

p 110 l 1 A] G Herberts Title in E] Upon Herbert's Temple sent to a  
Gentlewoman l 5 E] fire from your faire eyes l 7 E] hand unties  
l 8 A] you have an Angell by th wings l 9 E] gladly would l 10  
E] waite on your chaste morning l 14 E] That every

p 111 l 1 The poem originally appeared in Robert Shelford's Five  
Pious and Learned Discourses Cambridge 1631 4to where it is entitled  
Upon the ensuing Treatises and signed Rich Crashaw Aul Penb A B  
l 13 A and Shelford read] this booke l 18 Shelford] thy altars wake  
l 31 Shelford] Pure sluttishnesse

p 112 l 12 In Shelford the poem ends with the following additional ten  
lines]

Nor shall our zealous ones still have a fling  
At that most horrible and horned thing  
Forsooth the Pope by which black name they call  
The Turk the Devil Furies Hell and all  
And something more O he is Antichrist  
Doubt this and doubt (say they) that Christ is Christ  
Why tis a point of Faith What ere it be  
I'm sure it is no point of Charitie  
In summe no longer shall our people hope  
To be a true Protestants but to hate the Pope

p 113 l 12 Grosart prints] In tu quas

p 119 l 1 E] Fidicinis & Philomela Bellum Musicum l 20 D E]  
the warres

p 120 l 2 E] slick passage l 6 D] evenly sheard l 32 D]  
floods of l 33 A] when in E] whence in

p 121 l 7 A] There might you l 23 A] grave Noat

# APPENDIX

p 122, l 9 E] Those pathes 1 16 E] thus does he D] some grace  
Thus doth he 1 25 E] murmure melting in mild 1 28 A] he dare  
1 35 E] so long & loud 1 40 E] full mouth'd

p 123, l 7 E] chatting strings

p 124, l 17 A] decet tantus

p 125, l 1 D adds] Upon Æha 1 7 D] businesse there

p 126, ll 1, 2 Title in E] E Virg Georg particula In laudem  
vers 1 4 A and F] Their gentlest 1 19 E] his most loved blossome  
to 1 36 E] but that Heav'n's

p 127, l 7 D] Send no 1 8 D, E] I shall 1 10 Title in E]  
The Faire Æthiopian 1 12 A, D] in a tender 1 16 E] that great  
1 24 D, E] her third 1 30 E] their glimmering

p 129, l 10 A superfluous parenthesis has been taken out after *Jove*  
1 14 D] mens feare 1 22 B] Cease 1 23 D] Pitty him not 1 28  
A full stop has been added at the end of the line

p 130, l 1 D] Out of the Greeke No title in A 1 3 A full stop has  
been added at the end of the line 1 8 D adds] Out of Ausonius 1 9  
D and E] sweet Cytherea 1 15 E] thus, let us thus be

p 131, l 1 B] In Senerissimæ Reginæ patrum [partum A] hyemalem  
1 35 A capital has been supplied here at the beginning of the line and  
elsewhere in similar cases

p 132, l 13 A] huc nempe

p 133, l 10 A] Sub praeside 1 22 B] sacilitate, feveritas A] facili  
tate, severitas 1 28 A] mortem 1 32 A] nimirum 1 35 A]  
Anglicana ad 1 36 A] ne malitia

p 134, l 3 A] ipsa nec dum quem monstrat 1 4 A] totam solus  
1 13 E] mox sacrum 1 14 E] ad ætherus 1 15 E] Porrexit astris  
1 16 E] chartâ cæteris audies quoq; 1 17 Published unsigned under a  
portrait of Bishop Andrewes facing the second edition (folio) of his sermons,  
1631. The copy in the University Library, Cambridge, possesses the portrait  
apparently lacking in the volume Grosart examined (see his edition, Vol 1  
p 217), and gives the following variations 1 18 See heer a shadow from  
that 1 19 through this 1 20 of our 1 22 Whose iare industrious  
1 28 a flaming 1 29 Where still she reads 1 20 B] dull A] dull  
1 22 E] Whose rare

p 135, l 1 Title in D] Upon the Death of M<sup>r</sup> Chambers Fellow of  
Queens Colledge in Cambridge Title in E] In obitum desideratissimi  
M<sup>r</sup> Chambers, Coll Reginal Socu 1 5 E] leest joyes 1 6 G  
omits] a 1 11 E adds]

For soe many hoped yeares

Of fruit, soe many fruitles teares

1 16 A] snacht 1 19 E adds]

Leaving his death ungarnished

Therefore, because hee is dead,

1 20 E] If yet at least 1 21 G] Thee the 1 29 E] there are 1 35  
A] rest B] rest,

p 136, l 1 Title in D] Upon the Death of M<sup>r</sup> Herris Fellow of  
Pembroke Hall in Cambridge Title in E] In ejusdem præmatur obitu Alle-  
goricum 1 10 E] giatious tree 1 25 E] Peept out of their 1 26 E] on  
each 1 32 D] in th' shade 1 34 E] blooming joyes 1 35 D] Lavish't the

# APPENDIX

- p 137 l 13 E] *Fecit tantae terra impar*
- p 138 l 1 Title in D] Upon the same Title in E] An Elegie on Mr  
Herris l 17 D and E] thy Easterne l 19 E] his can l 20 D  
omits] it l 22 D] thou Death l 2, E] to lend l 30 E] given to  
day Last line E] shower new
- p 139 l 15 E] rugged storme l 23 D] Spare then Death l 25  
E] And let not l 34 E adds]  
keepe him close close in thine armes  
Seald upp with a thousand charmes
- p 140 l 31 E] its spleen l 35 D E] That quotes
- p 141 l 1 Title in D] Another upon the same l 6 E] each lease  
D] every lease l 13 E] Could bin found l 26 E] here is dead
- p 142 l 1 Title in E] Epitaphium in eundem l 5 D] Ere thou
- p 143 l 8 E] with downy l 9 E] untimely wave ll 15 16  
Title in D] An Epitaph upon the reverend Dr Brooke Title in F] In  
obitum Dr<sup>a</sup> Brooke l 23 E] loved banck
- p 144 l 1 Title in E] An Invitation to faire weather In itinere ad  
urgeretur matutinum cœlum tibi earmine invitabatur serenitas l 4 G] thy  
hights l 6 G] on yond faire flockes l 8 G] thy front and then there  
l 13 E] command smooth l 15 E] Those tender drops that D and G]  
thy cheekes l 1, G] these delicious l 18 E] Will rise G] and disclose  
l 19 D] To every blushing bed of new blowne Poses E] Two ever blushing  
beds of new blowne roses G] To every blushing bedd the new borne Pose  
l 24 E] soft and dainty l 2, G] in golden l 29 D] golden Mother  
G] to meete l 30 D] how shée G] holy sight l 31 E] in liquid D]  
in liquid Night l 37 E] joy is
- p 145 l 4 D] Sea by Land l 5 D] at her
- p 146 ll 1 2 Title in E] Ad Auroram Somnolentiae expiatio l 4  
G] my Muses l 9 E] call back D and G] thy eyes. l 15 D] which  
still hides l 18 D L] Mine owne l 21 F] no winge G] Since this  
my humble l 22 E] raptures [so A] start E] and bringe l 27 D] His  
starry l 28 D] lift up l 29 D]  
To rayse mee from my lazy urne and clime  
Upon the stooping [A stooped]
- Last line D] where Pitty
- p 147 l 3 E] Bee gentle then D] and next time hee doth rise l 5  
E] radiant face l 8 L] tell how true l 10 G] and duty l 13 G]  
And that l 17 D and G] thy altar l 22 D] Why shakest thou thy  
leaden l 28 An exclamation mark has been supplied
- p 148 l 15 E] man's fate l 20 D omits] the l 31 D] warme
- p 150 l 1, A] tenet ille
- p 151 l 27 D] those treasures l 31 D] So made men Both friends  
for ever
- p 153 l 1 Title in D] Italian l 4 D] have rest l 16 D] Italian
- p 155 l 1 Printed in both A and B as Crashaw's but it is now generally  
attributed to Dr Edward Rainbow Bishop of Carlisle (see Notes and Queries  
2nd Ser iv 86) Only the second of the two poems is given in E Both  
(see next page) face the title page of Henry Isaacson's *Saturni Ephemerides*  
1633 where they are entitled The Frontispiece explained



# APPENDIX

p 156, l 4 E and Isaacson] die, if (Phoenix-like) 1 5 E and Isaacson]  
Nature take 1 6 A comma takes the place of a full stop at the end of the  
line

p 157, ll 1, 2 Title in D] An Epitaph upon the Death of Mr Ashton  
Citizen of London 1 14 D adds]  
For every day his deeds put on  
His Sundryes repetition

l 21 A full stop has been taken away after *zeale* D] yett in zeale. 1 25  
D] in Life hee lov'd 1 26 D] to lead him

p 158, l 24 B] triumph

p 159, l 1 Title in E] Catull Vivamus, mea Lesbia &c 1 5 D and  
E] Blithest Sol 1 10 D and E] numerous kisses 1 11 D] upon our  
l 15 A and B] of another 1 18 D and E] our reckoning 1 31 A]  
infans B] infans

p 160, l 11 G] steps tread our 1 15 G] Meete her my wishes  
l 20 D] gawdy fair 1 26 G] a bowe, blush 1 29 G] commend the

p 161, l 6 G] what their 1 15 G] Themselves in simple naked-  
nesse ll 16—18 G] displace outface grace 1 26 G] that dares

p 162, l 10 G] Teares fond and sleight 1 14 D] And fond ll 19, 21  
G has this verse after the next one

p 163, l 6 D] Art and all ornament th Shame 1 26 D] dares apply  
Last line G] but she my story

p 164, l 1 Published in 'Voces Votivæ ab Academicis Cantabrigiensibus  
pro novissimo Carolo et Mariæ principe filio emissæ, Cantabrigiæ apud  
Rogerum Daniel MDCXL' 1 2 B] paturientem

p 165, l 1 Published in 'Voces Votivæ' 1 9 V V] to our 1 14  
B] to short to long

p 166, ll 1—3 Title in E] A Panegyrick Upon the birth of the Duke of  
Yorke A and D] Upon the Duke of Yorke his Birth A Panegyricke The  
section-titles are not in A, D or E 1 10 A and D] full glories 1 18  
A, D and E] O if 1 19 E] hadst need 1 20 D] make thee 1 32  
These last four lines are not in A, D or E

p 167, l 2 A] Great Charles 1 11 B] owne A] one 1 16 A, D  
read] in these [E those] 1 18 E] alabaster 1 19 A and D] These hands  
these cherries 1 20 A and D] art of all 1 21 D] The well-wrought  
l 23 A] mayest thou 1 24 A and D] th'ast drawn this 1 31 D] so  
that 1 33 The first six lines of this section are not in A, D or E

p 168, l 8 A and E] were the pearls D] that wept 1 10 This  
section is not in A, D or E

p 169, l 38 A and D] may the Light

p 170, l 5 A and D] that's done 1 24 A, D and E] their offerings

p 171, last line E] Castris quippe

p 173, ll 7, 8 E] Ut sunt

p 174, l 1 E] malorum mala foemina 1 10 E] agnoscite vestros  
l 21 B] Mortales Last line E] Nemphe fuit

p 175, l 1 Title in E] In Phœbum amantem

p 177, l 13 E] ni Dominæ

## APPENDIX

p 178 l 2 E] ignis habet l 16 E] Troja libentius These two words end the previous line in E

p 179 l 1 Title in E] Pigmahon

p 180 l o E] alter vetat ut sit l 21 E] muta it ll 24 26 E] Genethliacon vel Epicedium 30 E] Haud parere

p 182 l 16 Title in E] Turbe rerum humanarum per errorum insidias

p 183 l 7 E] perfido paratu

**CARMEN DEO NOSTRO** Crashaw's designs will be found at the end of these notes The lines under one of them do not occur elsewhere in his works and as they may not be easily read as engraved I give them here —

Expostulatio Jesu Christi  
eum mundo ingrato

Sum pulcher at nemo tamen me diligit  
Sum nobilis nemo est mihi qui serviat  
Sum dives a me nemo quicquam postulat  
Et cuncta possum nemo me tamen timet  
Aeternus exsto quaeror a praeiisimis  
Prudensque sum sed me quis est qui consulit?  
Et sum via at per me quotusquisque ambulat?  
Sum veritas quare mihi non creditur?  
Sum vita verum rarus est qui me petit  
Sum vera lux videre me nemo cupit  
Sum misericors nullus fidem in me collocat  
Tu si peris non id mihi imputes Homo  
Salus tibi est a me parata hac ntere

p 185 l 16 C] heaty l 20 C] ef Paris

p 190 ll 6—8 In the British Museum there is a copy of this letter separately printed in 4to undated in type but bearing the written date 1653 entitled A Letter from Mr Crashaw to the Countess of Denbigh Against Irresolution and Delay in matters of Religion London The differences are so many that it seems simpler to print the 1653 version here in full

WHAT Heav'n besuged Heart is this  
Stands frembling at the Gate of Blisse  
Holds fast the Door yet dares not venture  
Fairly to open and to enter?  
Whose Definition is A Doubt  
Twixt Life and Death twixt In and Out  
Ah! linger not lov'd Soul A slow  
And late Consent was a long No  
Who grants at last a great while try'de  
And did his best to have Deny'de  
What Magick Bolts what mystick Barrs  
Maintain the Will in these strange Warrs?  
What Fatall yet fantastick Bands  
Keep the free Heart from his own Hands?  
Say lingring Fair why comes the Birth  
Of your brave Soul so slowly forth?  
Plead your Pretences O you strong  
In weaknesse why you chuse so long  
In Labour of your self to ly  
Not daring quite to Live nor Die

## APPENDIX

So when the Year takes cold we see  
 Poor Waters their own Prisoners be  
 Fetter'd and lock'd up fast they lie  
 In a cold self-captivity  
 Th' astonish'd Nymphs their Floud's strange Fate deplore,  
 To find themselves their own severer Shoar

Love, that lends haste to heaviest things,  
 In you alone hath lost his wings  
 Look round and reade the World's wide face,  
 The field of Nature or of Grace,  
 Where can you fix, to find Excuse  
 Or Pattern for the Pace you use?  
 Mark with what Faith Fruits answer Flowers,  
 And know the Call of Heav'n's kind showers  
 Each mindfull Plant hasts to make good  
 The hope and promise of his Bud  
 Seed-time's not all, there should be Harvest too  
 Alas! and has the Year no Spring for you?

Both Winds and Waters urge their way,  
 And mutimure if they meet a stay  
 Mark how the curl'd Waves work and wind,  
 All hating to be left behind  
 Each bigge with businesse thrusts the other,  
 And seems to say, Make haste, my Brother  
 The airy nation of neat Doves  
 That draw the Chariot of chaste Loves,  
 Chide your delay yea those dull things,  
 Whose wayes have least to doe with wings,  
 Make wings at least of their own Weight,  
 And by their Love controll their Fate  
 So lumpish Steel, untaught to move,  
 Learn'd first his Lightnesse by his Love

What e're Love's matter be, he moves  
 By th' even wings of his own Doves,  
 Lives by his own Laws, and does hold  
 In grossest Metalls his own Gold

All things swear friends to Fair and Good,  
 Yea Suitours, Man alone is wo'ed,  
 Tediously wo'ed, and hardly wone  
 Only not slow to be undone  
 As if the Bargain had been driven  
 So hardly betwixt Earth and Heaven,  
 Our God would thrive too fast, and be  
 Too much a gainer by't, should we  
 Our purchas'd selves too soon bestow  
 On him, who has not lov'd us so  
 When love of Us call'd Him to see  
 If wee'd vouchsafe his company,  
 He left his Father's Court, and came  
 Lightly as a Lambent Flame,  
 Leaping upon the Hills, to be  
 The Humble King of You and Me  
 Nor can the cares of his whole Crown

# APPENDIX

(When one poor S gh sends for him down)  
 Detaio him but he leaves behind  
 The late wings of the lazy Wind  
 Spurns the tame Laws of Time and Place  
 And breaks through all ten Heavns to our embrace  
 Yield to his Siege wise Soul and see  
 Your Triumph in his Victory  
 Disband dull Feares give Faith the day  
 To save your Life kill your Delay  
 Tis Cowardise that keeps this Field  
 And want of Courage not to Yield  
 Yield then O yield that Love may win  
 The Fort at last and let Life in  
 Yield quickly lest perhaps you prove  
 Death's Prey before the Prize of Love  
 Thus Fort of your Fair Self if t be not wone  
 He is repuls'd indeed but Your undone

l 22 A parenthesis has been supplied after *weaknes'*

p 191 l 22 C] rebell wotd

p 193 ll 1—7 Title in B] On the name of Jesus l 14 B reads] the  
 bright *instead of* you bright l 4 A full stop has been taken away after  
*see* l 31 B] little word

p 194 l 18 B] This C] Thas l 20 A full stop has been added after  
*sing* l 25 B] a habit fit of self tunc d l 29 A semicolon has been  
 added after *you*

p 195 l 8 B] Your powers l 9 C] yours Lutes l 28 B] aloud  
 Last line B] yeld

p 196 l 1 B] Seraphims l 2 B] Loyall breast l 10 B] forth  
 from l 11 A comma has been added after *Light* l 15 A full stop has  
 been taken away after *Guest* l 28 B] All heavens

p 198 l 2 A comma has been supplied after *Paradises* l 3 B]  
 soules tastes l 18 B] bare thee l 20 B] ware thee l 25 B] served  
 therein thy A full stop has been added after *ends*

p 200 Title 10 B] An [A in A and E] Hymne of the Nativity sung as  
 by [A and E sung by] the Shepheards

p 201 ll 4—7 A and E read]

Come wee Shepheards who have seeoe

*Dayes King deposed by Nights Queene*

Come lift we up our lofty song

To wake the Sun that sleeps [E lies] too long

ll 8—10 A and E read]

Hee in this our generall joy

Slept and dreampt of no such thing

While we found out the faire y'd Boy

l 19 C] Thysis l 25 A and E] thy eyes l 26 The Chorus lines  
 between the stanzas are not in A or E l 27 A and E] chid the world  
 l 31 C] eyes l 32 A] frosts

p 202 l 2 A B and E] Bright dawn The second and third stanzas on  
 this page are not in A or E l 3 E] thy eyes A and E] the East  
 B] their East C] their Late l 5 A comma has been supplied after *sight*  
 l 11 B] ye powers l 13 B] ye Powers l 14 B] Thyrs C] Thyt

# APPENDIX

1 17 B] is all one 1 18 C] morn B] morne, 1 20 B] Babe, &c  
 1 21 B] Tit C] Tir 1 23 E] white sheets 1 24 A colon has been  
 supplied after *bed* 1 28 In A and E the stanza is as follows]

I saw th' officious Angels bring,  
 The downe that their soft breasts did strow,  
 For well they now can spare their wings,  
 When Heaven it selfe lyes here below  
 Faire Youth (said I) be not too rough,  
 Thy Downe though soft's not soft enough

In line 3 of this stanza B prints *wings*, otherwise as in C Last line  
 B] said we

p 203 The first stanza on this page reads as follows in A and E]

The Babe no sooner 'gan to seeke,  
 Where to lay his lovely head,  
 But streight his eyes advis'd his Cheeke,  
 'Twixt Mothers Brests to goe to bed  
 Sweet choise (said I) no way but so,  
 Not to lye cold, yet sleepe in snōw

1 1 C] No no B] No, no, 1 5 B] said I 1 7 B] choice, &c 1 16  
 A and E] Welcome to our wondring sight 1 20 A and E] glorious Birth  
 1 22 A, B and E] not to C] silk A, B] silke, 1 24 A and E] virgins  
 1 26 A] breathes B] breath's C] brearhes 1 27 A, B and E add the  
 following stanza after this one]

Shee sings thy Teares asleepe, and dips  
 Her Kisses in thy weeping Eye,  
 Shee spreads the red leaves of thy Lips,  
 That in their Buds yet blushing lye,  
 Shee 'gainst those Mother Diamonds tyes  
 The points of her young Eagles Eyes

1 28 A full stop has been taken away after *flies* Last three lines  
 A and E *read*]

But to poore Shepheards, simple things,  
 That use no varnish, no oyl'd Arts,  
 But lift clean hands full of cleare hearts

p 204 A and B print as two stanzas, as throughout the poem 1 6  
 B] their sheep A and E] The Shepheards, while they feed their [E the]  
 sheepe 1 11 A and E *omit*] Till burnt 1 12 A and E] Wee'l burne,  
 our owne best sacrifice

p 205, ll 1, 2 Title in A] An Himne [B A Hymne] for the Circum-  
 cision day of our Loid 1 3 A] thou first 1 7 A] of Laces 1 9 A]  
 Guild thee 1 12 B] bosome showes 1 16 A] his glorious beames  
 1 18 A] his eyes ll 20, 21 A]

Rob the rich store her Cabinets keep,  
 The pure birth of each sparkling nest

1 23 A and B] embrace 1 25 A] in them

p 206, l 1 A] the sweet 1 3 A and B] The Moone 1 4 A]  
 And leave the long adored Sunne 1 5 A] Thy nobler beauty 1 8 A  
 and B *add*]

Nor while they leave him shall they loose the Sunne,  
 But in thy fairest eyes find two for one

# APPENDIX

p 207 Title in B] A Hymne for the Epiphanie Sung as by the three  
Kings 1 1 Not in B 1 4 (2) not in B 1 6 (3) not in B 1 15  
A full stop has been supplied after *Eyes* 1 25 C] east B] East

p 208 1 4 B] halfe speare C] half spear 1 11 B] (1) C] (2)  
B] world s C] world s

p 210 1 6 B] thy chast 1 1, A full stop has been taken away after  
*corn* 11 21—3 B] gives But lean and tame as the beginning of 3 s lines  
and gives the Mithra line only to Chorus

p 211 1 13 A semicolon has been supplied after *son*, and a full stop after  
*us* in line 15 1 16 B] 1 C] (2) 1 19 B] love sick world C] love sick  
world 1 26 B] deere doome 1 28 C] ludget 1 38 B] domesticks  
1 40 C] hours

p 212 1 6 B] 1 C] (2) 1 10 A full stop has been added after *Light*  
1 24 B] the best 1 26 B] 1 C] (2) 1 30 B] Use to 1 31 C] in [it  
B] self their rorch [torch B] 1 33 B] the conscious 1 3, C] Ground  
1 38 C] dscant B] descant 1 39 B] with what 1 40 B] his strong

p 213 1 2 B] seize 1 3 C] ohsequious 1, A full stop has been  
added after *you* 1 12 C] negative

p 214 1 10 B] glorious Tire 1 13 B] 1 His Gold C] (3) His Gold

p 215 1 3 B adds] upon his dedicating to her the foregoing Hymne 1 5  
B] crownes C] cownes C] race B] race 1 9 C] face B] face 1 10 B] Rose  
down 1 14 B] We wade in you (deare Queen) 1 17 B] Royall harvest  
1 21 B] whole groves 1 23 B] Lamb s great Sire

p 216 In B only the hymns for each hour are given numbered 1 to ,  
under the general title Upon our B Saviours Passion followed by The  
Antiphona for Compline (see p 229) The recommendation of the precedent  
Poems (see p 230) A Prayer O Lord Jesus Christ Son of the Living God  
interpose etc and Christ s victory divided later into The Antiphona for  
the third sixth and ninth hours (see pp 221 223 and 225)

p 217 1 19 B] wakefull dawning 1 21 C] Father word 1 26  
B] betrayd and taken

p 218 1 19 B omits here and elsewhere the words unto all quick and  
dead and reads the Church

p 219 1 14 B] early Morne 1 15 B] It could 1 19 B] blotts  
those 1 23 C] Antiphona

p 220 1 13 C] O Lrod living Ood

p 221 1 18 B] then C] them 1 24 C] rhe 1 25 A full stop has  
been taken away after *side* 1 28 C] Jalyor Last line C] word s losse

p 222 last line C] world

p 223 1 15 B] For the faint 1 18 B] The fruit 1 31 B] the first

p 224 1 5 A full stop has been taken away after *Crosse*

p 225 1 14 B] rocks C] roeks 1 18 B] our great sin s sacrifice  
1 29 C] Deard Last line C] word s losse

p 227 1 13 B] could not

p 229 1 13 B] The nightening hour 1 15 A] heartlesse 1 23  
C] Heart B] Heirt 1 30 B] such rate

p 230 11 11—13 See p 73

# APPENDIX

p 231, ll 2—5 Not in B 1 7 B] languishing 1 st line C] v arth  
p 232, l 6 B make a throne C] Irlhone 1 13 B] costly crucitie  
l 16 B] heav'n w'g'd ll 17, 18 B] *ends*]

Both with one price were weighed,  
Both with one price were paid

The 7th stanza is not in B 1 31 B] live for to 1 32 B] which thy ble- ed  
death did

p 233 See p 78

p 234, l 12 A comma replaces a full stop after *and enclose*

p 235, l 1 C] Ler 1 2 B] Thon

p 237, l 7. C] Nothier 1 13 B] Are more Owne heart 1 33 A  
semicolon has been supplied after *smart* 1 34 C] growngt

p 238, l 18 C] nobest 1 26 B] love 1 30 B] something to thy  
l. 32 B] Oh give me too

p 239 B omits stanzas VII and VIII 1 2 C] eternall 1 24 B]  
Shall I in sins sets there 1 29 C] Is B] If not more just

p 240, l 2 B] Lend, O lend 1 10 B] studie thee 1 15 B] thy  
deare ll 19, 20 B]

Let my life end in love, and lye beneath  
Thy deare lost vitall death,

l 22 B] in thy Lords death

p 241 E gives 5 stanzas only, 1, 3, 4, 5, 2 ll 1—6 Title in A and  
D] On the bleeding wounds [B body] of our crucified Lord 1 9 A, D  
and E] thy hands 1 10 A, D and E] thy head 1 11 A, D and E]  
thy purple 1 12 This verse is 5th in A and D, the order being 1, 3, 4, 5,  
2, Water'd (see below) 6, 7, 8, 9 1 14 A and D] In *ferres*? 1 16 B]  
That streames 1 18 A, D and E] they cannot 1 20 A] they are wont  
D omits] ever 1 21 D and B] own blood 1 23 A and E] Thy hand  
l 26 E] It droppes

p 242, l 5 A prints stanza 2 here and follows with]

Water'd by the showres they bring,

The thornes that thy blest browes encloses

(A cruell and a costly spring)

Conceive proud hopes of proving Roses

l 7 A and D] Not a hure but 1 18 A and D] Threatning all to overflow

p 243 See p 83 1 7 A full stop has been taken away after *yet*  
l 12 C] Thrones

p 244 See p 85 ll 1—6 Title in A] On our crucified Lord Naked,  
and bloody 1 11 A] could be found Garments 1 12 A] but these

pp 245 and 246, ll 1, 2 Title in B] A Hymne to Our Saviour by  
the Faithfull Receiver of the Sacrament 1 3 the Power 1 6 A full  
stop has been added after *me*

p 247, l 1 B] Help, Lord, my Faith, my Hope increase ll 5, 6  
B omits these lines

p 248, ll 1—5 Title in B] A Hymne on the B Sacrament 1 9 The  
last two words are omitted in the 1652 copy used I have supplied them from  
B 1 10 B] Heav'n, and Hands 1 12 B] Ambitions 1 14 C] Lice  
l 28 B] Law of a new Law

## APPENDIX

p 249 l. 18 B] Names not things l 21 B] on Christ l 4 B] Nor wound

p 250 l 14 C] Sacrifice l 26 B] meane soules

p 251 ll 1—, Title in B] A Hymne in meditation of the day of judgement l 10 C] rrr

p 252 l 4 B] the Judge l 28 A colon has been supplied after *me*

p 254 ll 1—3 Title in B] The Virgin Mother l 5 B] below the l 13 C] on the l 24 B] spring l 29 C] their mother B] your mother

p 255 l 4 B *adds*] The door was shnt yet let in day

p 256 ll 1—7 Title in B] On the assumption E *adds*] of the Virgin Marie l 10 A and F] heavenly Light l 14 A E and F] Shee s call d againe harke how th immortal Dove l 16 E] fair and l 19 A and F] No sweets since thou [E save you] art wanting here l 23 A and F on a fresh line] Come away come away The 16 lines that follow are not in A E or F l 28 B] Except 15

p 257 l 1 B] Tree C] three l 2 B] leavy l 12 B] so great l 13 A E and F] thy great l 17 A B E and F *adds*]

And though thy dearest looks must now be [E give] light

[F now take its flight]

To none but the blest heavens whose bright

Beholders lost in sweet delight

Feed for ever their faire sight

With those divinest eyes which wee

And our darke world no more shall see

Though, our poore joyes [E and F eyes] are parted so

Yet shall our lips never let goe

Thy gracious name but to [E for] the last

Our Loving song shall hold it fast

l 18 A E and F] sacred Name A full stop has been taken away after *be*

l 20 A and F] holy cares l 27 A and F] our sweetness l 28 A and

F] they may l 31 E] mother to l 32 A and F] Live rarest Princesse

and l 33 A and F] of an incomparable l 37 E] humble bragg l 38

C] clown E] Praise of women Pride of men l 40 C] brest

pp 258—9 Title in A B and D] The Weeper A omits B gives the couplet on p 258 under the title

p 259 The order of verses in A is 1 2 3 4 5 12 8 Not the soft Gold (see below) 6 Sadnesse all the while (see below) 9 10 13 14 Thus dost thou melt the year (see note to p 264 ll 2—4) Time as by thee (see below) 24 23 26 28 29 30 The order in D 1 as in A save that Not the soft Gold and 7 are transposed The order in E is thus —1 2 3 4 5 12 8 Not the soft Gold 7 6 Sadnesse all the while 9 10 13 14 26 Thus dost thou melt (see note to p 264 ll 2—4) Time 15 by thee 24 23 Say watry brothers (see note to p 264) 29 30

The following are the three verses referred to above they do not form part of the later text

Not the soft Gold which  
Steales from the Amber weeping Tree  
Makes sorrow halfe so Rich  
As the drops distild from thee



# APPENDIX

Sorowes best Jewels lye in these  
Caskets, of which Heaven keeps the Keyes

Sadnesse all the while  
Shee sits in such a Throne as this,  
Can doe nought but smile,  
Nor beleeves shce sadnesse is  
Gladnesse it selfe would bee more glad  
To bee made so sweetly sad

Time as by thee he passes,  
Makes thy ever-watry eyes  
His Howcr-Glasses  
By them his steps he rectifies  
The sands he us'd no longer please,  
For his owne sands hee'l use thy scas [E thy teares]

1 5 A, B and D] silver-forded 1 19 A, D and E] they are indeed 1 27  
A] rivers meet 1 28 A, D and E] Thine Crawlcs 11 29, 30 A, D  
and E]

Heaven, of such fire floods as this [E these],  
Heaven the Christall Ocean is

p 260, 1 4 A, D and E] soft influence 1 21 A, D and E] Her richest  
1 24 E] pale cheeks 1 27 A, D and E] it tremble heere A comma as  
in B has taken the place of the full stop in C 1 28 A, D and E] to be  
thy Teare 1 35 E] and more sweet

p 261, 1 3 A] the case 1 5 B] they are, C] they are 1 7 A,  
D and E] May Balsame 1 19 A, D and E] with their bottles 1 20  
B and E] And draw D] from those 1 25 A, D and E] Might hee flow  
from thee 1 26 A and D] would he 1 27 A, D and E] Richer farre  
does he esteem 1 32 E] thy eyes 1 34 A, D and E] softer showres  
1 35 A, D and E] returned fairer flowers

p 262, 1 2 C] cheeks 1 4 A full stop has been taken away after  
*doves* 1 5 B] washt C] washt, 1 8 Not numbered in C 1 9 A  
full stop has been taken away after *woes* 1 10 B] and tears, and smiles  
1 17 B] balsome fires fill thee? 1 18 B] Cause great 1 24 B] this  
vine 1 25 B] that wounded 1 26 B] those wounded

p 263, 1 3 B] large expences 1 5 B] the wrath 1 22 A, D and  
E] the Night arise? 1 23 A, D and E] thy teares doe 1 24 A, D and  
E] Does night loose her eyes? 1 31 A, D and E] Thy teares just cadence  
still keeps time 1 32 A] Prayer B and E] praier C] paire

p 264, 11 2—4 A, D and E]

Thus dost thou melt the yeare  
Into a weeping motion,

Each minute waiteth heere,

1 4 C] waits B] waits, 1 10 A and E] Will thy 1 13 A, D and E]  
by Dayes, by Monthes, by Yeares A full stop has been taken away after  
*yeares* 1 18 B] fire 1 23 B] ye bright The version in A, D and E  
is thus]

Say watry Brothers  
Yee simpering sons of those faire eyes,  
Your fertile [D and E fruitfull] Mothers  
What hath our world that can entice

# APPENDIX

You to be borne? what is t can borrow  
 You from her eyes swolne wombes of sorrow

l 31 A D and E] O whither? for the sluttish Earth l 33 A B D and  
 E] your Birth. l 34 A D and E *omit*] Sweet

p 265 l 3 E] The darling l 6 A D and E *read*]

No such thing we goe to meet

A worthier [D and E worthy] object Our Lord s [E Lord Jesus] feet

pp 266 and 267 ll r 2 Title in A and B] In memory of the Vertuous  
 and Learned Lady Madre de Teresa that sought an Early Martyrdome

p 267 l 4 C] word B] word l 5 A] Wee need to goe to l 6  
 A] stout and tall l 7 A] Ripe and full growne that l 10 A] unto  
 the l 12 A] whose large breasts built a l 13 A] For love their Lord  
 glorious and great l 14 A] Weell see l 15 A] And make his l 16  
 A full stop has been added after *child* l 17 A] had B] hath C] has  
 A] a name l 17 A] had B] hath C] has. l 33 A] wee straight  
 C] you staight

p 268 l 3 A] thirst dare l 6 A and B] Her weake C] Her what  
 l 8 A] kisses C] hisles l 10 C] Maryrdome B] for a l 11 A] for  
 her l 13 B] and try l 14 A] Shee offers l 26 A and B *add*]  
 Farewell what ever deare may bee l 27 A full stop has been added after  
*knee* and after *martyrdome* 6 lines below l 37 B] soft cabinet l 39  
 A full stop has been added after *so*

p 269 l 1 A] Loves hand l 15 A] be spent B] be sent l 17  
 A comma replaces a full stop after *Thee* l 18 A] and the first borne  
 l 29 A] he still may dy l 32 B] thine embraces l 34 Printed  
 thus in A]

Balsome to heale themselves with—  
 thus

When these etc

In B and C thus follows with in the same line without any break in C  
 after a full stop and with a capital T in B

p 270 l 7 A and B] as thou shalt first l 13 A] on thee l 14  
 A] when she shall C] Lief l 15 A] her band l 18 A] joy l 31  
 A and B *add*] All thy sorrows here shall shine l 32 A and B] And thy  
 l 35 A] deaths B] Deat hs l 36 A] soule which late they

p 271 l 12 A] thy spowse l 19 A and B] keeps

p 272 ll 2 and 4 A full stop has been taken away after *Apologie* C prints  
*Hymen* ll r—7 Title in A is An Apologie for the precedent Hymne  
 The title in B is the same but in B the precedent hymne is The Flaming  
 Heart (see p 274) l 9 A] Faire sea l 16 A] heavenly maxime  
 l 19 A] there lye l 23 A] one blood l 25 C] and l 27 A] it  
 dwell in Spaine

p 273 l 3 B] a wondring l 4 A] Who finds A and B *add*  
 hatchd after Heart l 7 A and B] are enow l 12 A *omits*] too  
 B *prints*] to l 18 A full stop has been added after *alone* l 19  
 A] youths Life l 23 A and B] in one

p 274 l 4 B *omits*] the seraphicall saint l 8 C] beside l 11 B]  
 so much l 19 B] And Him for Her l 26 B] happier A full stop has  
 been added after *see*

p 275 l 2 A full stop has been added after *Her* l 5 B] to paint

# APPENDIX

l 10 B] form'd Seraphicall      l 11 B] But e're wore faire      l 13 B] cheekes      l 28 B] shafts      l 38 B] who kindly takes the shame

p 276, l 4 C] suffering      l 13 C] part B] part,      l 14 A full stop has been supplied after *heart* and after *Flame* 4 lines below      l 15 C] lov'es  
ll 25 to end are not in B      l 33 C] undanted      l 38 C] thrists

p 277, l 4 A parenthesis has been added at the end of the line      l 9 Title in B] A Song of divine Love      The second part is more distinctly divided from the first, than in C      l 10 C] geace      l 23 B] longing strife

p 278, ll 1—5 Title in A] On a prayer-booke sent to Mrs M R      Title in B as in C but omits *Prayer* l 1 and *little* l 3      l 6 A and F] but large  
ll 7—15 For these lines A and F] *read*]

(Feare it not, sweet,  
It is no hipocrit)

Much larger in it selfe then in its looke

l 16 A and F] rich handfull      l 17 A and F] royall Horsts      l 19 A and F] A thousand      l 21 C] il self      l 22 A, B and F] your white  
l 24 A and B] the ghostly your part      F] your ghostly your part      l 25 A, B and F] your chast      l 26 A and F] the Armory      l 29 A] hand  
l 31 B] The sinne

p 279, l 1 F] That holds      l 5 A, B and F] your heart      l 6 B] its part      l 13 A] And bring hei [B its, F his] bosome full of blessings      l 19 A and F] comes      l 20 A and F] wandring heart      l 24 A] pleasures.  
l 26 A and F] dance in the B] ith'      l 28 A and B] Spheare      l 34 A, B and F] And stepping      l 35 A and B] the sacred      l 38 A] These tumultuous

p 280, l 6 A colon has been added after *desire*      l 13 A] An hundred thousand loves and graces      F] A hundred loves und graces      l 18 F] That dull mortallists      l 19 A and F] this hidden store      l 30 A and F] Deare silver breasted dove      l 33 F] With mingled vows      l 35 F] With her immortal      l 36 A and F] Happy soule who

p 281, l 3 A and F] O let that [F the] happy soule hold fast      l 13 A and F] Happy soule      l 16 A and F] a God

p 282, l 9 B] may      C] my

p 283, l 6 B] most pretious

p 284, ll 1—3 A full stop after 'complaint' has been removed to after 'Alexis'      l 6 B omits] sanite      l 8 B] loud Praise      l 16 B] Would see      l 24 B] leads the way      l 30 B] change its

p 285, l 1 B] when lovers      A full stop has been taken away after *graves*

p 286, l 4 A full stop has been added after *me*      l 12 B] the beauteous Skies      l 22 B] old Times

p 287, l 7 C] east      l 9 B] with sawcy      l 15 C] Aleys      l 19 B] O tell      l 21 C] tell      B] tell,      l 31 B] The Blessed Virgin      l 35 A colon has been inserted after *approach*

p 288, l 7 B] No facing Gorgon      l 17 B] How sweet's      l 20 B] thousands

p 289, l 1 A full stop has been taken away after *Description*      B omits ll 4—6 of Title      l 9 B] pavements weeping      l 10 B] costly      l 12

# APPENDIX

C] frishing B] frisking 1 22 B] slumbers C] slumbers? 1 23 C] And  
sing & & sigh 1 24 B] round Spheare 1 25 B]  
Hands full of hearty labours Paines that pay  
And prize themselves doe much that more they may  
1 28 C] daily ding

p 290 1, B] ly close and keep

p 291 ll 4—6 Title in A and D continues thus] Husband and Wife  
which died and were buried together Title in E] Epitaphium conjugum  
una mortuor et sepultor Title in G] A man and his wife who dyed to  
gether and were so buried 1 8 A] the second 1 11 A] not sever man  
and Wife [C] Wice] 1 12 A D and G] Because Lavd 1 16 A D E  
and G] knot that love 1 17—20 A D E and G] *omit*] And though no  
barm 1 23 A B D E and G] And the G] morning dawn 1 25 A  
E and G] And they waken with that Light [B] wake into that] 1 26 A D  
E and G] never sleepe in

p 292 ll 1—4 Title in A] Upon Mr Stanmough's Death Title in B]  
At the Funerall of a young Gentleman Title in D] Upon the Death of Mr  
*Stanmough Fellow of Queens Colledge in Cambridge* 1 13 A B and D]  
ye soft 1 18 A] thy Idrea 1 19 A and D] thy bulke 1 21 A and  
D] thy small 1 22 C] narrow 1 25 C] neighbourhood In A and D the  
line ends thus — nothing here put on and the next line is — Thy selfe in this  
unfeigned reflection omitting I roud eyeliddes 1 29 A and D] (Through  
all your painting) shoves you your own face 1 31 A and D] To the proud  
hopes A full stop has been added after *Mortality* 1 32 A and D] this  
selfe prison d eye

p 293 The poem appeared in the English translation of Leonard Lessius's  
*Hygiasticon* see 3rd edn published at Cambridge in 1636 The first 12 lines  
of the poem are not there given ll 1—6 Title in A and B] In praise of  
Lessius his rule of health D] Upon Lessius E] Upon Lessius his Hygeias  
ticon 1 7 A B D and E *omit*] and 1 9 A D and E] cruell strife  
1 15 A D and E] at length 1 16 A D and E *add*]

Goe poore man thinke what shall bee  
Remedie against [E] gaist] thy remedie

1 19 A D and Lessius] wouldst thou E ends at Reader 1 21 A D  
and Lessius] Wouldst see 1 22 A and B] His own Physick 1 27  
C] oppost 1 29 Lessius] Whose souls

p 294 1 5 C] way B] way 1 6 A and D] Heavn hath a 1 7 A]  
Wouldst thou see 1 10 A B D and Lessius] A set 1 13 A and Lessius]  
All a nest of roses D] see a bed of roses grow 1 14 D] In a nest of C] of  
renerend 1 16 C] Sring 1 22 Lessius] His soul 1 24 D] A sigh  
a kisse The last 8 lines of the poem are not in A

p 295 1 1 Title in A and B] On Hope By way of Question and Answer  
betweene A Cowley and R Crashaw In both editions this and the answer  
on pp 297 and 8 form one poem ten lines of Cowley being followed by ten  
of Crashaw till both are ended beginning with ten of Cowley and ending with  
twenty of Crashaw 1 3 A and B] succeed and 1 4 A and B] ill and  
1 8 A] The Fates have B] The Fates of 1 10 A and B] ends 1 11 B] at  
all 1 17 Full stops have been added after *bed* and *Ther* two lines below  
1 19 A and B] So mighty 1 21 A and B] its spirits 1 25 A semi  
colon has been added after *are* 1 26 A and B] Thine empty cloud the eye

# APPENDIX

it selfe deceives 1 31 A and B] not North 1 34 C] repenrance A and B] shield of fond Last line A and B] Chymicks

p 296, l 2 A and B] strange witchcraft

p 297, l 1 A full stop has been taken away after *Crashaw* 1 5 A and B] of things ll 8, 9 A, B and G read thus]

Faire cloud of fire, both shade, and light,

Our life in death, our day in night

1 12 A, B and G] thunne dilemma 1 13 A, B and G] like the sick Moone at the A full stop has been added at the end of this line and the

twelfth below 1 14 A, B and G] Thou art Loves 1 15 A, B and G]

Of Faith the steward of our growing stocke 1 16 A, B and G] Crown-

lands lye above 1 20 C] ekeek 1 21 A, B and G] Thou thus steal'st

downe 1 22 A, B and G] Chaste kisse wrongs no 1 26 A, B and G]

The generous 1 27 A, B and G] Nor need wee kill 1 28 A, B and G

*omit*] growing Last line A and B] subtille essence

p 298, l 1 A, B and G] law warres 1 2 A, B and G *omit*] walks, &

1 3 A, B and G] where our winds A comma has been added after *stirr*

1 4 A, B and G] And Fate's whole A and B *add*]

Her shafts, and shce fly farre above,

And forrage in the fields of light, and love

1 6 A and B] where, or what 1 10 C] antitode 1 11 A, B and G]

Temper'd 'twixt cold despaire 1 15 A, B and G] And loves G] fierce and

fruitlesse 1 16 G *omits*] all 1 17 A and B] Huntresse 1 18

A and B] field

EPIGRAMMATA SACRA, 2nd Edn, 1670 Only those poems not in the 1st edition are here printed I do not know what authority there may be for these additions, so long after *Crawshaw's* death, but they are probably genuine as two are in the *Sancroft MS* (*Improbata turba tace and O ut ego*, pp 304 and 305) As the first of these differs somewhat from the *Sancroft* copy I have given the *MS* form in its place on p 318 (*Tu mala turba tace*)

p 303, l 2 *σέος* in text 1 14 *Ἥη* in text

p 305, l 4 E] ego ut 1 8 E] error abegit 1 12 E] *Ελ* his quos 1 13 E] *Εx* me

p 339, l 18 Mr F G Plaistowe, M A, Librarian of Queens' College, who has very kindly allowed me to refer to him in a few cases of difficulty in the reading of *Abp Sanerost's* transcript, suggests that *αναλην* in the *MS* is an error for *ἀνάγκην*

p 345, l 13 E] forbid the

p 346 D gives the following variations in this poem 1 1 Out of Petronius 1 8 And dayntyest drake The two following lines 'Though

new' are not in D 1 13 pretious Searus 1 17 The Barbill too is now 1 18 And cloying

p 349, l 6 E] from of

p 351, l 9 A full stop has been supplied after *villanie*

p 356, l 11 E] From of 1 16 E] throwes of

p 359, l 6 E] smile for Chloe that

p 364, ll 20 and 24 A colon has been supplied at the end of each line and also at the end of l 19, p 366

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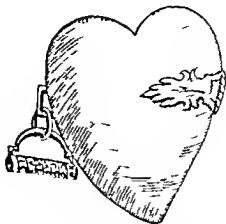
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CRASHAW'S DESIGNS IN 'CARMIN' DEO NOSTRO



Headpiece to the poem  
To the Countess of Denbigh  
p 170



Headpiece to the poem  
To the Name of Jesus  
p 193





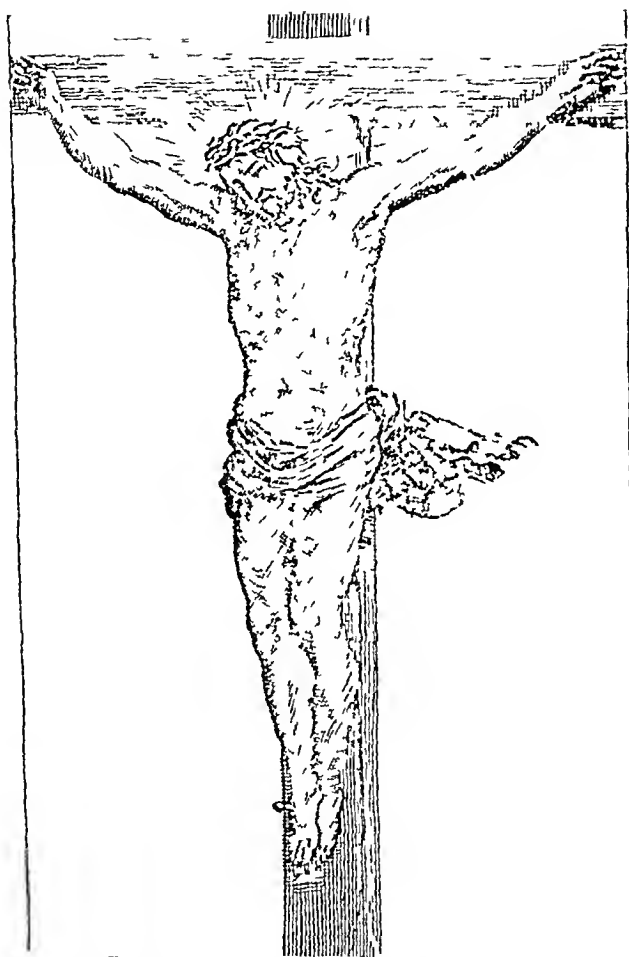
*Ton Createur te faict voir sa naissance ,  
Daignant souffrir pour toy dès son enfance*

Faces the full-page title of the poem  
'In the Holy Nativity'

Below the plate is printed  
'Quem vidistis Pastores' &c  
Natum vidimus &c'



Headpiece to the poem  
In the Glorious Epiphany  
p 208



*Tradidit semetipsum pro nobis oblationem, et  
hostiam Deo in odorem suavitatis. ad Eph. 5*

On the reverse of the full-page title of  
'The Office of the Holy Crosse'

EXEMPLATIO IN XPO CRISTO D. P. 375

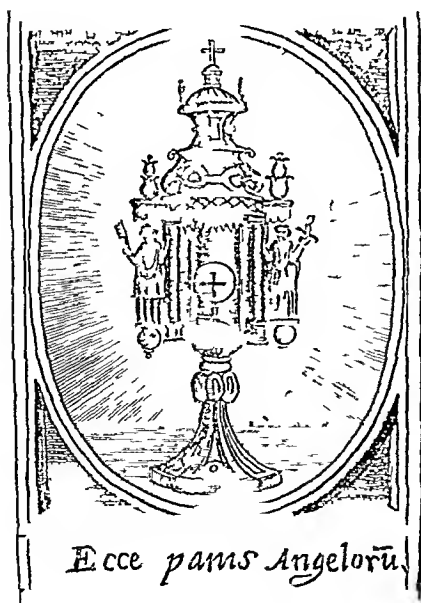


Si pul-ler t-emo t-rem u- d-urt  
 Sum nobis nemo est ut qu- f-ual-  
 S- m- d-ues me- mo- qu- qu- n- p-ual-  
 Et- t- p-ol-um t-emo t-rem t-omet  
 Et- a- t-illo qu-er- p- a-  
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 E- f- t- p-er q- t- u- f- y- p-ur- a- n- b- i- p- a-  
 S- m- e- r- a- qu-are q- u- r- u-  
 m- u- u-er- u- u-er- q- u- m- p-er-  
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 S- m- f- r- u- a- i- a- f- d- u- l- e- f- e- t-  
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 Sec 11 o p 375



Headpiece to  
 'Sancta Maria Dolorum'  
 p 237



Headpiece to  
 'The Hymn of S Thomas'  
 p 246



Full page facing  
The Hymn of the Day of Judgment  
Below the plate is printed  
Dies Irae Dies Illa

p 251



*S. MARIA MAIOR  
D' illa neu h' t' g' li  
q' d' p' fatur in illa c' u'*

Headpiece to  
O Gloriosa Domina

p 254



Headpiece to  
'The Weeper'  
p 259



On the reverse of the  
full-page title to  
'A Hymn to the Name  
and Honor of S<sup>te</sup>  
Teresa'  
p 266

